MARCH, MDCCCLII.

SAUNDERS'
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR
ALL INDIA.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER V.

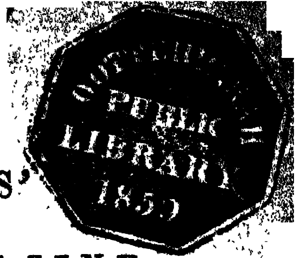
DEHLI:

PRINTED AT THE DEHLI GAZETTE PRESS, BY A. D'SOUZA, JR.
AND SOLD BY THE MANAGING PROPRIETOR.
(To whom all Communications are to be addressed.)

Agents:

R. C. LE PAGE AND CO., AND THACKER, SPINK AND CO., CALCUTTA;
THACKER AND CO., BOMBAY; PHAROAH AND CO., MADRAS;
AND
W. THACKER AND CO., 87, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

PRICE TWO RUPEES.



SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. V.] MARCH, 1853. [Vol. II.

CONTENTS.

SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. V.] MARCH, 1853. [VOL. II.

THE CHUMS.

A STORY OF LIFE IN AN INDIAN WATERING PLACE.

By the Author of "Retrospections," &c.

"So you are in love with Mrs. Palliser?"

These words were addressed by Jack Pynaston, a dashing subaltern of native infantry, to Herbert Morley, a young cavalry officer, whose first season in India had sent him up with a constitution thoroughly shattered, to the newly-discovered sanitarium of———. At the time of which we are writing, these hill stations were comparatively in their infancy; and the houses were such wretched hovels, as could be run up by the visitors at the least expense of time and trouble. It was an object with them to get housed at once, and they had but little money to spend upon the purpose. When they returned to the plains, they sold their houses for the best price, or if they could afford it, kept them up for the sake of the rent, which was high and certain. It was in one of these comfortless habitations that the two friends—its temporary occupants—were sitting—a lath and plaster bungalow, better suited for the climate of Cawnpore than that of the hills. Though the season was advanced into April, they both sate as near to the blazing wood-fire as circumstances would admit. That is to say their two pairs of feet were on the mantel-piece. Withdrawing from his mouth that portion of the Indian weed (so pernicious to his state of health) which he was then engaged in consuming, young Morley threw his head over the back of his chair, and watched the ascending smoke till it mingled in the air, and became invisible.

"That is a subject," he said somewhat sullenly, "on which I can permit no man's catechising."

"My dear Herbert," replied the other, "I have no wish to disturb our recently renewed friendship (to say nothing of the risk of being shot) by broaching any question you are unwilling to discuss.

Let us rather talk of the extraordinary chance by which we, who parted at Harrow with such melancholy forebodings of perpetual separation, should suddenly find ourselves domesticated together on the top of the Himalayas."

The adroit turn Pynaston had given to the conversation relieved his companion's sickly irritability, as with a brightened face, he turned to his friend, and reminded him that he had not yet fulfilled his promise of explaining the causes which led to his being in his present position, instead of leading society at Christ Church or in the Guards.

"The old story—a row with the Governor, but with a rather strange variation. You know my father's peremptory character, and reserved manners. Well, one day after I had been at Oxford about four terms, (I being at home for Christmas, and there being no hunting by reason of the frost,) I received a summons into the old gentleman's study, an awful room of high oak wainscot, black leather chairs, guns, spurs, blue-books, and white hats, wherein the squire spent those hours which he was good enough to consider devoted to the service of his country. Abruptly bidding me be seated, he at once announced his intention of seeing me 'settled in life.' I held my tongue, to see what would come next, and was rewarded for my supposed submission by the condescending avowal that Miss Mary Palmer, the heiress of the next estate, was the person destined for the honour of my alliance, a young lady, who having been brought up in France, was shortly to accompany her father on his return from a protracted absence from his country and home. Amused at the coolness of the whole proceeding, and the *grand seigneur* way in which he was disposing of two people like a member of the *noblesse* of France before the 'deluge,' I ventured to suggest something about the young lady's consent. "She knows her duty, sir," he replied. "Sir Samuel has given her the best education the Continent affords, part of which consists in being alive to the extreme indelicacy of a young lady having any opinion of her own on such matters."

I then suggested that if he did not see the same indelicacy in a young man having an opinion on the subject, I would wish to enter a respectful protest against being united for life to a person whom, never having seen, or even heard of, further than by name, it was just possible I might find it out of the question to live with.

"That is your affair, sir," replied he, in a towering passion: "you will take your own course; but mark my words, if in twenty-four hours you do not give your full and unconditional assent to my plans for your happiness, I shall think of you no more. Disinherit you is a weak word, but I'll disown you, banish you from my heart, make my ears strangers to your name, my eyes to your face. Be off, sir, and make your choice."

Twenty-four hours more of freedom, twenty-four hours without observation or restraint; my choice was soon made; I had twenty pounds in my pocket, and my very handsome quarter's allowance untouched at my Banker's; without more ado I saddled my horse, rode across country to the Post-town, got upon the

Mail as it came through, and the next morning was in London. Not very certain whether my father would take any measures about the matter, rather inclining to think he would not, I bent my steps to the house of a Member of Parliament, whose election was always somewhat dependent on our family, and who was proportionately our very good friend, I told this gentleman at once the whole story, and asked his advice. He was silent, calculating I fancy, that as I was a better life than my father's, it would be a delicate matter which to side with. All of a sudden the sight of some Indian Blue Books and Registers on the table reminded me that my friend was a Director of the East India Company, and with an instantaneous impulse I asked for a cadetship. The Director was paralyzed; not knowing which way to turn, he tried all his powers of persuasion to induce me to return to my father, and at the same time drew a harrowing picture (which you may fancy by reversing the whole of the same worthy's speech at an Addiscombe visitation) of the hardships that awaited an infantry cadet, the only class of appointment then at his disposal.

You may readily suppose I was not to be talked out of a place by such a fellow as that, and the upshot was, that he (in very dire perplexity) consented to give me the cadetship; on condition, however, of my writing to my father an account of the transaction, sufficiently explicit to exonerate him (the Director) from all suspicion of having been the originator of my plans. This was done, and after a few merry weeks in London, I sailed for this country. The old Director continues to watch over me, and one of the latest fruits of his disinterested kindness is the berth of second in command of the local corps now in this station. From my father I have never once heard."

"Well, old fellow," said Morley: "I own I cannot enter into your scruples. To give up, for the unspeakable hardships of exile in this intolerable country, the pre-eminent advantages of being only son to a rich and influential rural gentleman in dear old England! But perhaps the estate is entailed?"

"Not it," replied Pynaston, "in fact, my father and grandfather agreed to cut off the entail in pursuance of their singular views of the paternal power, and to give the latter some means of enforcing it, should he in his future life see occasion, when deprived of the glorious privilege of *lettres de cachet*, which allowed old Mirabeau (you remember?) to bully his son so. Nay, more, I have even heard that, in a piece of pique, my father has settled the property on Miss Palmer after his death.

"Incredible," cried his listener, "and was she so very forbidding?"

"I have told you, I never set eyes on her, but general report in those days spoke of her as a beautiful soft child of some fifteen or sixteen, who only awaited the pressing hand and watchful care of an affectionate husband."

"Well, Jack," said Morley, after a pause, "I never heard of such madness."

"What! as refusing to be yoked to a partner you knew only by report, and that in the important union which is to make a man's

life what it is to be, and not anything else? No, no, my boy. I am as aware as you can be of the advantages of marriage; I cordially wish you success with your widow; I will do what I can to help you, and devoutly hope that my own turn too will come, when some true heart will choose me, for myself, from the world; and I may have gained, by my labours, sufficient to give her a happy home, for which I may not be indebted to father or to uncle, or to any one but myself."

"Did I not," presently pursued Pynaston, thoughtfully, "hear you just now reviling this country? Nothing is worse taste, my good fellow, believe me. Compared to you, I am an old Indian, having been out here nearly nine years; I have borne the hardships of campaigning; I have suffered the far more terrible burthen of a life of peace in a hot, stupid cantonment, but I have found the old cocks were right, who said that happiness must be found in one's own mind. This country has received me when my own cast me out, and received me kindly, giving me enough to live on like a gentleman, to help another now and then, and to look forward to taking my furlough in two years. And now let us go to bed, late hours are about the worst things you can keep in this country, depend upon it; always take care of yourself, unless duty demands a sacrifice; come, not another cheroot. Good night!" So saying, he went off to his own room. Herbert going off in the contrary direction, murmured, "What a devilish quaint view of life!"

CHAPTER II.

Nature does not put labels on her characters, that those who run may read. To decipher the marks she sets upon her creatures we must stand still, and gaze long and often and earnestly; and must bring the optic glass of a sympathetic spirit to bear upon the enquiry. Such scrutiny however cannot be expected by the writer of a tale. The persons he brings upon the stage, even if he manages to present the points which in daily life furnish clues to the observer, must be made obviously intelligible to all who are to watch their fortunes, the author dares not run the risk of losing his readers their pleasure, because he has relied upon his own art.

Therefore, while the station is wrapped in night; while the tired labourers and coolies are asleep in their huts, and the police in shady nooks of their respective beats; while the midnight robber skulks about; while the native tradesman, with fast-closed doors, casts up his books and counts over the profits of the day; while the gaunt and dissolute Mussulmans are drinking and gaming in their dens of debauchery; while the European votaries of health or pleasure are recruiting their energies for the labors of the next day's pic-nic and ball; let us devote a moment to the chief features in the dispositions of our two chums.

Herbert Morley was another illustration of the charge brought against himself by the Roman Poet. He knew the right, and yet the wrong pursued. The only surviving son of a widowed

old Clergyman, this Benoni of his age and sorrows had been exposed to every mischief that could be bestowed by the timorous indulgence of a "poor old man, who feared he was not in his perfect mind." When the too-fond father at length sank into his grave, Herbert's education at Harrow was provided for by a guardian, no relation, and not much of a friend, who paid all expenses, asked no questions, left him at School, instead of sending him to College: and suddenly discovering that "the boy was good for nothing," discharged his conscience by obtaining him a cornetcy in the Bengal Light Cavalry; an accidental, though unmerited depreciation of one of the most gallant services in the world. Herbert Morley, now of age, claimed the small residue of his fortune, lived in London, in every excess of dissipation, as long as the interests of his commission, in any degree, permitted; and sailed to India just in time to preserve his appointment, and to shake off a number of writs that were tracking "the Captain" from those of his victims who had begun to understand their real position. The voyage did his health good; so that on landing in Calcutta he was enabled to renew his reckless course. And the present visit to "the hills" was the result. By no means deficient in goodness of heart, with a pleasing languor of appearance, a fascinating manner, and considerable social accomplishments, he united a temper sometimes uncontrollable, and always the sport of impulse, besides the acquired vices of his experience, and a deep-rooted love of play. With such a tone of mind, what availed goodness of heart? For ah! it hardens all within, and petrifies the feeling. Experto crede Roberto. Burns spoke from bitter knowledge, I suspect.

Jack Pynaston was honest as the day; bold, manly, athletic; devoted to field-sports, yet an excellent scholar; a pattern Young Squire "all of the modern time." His one weakness was perhaps national; an egotistical sensitiveness of feeling, "but e'en *that* failing leaned to virtue's side," making him a model of propriety in his own conduct, and proudly considerate of the feelings of others. No ill-natured comment on an absent person; no insult to a member of the company ever escaped his lips; it was said that he had never had a quarrel, though it was quite certain that, once in, he would be the very man to come out with flying colours, having read his adversary a lesson not to be forgot. In short, careful as he was of everything regarding himself, no one had ever spoken of him as selfish; and if he seemed fond of himself, it was probably only because he had not met any persons capable of exciting or reciprocating his affection. *His* motto might have been—"As long as thou doest well unto thyself, all men will speak well of thee."

Nor would it be fair to Jack to judge him by his own speech so far as to suppose him indifferent to the memories of his native land. He looked around him on the land of his adoption with too discriminating, too sympathetic an eye. He saw the sun shine strong and glorious in a cloudless sky, on the thick round mango-topes full of golden lights, and flaked with deep green shadows,

on the old memorial domes of kings and chiefs pointing upwards their slender pinnacles and glittering spires; in the waters of the lake he saw a clear and glorified mirror of the bright firmament; in the thin spray of the peepul and the banian he saw the birds glance backwards and forwards with gaudy plumage. But he felt that his heart was not in tune with this painted harlotry of Nature: the great mother no longer spoke to him with kind, consoling voice. Was this no loss, no sacrifice? He knew better; for that strong sun was dealing death about him, exhausting the waters, burning the earth, and prostrating the immortal energies of man; splendid might be the colours of the groves, majestic their form and size: but there was no fresh carpet of verdure below, nothing but the universal hue of drought.

If such he knew was nature then and there; not such did his memory present her in the land of his boyhood and his youth. Beautiful then even when she put on, in the time of her great humiliation, the ashes of hoar-frost, and the sackcloth of snow. For then there was a clear sun which only brought life and cheerful warmth; and the voices of brethren in blood and in faith, the merry sounds of labour from the glowing forge, and mirth at the early evening from snug farmhouse and old manorial hall. And later on, when the young green came out in the hedges, like the freshness of young hearts unpolluted by the dry and dusty world; when the mill-wheel went cheerily, and the stream glanced from its cold shade into the chequered light of alder fringed and flowery banks; when roses bloomed on the parsonage wall, and the old garden was full of sunshine, and of the eager hum of bees; and there came a time of races and rustic revels on the heath, and friendly struggles of brave boats upon the river, and manly shouts from the cricket-field, that gentler tournament of modern chivalry; or when he had ranged the dewy turnips, and the new-cut stubble in search of the rare covey; or listened to church-bells through the clear autumnal air as hand-in-hand with some he loved, he went towards the house of God; or, after the Equinox, watched the dark grey sky and angry sea, as the wind sent the spray into his face, and the gulls were blown back upon the cliffs. Oh, believe me, the man who can forget these things deserves that "his right hand forget its cunning, and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth."

But Pynaston knew, for all that, that the England so presented to him by memory was somewhat idealized from the real England he had been so glad to leave; and that if he were to return, in the body, he would lose his illusion now to him so pleasant and luxurious a sorrow, while he might find himself in want of many unromantic, but actual necessaries. This is the true spirit that sends the descendants of the Old Vi-kings contented wanderers into the ends of the earth; and they may, and I trust often do, also remember that, in the solemn words of old, we have here no abiding city, but we seek one, one that will never change, never disappoint us, but satisfy the highest and purest longings of the

soul. On the whole he felt that India was "a very good poor man's country," a truth, his friend more worldly, though less experienced, could not see.

To him exile was bitter, because it was exile from crowded streets, and Chiswick, and Hyde Park, and the Opera; and because he could not drink or sit up half the night at cards without getting ill after it. Not but some improvement had lately come over Herbert Morley's fitful spirit, since he had passed under the influence of the wise and beautiful Mrs. Palliser.

This was a widow of some four or five and twenty, whose husband, a Queen's officer in high employ, had recently died, and left her with no choice but to pass the ensuing hot season in the Hills, and make her preparations for going to England, a formidable undertaking in those primitive days, during the ensuing cold weather.

Just passing from the first stage of mourning for an elderly gentleman she had honoured, but never could have loved, Mrs. Palliser was as yet but little seen in society. When they met, however, Pynaston seemed so obviously to please her, that during several after-conversations between the chums, it was agreed that Jack, who gave but a reluctant consent, should take an opportunity now and then of putting his friend's character in a favourable light, and thus delicately paving the way for him to make his own *eclaircissement*. Pynaston had nothing better to do, and wished his old friend sufficiently well to undertake this mission which pledged him to so little.

CHAPTER III.

The social disasters that surround the English in India are often, and justly, attributed to Debt. But Debt is not a First Cause, nor on a partial survey of the matter is it easy to perceive why it should prevail to such an unhappy extent in this country. Every one has an income sufficient (as the case of Pynaston, by no means an imaginary or a solitary one, will shew) to support him in the comfort and respectability appropriate to his position, and to enable him to support it in the eyes as well of his countrymen as of the natives. Moreover, the extent of each man's means is so well known, as in a well-regulated community would render extravagance a cause of disgrace rather than of favour.

But unfortunately the tone of principle is not so high amongst us as could be wished. Men, and women too, come out from Europe with just such a smattering of English ideas as to render them dis-satisfied with what they find existing here; and too often without having acquired those habits of self-respect and self-reliance which would teach them content. Accordingly, there is a lavishness and emulation in their equipages and entertainments, backed up by a constant looking-forward to promotion which may come never, or come too late; and frequently after all characterized (like most hollow displays) by a vulgarity which strikes the new-comer, fresh from the unostentatious habits of good

English society. Soon this impression wears off, and he too joins in the giddy race of gooseberry wine, hermetical meats, bank loans, tick, dissipation and devildom.

If any one feels disposed to doubt the truth of these remarks, let him take up a copy of the *Calcutta Exchange Gazette*, or of Messrs. D. Wilson and Co.'s monthly circular, or let him come with me, to Mrs. McKaw's dinner party (wife of Major McKaw, of the Commissariat, toiling away in some hot cantonment down in the plains) and watch the features of that entertainment. The house, surrounded by a beautiful garden, is brilliantly illuminated, without as well as within. Pier glasses, marble tables, ormolu and marquetrie abound as if the family were settled there for life, say rather for eternity, instead of for one, or at most two years. Gaudy French prints and vilely daubed oil paintings adorn the whitewashed walls; the table in the dining-room is loaded with covers for five and twenty, and with silver apparatus of everything to which that metal could by the utmost ingenuity be applied. The guests (tricked out, the female part of them, in the "loudest" possible costumes, warranted the last Paris fashions by the conscientious milliner) seat themselves, each backed by one or more lacqueys; the covers are raised, and display a heterogeneous mass of half cold and totally indigestible dishes, ("French" again of course) champagne from the choicest vintages of Smithfield Bars is shaken like an ice from the congealed bottle; nobody eats, every one drinks more or less, countenances flash, conversation rises.

Jack Pynaston, who had slipped into the room by himself in the humble position which befits one who is neither a Collector nor a Field Officer, but only the representative of a rich and powerful English notable, had the good luck or management to get on the left hand of the beautiful blue-eyed widow. She had been handed in to dinner by the gallant Colonel Pinchbeck, son of Pinchbeck and Taggs, the celebrated Army Clothiers—and Jack availed himself of the increasing uproar to challenge her to a glass of wine. The conversation thus simply begun, ripened fast; Mrs. Palliser seemed to have no ears but for our young friend; and as soon as the gentlemen had finished their allowance of chateau-diable, Jack found himself again attracted towards the widow, and again most graciously received.

The season wore on. Herbert Morley's financial difficulties increased. Calcutta tradesmen, never over-civil, were growing personal; and, not contenting themselves with legal threats, were trenching on the ground of the moralist and the preacher by eloquent denunciations, in which their zeal for the reformation of their correspondent sometimes transcended not only their manners, but the deference due to that friend of their youth, the late Mr. Lindley Murray. What would that excellent but precise Quaker have said to such sentences as the following:—"We have again to call your attention to our account now many months standing, which having long ago

promised to liquidate the same, we do not consider the behaviour of a gentleman, not having received any answer to our frequent communications as per margin."

If, however, Herbert's heart was weighed down by the constant arrival of these little blandishments from his "friends" beyond the Ditch, he received encouragement from the progress his suit was evidently making with the lovely widow, richly jointured, and heiress, as it was reported, to a fine property from the will of an eccentric old gentleman. Not that our Cavalry man gave himself much thought about the matter. This young man, so world-worn, concealed a deep vein of romance in his heart, and entertained a deep awe of virtuous women. Thus it often happened that his horse, his cigar, his billiards, his whist, and "something a little faster" towards the small hours, tempted his shy and indolent character, and made him choose such pursuits in preference to the society of the widow, though one would have been to him rapture unspeakable, and the other was only the monotonous round of the jaded mill-horse.

But Pynaston had given his word, and when did Pynaston ever fail that pledge? The depraved mind of the premature roué rested in well-founded confidence on what he knew was so sacred a trust. And Pynaston was making play. At balls, pic-nics, and archery-meetings her favoured cavalier, "society" had long amused* itself with predicting their speedy alliance; and was even getting a little out of temper that the climax was so indefinitely prolonged.

One day there had been a capital *fête champêtre* at some small but picturesque waterfalls a couple of miles from the station. All the world was there, except Morley, and a few choice spirits who did not get out of bed in time. And there had been archery in the morning, and a splendid gooseberry-tiffin with potatoes and coffee cooked in the ground; and after tiffin the band struck up, and (quite impromtu,) there was the liveliest possible little dance got up on some green sward, more or less level, that was discovered in the neighbourhood. After the usual formality of a quadrille, in which Mrs. Palliser had danced with Jack, the latter led her imperceptibly towards a sequestered part of the glen; and gradually giving a sentimental turn to the conversation, began to talk to her in a vein of quiet romance that one has not always at command when required for one's own service. Mrs. Palliser, not perceiving this distinction (which is perhaps after all but imaginary) lent him a pleased and earnest attention.

"You should be the queen of such a spot," said Jack, figuratively, "with an affectionate *roi fainéant*, who would give all his attention to you."

"And neglect his kingdom?" asked the widow, simply.

"He should have no other kingdom," was the reply; and then somewhat awkwardly from the effort at being spontaneous—"what say you to my chum Herbert Morley?"

"Are you serious, Mr. Pynaston?" asked she, in a disturbed voice.

"Perfectly," said the imperturbable Jack—"the poor fellow

raves of you, thinks of you, lives but for you."

"Then the poor fellow might tell me so himself," replied she, with a freedom which not even every widow could assume. "Mr. Pyniston, I ought to be very angry with you for leading me into a tête-à-tête, and then choosing such a very uninteresting subject. But really there is something so very heroic in your impertinence, that I cannot resent it as I ought."

"Dear lady," said Jack, "I am encouraged to go on. Has he made any impression on you?"

"He never has, and never will. Now let us go back."

"Wait a minute, honour before all things. I stand before you without shame, because, ill as you think I have behaved, it was in the manful performance of a rash promise, against which my heart—. But no more of this; as you just said, let us go back, and quickly too."

"And as you just said, wait a moment. When a young girl, brought up in France, I was accustomed to think my father's will law, on *all* subjects." Here she laid a slight emphasis. "One day he brought me over to England, and abruptly announced, that for family reasons, which he would explain if I insisted, he was anxious to see me married to a young gentleman of the highest merits, the son of an old friend, from whom he had been long estranged. I bowed, as I had been taught, to his implied will, the more readily when I heard the character, and saw the portrait of the intended bridegroom, who seemed to be all that my girl's heart could have wished for. At last, one day I heard that he had run away from me; mortified and offended, my woman's pride revolted, and I married General Palliser, then between sixty and seventy. My recusant intended's father in the meanwhile disinherited him, and I shortly heard that he had made a will constituting me the heiress, and providing that his son should never enjoy a farthing but by my favour. My kind old husband died, and left me with but one duty in the world, to find out the lawful heir of these estates, assure him of his independence, and restore his heritage. I have found him, and I here make restitution," and as she said these last words, her fine face flushed, and a tear of high but pure feeling trembled on her down-turned eye-lash.

CHAPTER IV.

The chums were, for once in a way, to dine together at home that afternoon, and Jack Pynaston felt as much excitement as his equable temper and strong nerves usually permitted, as he anticipated the interview with his disappointed friend, whose natural susceptibility, joined to nerves long prostrated by careless living, would render him particularly sensitive to anything he might fancy a wrong. Jack was not a phrenologist; had he been so, he would have said that if he himself had self-esteem* strong, his friend was still more provided with love of approbation. Jack was satisfied with the approbation of his own heart. Herbert

needed the endorsement of society; the former never took offence, because he never thought it was intended; the latter was always on the look out for slights and snubs, and proportionately ready to resent them.

Like a good General, our infantry man, seated in the dining-room, which was common to the two, prepared to receive cavalry. Presently afterwards Herbert entered gaily, with—

"Well, Jack, is it all right?"

"No, Morley, I am sorry to say it is not."

"What do you mean? Walters and Bevan and all the fellows saw your *tête-à tête*, and swear you came back, looking like engaged lovers; in fact (such fun you know, ha, ha, ha!) the general idea is that you are so."

"The general idea will be right then before long."

"I beg your pardon, Pynaston, do I understand you right; you engaged to my widow?"

"To my widow now, Herbert, let who will say nay."

"Scoundrel and traitor," screamed Morley with white lips and livid countenance, "I say nay."

"I am sorry for it; you speak too late. I did my best for you."

"Liar, coward, will nothing provoke you?" said Morley, and in a transport of rage he struck him on the cheek!

"Enough, sir, enough," replied Jack, flushing a little, "you shall have your way. It will do you no good to shoot me, I can tell you that," for Jack instantly recorded a determination, which some may think romantic, that, having been in some degree to blame, he would refrain from firing at his antagonist when they met. Herbert Morley meanwhile had left the room, and sate down in his own chamber to examine his pistols, and write to Bevan, a man of his own corps, who happened to be in the station, and request his assistance.

Bevan never received that note, but instead, he got a note from the station-staff asking his aid in making the arrangements for Cornet Morley's funeral. Hurrying over, he found his comrade laid out on his bed with the top of his skull blown off, a fresh-discharged pistol lying by on the floor, and Jack Pynaston under arrest, a close prisoner in his own room, from whence indeed he shewed no wish to emerge. With the assistance of the station Staff Mr Bevan collected hastily the papers that lay on the table of his unfortunate friend, locked them up in the writing-desk, and, in the presence of the other officer, affixing his seal, assumed, in anticipation of station orders, the office of President of the Committee of Adjustment.

The next day the order-book contained the whole of the necessary orders, the body of the unhappy boy was followed to its last earthly resting-place by most of the residents and visitors; and a Court of Enquiry was directed to assemble for the purpose of investigating the circumstances of his decease. Facts told cruelly against Pynaston; they had been together, just after Jack's celebrated interview with Mrs. Palliser; one of the servants at the door had heard the altercation, and seen the blow given by the deceased, and had hardly retired to the office to gossip over the matter with his fellow-servants when they heard the report

of a pistol, and going in several of them had found in Morley's room, the *sahib* lying dead, and the other *sáhib* standing over him in anguish and confusion. Thus there was no witness to the fact upon which Jack laid so much stress, *viz.* that Morley had gone into his own room alone; the cause of quarrel, guessed at, now remained to be proved, and it was resolved that Mrs. Palliser should be requested to attend the court, and be interrogated (of course with closed doors and all possible delicacy) as to her knowledge of any preceding facts.

Meanwhile Jack's arrest had not been so rigidly maintained, but that he contrived to receive the following note:—

"Dear friend, if I believed you guilty of the horrible crime imputed to you, nothing should prevent my bearing my share in aiding the ends of justice; not if my own heart broke in the effort. My evidence will be required, I know it; with that your character, perhaps your life are gone; without it they can prove nothing. With no clue to any previous cause of quarrel it is not likely that a Court of British Officers would convict a comrade of the infamy of secretly murdering his constant companion and house-mate, merely because one native servant says he saw him receive a blow. I who have known your noble heart for so many years, and watched your progress with the interest of a sister before you had awakened any other feeling in my breast, would not hesitate to proclaim your innocence in despite of any evidence; how could I then lend strength to the weight that presses your fame and fortune to the ground? Before you receive this, I shall be far on my way to Bombay, having left in the station false clues which may lead them to think that I have proceeded to England by way of Calcutta. If they overtake me, which however I do not expect, I will bite out my tongue rather than let it utter a syllable that may injure my high-minded, tho' unfortunate friend. Adieu, we shall meet in better days, and whenever it happens, you will find me your own unalterable

MARY.

P. S.—Direct to me, etc. etc."

Carefully committing this important Postscript to memory, and having imprinted a thousand kisses on the senseless paper, our prudent friend tore the note into a thousand pieces, and threw them into the fire, where he watched the gradual consumption of every fragment that might betray the secret.

The Court of Enquiry sate long, and puzzled their heads much; Jack was universally respected, if not beloved; the evidence of one native, and he a dependant of the deceased, was not (as Mrs. Palliser had justly foreseen) sufficient for conviction; there remained the depositions of three or four servants of various *castes*, some in the employ of Pynaston, others in that of Morley, who all agreed with few, if any discrepancies, that they had seen one *sahib* dead and the other standing over him. The emotions depicted in the countenance and attitude of the latter, these witnesses, unskilled in European physiognomy and bearing, interpreted in different ways; accord-

ing to some Pynaston was looking very frightened, to others very fierce, while one old bearer, who had been with Jack ever since his arrival in the country, positively swore that he had never seen a man's face express such deep agony, unmixed with any appearance of shame or compunction.

The court was divided in opinion, but inclining to mercy by the casting vote of the President, was about to pronounce that unsatisfactory sort of verdict worse than death almost to an honourable man which would have released Pynaston from the material consequences of a verdict of "Wilful murder," without clearing his character, viz., "that from the inadequacy of the evidence before them, they were unable to pronounce upon the cause of the pistol-shot from the effects of which the deceased had come to his end;" when Lieut. Bevan sent in his card, announcing that "he had just become possessed of an important fact which he wished at once to lay before the court."

On being admitted and sworn this witness simply deposed that on looking over Cornet Morley's papers in his official capacity of executor, he had found some MS. which he believed might easily be identified to be in that officer's hand, and which he now begged to submit to the court.

Fortunate was it for Pynaston that he was on his trial before a Court of Honour rather than of strict procedure, in the latter of which this precious document—sufficient as will be seen, for moral certainty—might not have been admitted as evidence. The handwriting however having been quickly proved, beyond a doubt, to be that of the deceased, it was read by the President, and was to the following effect :—

"Here then I am about to accomplish my *criminal* career, by attempting the life of my innocent, my high-minded friend. Led into temptation by his friendship to me, and his easy assent to my foolish and timid wish, he is now to atone with his life for not having resisted attractions which were irresistible. Fool, inexperienced fool that I was, not to have anticipated all, and keeping my own council, have prospered or fallen by my own unassisted efforts. And how could I have competed with him ; I who have but the ashes of a heart wasted in sin and excitement ; he so pure, so noble, so fascinating in his manly simplicity? Is there no way then but to end my injuries to him by murder, and survive, the aversion of the women, and the ridicule of the men? Or—yes, I will reserve my fire and let him kill me ; but no, I know his fine feelings, he will not aim at a heart which he thinks he has injured—a bloodless encounter—bah! and ridicule again, or else he *will* shoot me, and carry to his death-bed the conscience of a murderer. No, no, I will not write to Bevan ; if I am to fall, it shall be by my own hand. Yet God knows the thought is bitter ; I have had higher aims than this ; I would have wished not to die till I had learned something, and done something. Death may teach much, but how far more like a man to find out the solution of the problem step by step, than thus to have it unriddled all at once. But enough, no weakness ; let my last words on earth be for my friend ; let this paper bear record

for him that I died by my own hand."

And then followed in a bold autograph, the date and signature.

To say that every one crowded round poor Jack Pynaston with fervent congratulations and handshakings would be merely to repeat that they were British Officers witnessing the triumphant acquittal of an esteemed comrade. Nor was the official verdict of the Court of Inquiry less fully satisfactory; he left the Court an absolute gainer in reputation, having established himself in the minds of all as a chivalrously brave and honourable man, who had been a victim to the most cruel combination of circumstances.

But there was a point gained dearer to Pynaston than the approbation of his brother officers. While under the suspicion of so terrible a guilt, he had felt that he could never have degraded his faithful Mary by asking her to associate her fortunes with those of a man against whom, in an enquiry for murder, the verdict of "not proven," had been all that was recorded. Now, recovered and retrieved from the foul stain of a brother's blood, his hand was free to offer her, free from any pollution but such as is the inevitable portion of man. And that way was not only the gratification of the truest love, but also of filial duty. His long alienated father, now fast sinking into old age, received rapturously the son, who by such a wondrous combination had been enabled at length to fulfil his commands without sacrifice of principle; and Jack Pynaston reaped in love and in domestic happiness the reward due to integrity, good temper, and manliness of spirit.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE OF INDIA AS IT SHOULD BE.

In two late numbers we laid before our readers a faithful account to the best of our abilities of what had been done in the cause of education in the two Presidencies of Bombay and Madras during the first half of the nineteenth century: the measures taken by the Bengal and Agra Government are pretty well known to all who take an interest in the subject: to those who seek for information condensed and trustworthy, we recommend a perusal of a work published by Mr. Kerr at Calcutta during the last twelve months.

It must be allowed that there is a sad short-coming in the return of all the Presidencies: if it be admitted that it is the duty of Government to place elementary education within reach of the lower classes, if the consideration, which is demanded and exacted by a free people from their rulers, is morally incumbent also on those under whose grasp a native has been placed bound hands and feet, then it is clear, that we have neglected our duty, and the best thing that can be done is, to admit it, and be earnest in our endeavours to repay the debt which we owe to our subjects. Admitting therefore the imperative necessity of some system of education, we trust that the experience of the last twenty years has taught all dispassionate judges, that there is but one correct system of Government education, and that that is "elementary education of the masses through the vernacular."

We remark that each Presidency has had its whims and its fancies: the Educational Committee of each have passed through certain stages, have been affected by certain disorders, and, we trust, cured; like other children this bantling has had to fight through sharp attacks of the chicken pox, scarlet fever, and hooping cough; at one time attention would be solely paid to the defunct and unpractical mass of Oriental learning: the arrival of a new President gave a new turn of occidentalism to the studies of the colleges. "Manu" gave way to "Blackstone," the "Tantras" and "Shastras" were turned out of doors to make room for Bacon and Newton: if the vernacular was taught, it was in a Romanized character. Nothing could exceed perhaps the pedantry and shallow self-sufficiency of a "Hindoo Pundit," or "Mahomedan Moulavie," until our new forcing houses produced the new native plant of an "English Master." Year after year our colleges send forth the young educated native, knowing just what is of no use to him, and knowing that but imperfectly, and ignorant of his own language sufficiently to earn his livelihood. They had been taught English, perhaps some Latin, and less Greek: they now begged in indifferently written petitions for "atta dhal."

We trust that this evil has been appreciated: that it is now understood that superior educationary establishments should be

self-supporting, and that the funds of Governments should be devoted to the elementary education of the masses in their own vernacular and their own written character: something may be said in favour of the predilection for the ancient oriental lore, or the modern occidental science, but we denounce *in toto* the unnatural use of the Urdu-Roman character!

Taking warning from the past and from the failures of our neighbours, let us consider what should be the great principles to guide our future educational efforts, and supposing the wisdom of Parliament place ample means at the disposal of the local Governments, how should it be expended. The following would appear to us to be the points to be considered, and the different directions in which the Government grant could be advantageously applied.

I.—The establishments of colleges for occidental and oriental learning at the capital towns of the provinces, such as Benares, Agra, Delhi, Lahore in this Presidency, Poonah, Surat, Bombay on the Bombay side, and in the other Presidencies in such towns as appear to be the centre, official and commercial, of the neighbourhood. These institutions should be self-supporting, all the assistance rendered by Government being the salary of the Principal and one or two Professors, and the cost of the building. It is positively a waste of money to educate gratuitously all the English Baboos of the Sugar Factories and Government offices, a class who can well pay to educate themselves.

II.—The establishment in each Presidency of scientific colleges for the instruction of the medical student and the civil engineer.

III.—The extension gradually and methodically over all the districts of the present system of vernacular education introduced into certain districts of the Agra Presidency under the orders of the Lieutenant-Governor. It is impossible to calculate the advantages which will arise from a judicious fostering of this scheme, by which the existing institutions of the country, which have become degraded, but to which the people are familiarized, will be strengthened and improved, till at length there will be a primary school in the vernacular in every cluster of villages, and a superior school in every local division. A great deal depends on the supervising machinery: there should be chosen men content with the salaries fixed for the office, and not sucking Collectors and Judges.

IV.—Assistance by means of an annual assignment to every private educational body without distinction of race and creed.

V.—The appointment in each Presidency of a general Educational Committee, consisting of those whose thoughts and attention have been turned to the subject, whether in or out of the services. The important duty of general supervision should not be made over to the last new lawyer, the young Secretary who has interest, the so-called respectable native gentleman, and the Civil officials of the station. The subject is either neglected, or new dodges are forcibly introduced, and no one general principle is followed out. It is not at all necessary that this Committee should meet in conclave; every thing is conducted in this

country on paper, and, if the Committee is made sufficiently large, there will never be a difficulty of assembling "a quorum" to transact business.

These, we think, are the five great points to be attended to, and it is the fourth no doubt, which will rouse the greatest number of objections, and we wish to meet them at once. It is time for the Anglo-Indian Government to get rid of all childish prudishness, and to stand forward at once as a Christian Government, based on the widest principles of civil and religious liberty, but still neither *atheistical* nor *pantheistical*. We began by being the latter, and now that we have dis-connected ourselves from idol-worship, let us take heed that we do not become the former. The Government have at their disposal two classes of persons for carrying out any projects that they may design, viz. public servants and private enterprizers, and it is a question of expediency on many occasions of which agency it is most politic to avail itself. Now it is too clear, that the public servants have most notoriously failed in their educational endeavours. Collectors of revenue have proved bad schoolmasters; we do not send our children at home to learn the rudiments from the tax-gatherer, or the land agent; in the numerous Missions scattered over the country the Government has at its disposal an efficient and energetic agency for disseminating sound learning seasoned by religious truths, capable also of expansion to any extent, if the funds were at command. Annual assignments should be made to these bodies *without distinction of nation or creed*, on the sole condition that they publish an annual report detailing their operations, and admit a Government Inspector at stated intervals to report upon their institution. The amount of assignments must be left to each Presidency Committee, depending upon the number of students, and the funds available: the grant should be guaranteed not to be withdrawn without one year's notice, and then only if the privilege be grossly abused, or the principles inculcated be contrary to morality. We should hail the day when an intelligent Hindoo or Mahomedan started an institution, entitled to a Government grant, and boldly reported the principles on which he conducted it. At the same time the absurdity, if not impiety, of excluding the Bible by name from the Government colleges, must be once for all got rid of: it was very well for the Governor General, who in ancient days signed himself the servant of the great Mogul, to stigmatize his own religion; but as we openly return thanks to God for our victories, we must not deny him to our subjects. Without any wild attempts at Proselytism, or any outward shew of indifference, it must be distinctly understood, that the rulers of the country are Christians; that the Bible is not excluded; that the morality conveyed to us in that book will be taught so many times in the week; that attendance on those occasions, without being compulsory, will be indispensable to the aspirant for honours and gratuities. More than this we would not wish to do: *less than this we should be ashamed to do.* How our suc-

cessors twenty years hence will laugh at the prudery of the educatiolnaists of the last fifty years!

These are the great points to bear in view, and to these the great bulk of the Parliamentary grant will be devoted, but a certain sum must always be reserved for miscellaneous educational purposes. We give our idea in detail.

I.—Every gaol in India should be converted into an Industrial School; every prisoner taught to read and write, and work out calculations. This is no theory, but a practical scheme, having been developed with the best effects in the Agra and Mynpoorie gaols; honour to those to whose benevolent mind it first suggested itself! The weary hours of prison are thus profitably employed, savages are made less savage, the ignorant brute, besides being taught a profession, has his intellects brightened, and if imprisoned for long periods, will return to society somewhat improved, at any rate *not worse*, as he does now.

II.—Every regiment of the Native Army should have a real and efficient school, and a good school-master, and it should be the duty of officers commanding companies to encourage the student, and excite the slothful. Regimental libraries should be established, and books prepared for the sepoy in the vernacular of a popular kind and a military character. The long days in garrison and on treasure parties would be wiled away by accounts of the wars of the Company; every regiment should have its annals written and printed in the vernacular of the soldier.

III.—The same remark that was made with regard to gaols applies to hospitals of a permanent nature, where patients are detained for a long period with such complaints as do not disable them entirely; the introduction of this measure must necessarily be partial.

IV.—In every capital town of a district there should be opened a shop for the sale of vernacular books. The literature is forming itself, and encouragement must be given to authors and compilers. The district officer should open a shop in the bazar through an agent, who would be re-paid by a per-centage, and a constant supply of books in all languages, of all kinds, suited to the public taste, should be forwarded to him by the Curator of the Government Depôt at the Presidency, who should be authorized to purchase largely of all publishers, and make arrangements with authors of known ability for the copyright of their manuscripts. This has answered well, where introduced, and it is so palpably advantageous, that no further remarks are required except that, as the system answers in any town, Government should withdraw from the field, leaving the management of the trade in private hands: an extensive system of colportage might also advantageously be connected with the district depôt, by which the inhabitants of the smaller towns might be supplied. Plenty of improper books, plenty of worthless books from the Lucknow presses find their way into the bazaar: it is the duty of Government to foster the spread of a purer and more useful literature.

V.—Annual prizes should be offered for vernacular essays,

compilations, translations, open to the whole community, and the reward should be sufficient for the labour required.

VI.—In the large towns reading-rooms should be established by the agency of energetic and benevolent residents for the use of the enlightened portion of the population: annual grants to be made by Government for the purchase of books, until the establishment has taken root sufficiently to support itself.

VII.—Pensions should be granted to worn out servants in the Education Department: it is a great scandal that the commonest grey goose-quill driver enjoys an advantage denied to members of the most useful body of public servants. The pension should be the exception, and not the rule: the reward of good service, and not the right exacted.

VIII.—The public servants of Government should be raised from the apathy into which some have fallen, and it should be made distinctly known to them, that they are expected to take and shew an interest in the educational movement in their districts, by personal inspections, encouragement to the teachers and the students.

IX.—The famous Minute of Lord Hardinge should be acted upon, where practicable, and as soon as the public institutions produce qualified youths for public employ, they should be employed, and favour shewn to them, *when they are fit.* It is hopeless to employ in public offices lads full of Bacon and Shakespere, Conic Sections, and the last Comet, without the common rudiments of their own vernacular.

X.—Grants should always be made by the Committee for the establishment and support of Female schools, wherever there is an opening: the right moment should be seized, and the funds being at once available, the scheme carried out: if the female character can be relied upon, the chances are, that a school once properly established will not easily be put down. A series of books should be published suitable for the Indian female.

XI.—Annual grants should be made for the maintenance of Museums at each of the capitals of the provinces: in India, as elsewhere, the eye is spoken to quicker than the ear: these Museums should be formed with care, and not filled with unmeaning rubbish, but such products of the vegetable and mineral kingdom, as brought into juxta-position, excite remark; stuffed animals, models, pictures, and other objects, that are calculated to rouse a spirit of inquiry.

XII.—In each Presidency there should be a well paid literary man, such as the French would call a "savant," employed solely in collecting and collating manuscripts, forming careful "Catalogues Raisonnées," of the authors in every vernacular, buying, or obtaining, copies of scarce books, and forming translations where necessary: his duty would be to develope the native literature of the country; it is unnecessary to say, that such appointments should be filled by persons possessed of very rare qualifications, but in practice they are always to be found, and it really is a great reflection, that after the occupation of the country half a century, there is nothing approaching to a properly digest-

ed catalogue of native literature. The French Government would have published one in the first decade: they would probably, in doing so, have rifled every library in the country, which we would decline doing, but still they would have had their catalogue. This appointment is the more important, as the Principals of the Colleges are too apt to divert their attention to the more congenial subjects from the dry grind of tuition, to the great detriment of the institution.

We have thus gone over the different subjects, to which the attention of the Committee, entrusted with the Parliamentary grant, should be directed. The first five measures form the main body of the educational army, which is to be conducted against the opposing stronghold of Ignorance and Degradation. The eleven subsidiary suggestions are the light troops, the skirmishers of the advancing force, and the detached garrisons*; but to continue our simile, let us consider who goes out to warfare without prudently collecting the muniments of war? What General neglects his supplies and ammunition? And we add therefore a few remarks on the Commissariat of Education.

I.—We must have teachers, not of the class of the Pundit, Moulvie or Anglo-Indian master, but the village pedagogue, well grounded in the three sciences, the use of the mouth, the hand, and the brain. Something of a normal school must sooner or later be established, and the best method is not so easily to be arrived at, as the Colleges are not the proper sphere for a village school-master, the office has often an hereditary character, and the remuneration is very scanty.

II.—We must have books. Vernacular Translation Societies should be liberally encouraged; translations of certain books, or original compositions on certain subjects, should be advertized for. Authors should receive every encouragement; even if some trash finds its way into the press, it matters not much, and, if not contrary to morality, and it suit the public taste, no evil has been done. Every friend of education should bind himself to the task of contributing some one or two additions to the vernacular library, either by preparing for translation a story or tale, suited to the native taste, by rousing the latent talent of some timorous or sluggish authors, or by venturing his own contribution. The part of Government is to purchase liberally and judiciously, and distribute to the vernacular depôts in the different towns.

III.—We must have paper. There is a fair opening for private enterprize in the establishment of a paper-mill in such parts of India, as like Agra, have to send a great distant for that article. What charm is there in Serampore, or what virtue in the rags and water of Bengal, that paper should not be made cheaper and better at our doors? Anything that cheapens paper assists the cause of education.

IV.—Besides the publication of books a great deal may be done by encouraging the more respectable and enlightened of the vernacular newspapers. A certain number of copies taken by the Government would assist the

Editor without destroying his independence, and these again distributed to public institutions in all the Presidencies would do somewhat to connect the detached portions of the empire together. In the Bengal Presidency an Encyclopædia is being prepared in Bengalee, and similar works should be edited in all the vernaculars. Tracts and pamphlets of a moral and instructive nature, with prints, should be struck off by thousands, and sold in all the towns at so low a price as to come within the means of the poorest, besides which many should be distributed gratuitously.

Oh! how much good could be done by two lakhs of rupees spent annually in miscellaneous efforts in each Presidency, judiciously laid out by *practical* hands! The Government of India thinks nothing of voting a lakh for a tea garden, or granting a dotation to a profligate and treacherous Raja; our rulers brighten up at the idea of an improved method of cleaning cotton, and come down liberally with cash for a new canal: but would it not be wiser—setting aside the benevolence and the duty—to plant schools, and endow seminaries, where morality and good faith are taught to invent some machine for unravelling the tangled maze of superstition, and bring down a flood of light, and increase on the mind of the cultivator, as well as on the land which he cultivates: this is the fault of our rulers, and in detail we cut and dry our plans too much,—we cling too much to the Procrustes bed of European models.

The people of the country dislike our pedagogues as much as our pantaloons, and we should in sound policy try to assist native efforts, and expand indigenous institutions: instead of which we are too apt to force them down, and crush them by an official superstructure of our own, with a Bengal Civilian at the head of it: in fact, it has been a question of patronage. However an empire is still in its infancy; we have not completed our first century, and with God's blessing much can and will be done!

PHILO-INDUS.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE CHANNEL;

OR, FRANCE AND ENGLAND AS THEY ARE AND HAVE BEEN.

"The child is father to the man."
Wordsworth.

"Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ."
Horace.

"The proper study of mankind is man." So said in that pointed way of his the great poet of Queen Anne's reign. So, in other words, have said Humanity's best and greatest apostles in every age. We think that few of our modern philosophers, of those at least who deserve the name of philosophers, will be loth to endorse an apopthegm to which the leading events of modern history, and the achievements of our greatest modern legislators, hold out at once the fullest commentary and the most convincing defence. Few at least will deny the practical utility of a study which forms the groundwork of all our efforts in the cause of human improvement, a study which has given the world its greatest benefactors and its worst oppressors, a study which has served at once to charm and baffle the wisest philosophers, the most enlightened statesmen, the most experienced moralists, of this or any other age.

Looking indeed at the ostensible purpose of such a study, we might have reason to dispute its claim to the honor so unhesitatingly conferred upon it by the bilious little satirist of Twickenham. For, of all studies on which man has ever wasted or employed his time, the study of Humanity in all its psychological bearings has ever proved one of the most baffling, one of the most fertile in preliminary drawbacks, one of the poorest in satisfactory results. Time has done but little towards solving a mystery coëval with the first creation of man. The accumulated knowledge of centuries has opened out but dim and partial glimpses into the inner workings of the human microcosm. Human genius has sought in vain to decipher the characters whereby the harmonies and discords of man's existence shall be most thoroughly and naturally explained. Human patience has found itself rewarded for years of ceaseless toil with results hardly more palatable than those which rewarded the empiric searching after the philosopher's stone. Human ingenuity has made its guesses, more or less plausible, has put forth its theories, more or less extravagant, on a subject which hardly any two thinkers will be found willing to look at from exactly the same point of view, or to investigate exactly in the same direction. With a few trifling exceptions, trifling compared with what has yet to be achieved, the most

popular of human studies may vie in point of futility with the most chimerical. For all large noteworthy purposes we of this nineteenth century are, in respect of psychological discoveries, no wiser than the priests of Isis or the philosophers of Athens. With all our happy researches into the wonders of the physical world, our knowledge of man as a rational being has made no material advance upon the knowledge existing in the days of Solon. No Cuvier has yet arisen to map out the varieties of human intellect, or adjust the conflicting points of human character. No Liebig has yet succeeded in resolving the mind into its component atoms, or assigning certain properties and modes of development to certain types of mental idiosyncracy. No Newton has yet succeeded in reconciling with any fixed law of nature the eccentricities of human action, or expounding the true principles of that science at which metaphysicians and political economists have been toiling for these many centuries in vain. While our modern anatomists have pulled his bodily frame to pieces, revealed the minutest secrets of its wondrous mechanism, assigned him his due place in, and his exact relations with, the rest of the animal kingdom, man himself, the moral and intellectual man, remains as ever unknown, unmeasured, undecipherable. A few things concerning him we may indeed have discovered. A pebble or two may have been gathered on the wide sands of Time. But the sea itself stretches far away, "dread, fathomless, alone," and he is yet to come who shall be permitted to lay the hand of knowledge upon its billows. The great mystery continues to elude our grasp as effectually as the North-West passage continues to defy the efforts of our boldest maritime explorers. Here and there, in pursuing that mystery, we may have stumbled on something new, something pertinent, something suggestive of much more to come. A stray fact or two concerning that Cheops' Pyramid we in these later days have certainly succeeded in striking out. But the essential clue to all its portentous history remains as far to seek as ever. Archimedes would have moved the earth, could you only have found him a spot whereon to fix his lever. But there lay the rub.

The memory however of the great geometrician was not to vanish with his life. His favorite science has survived the fall of Syracuse by many centuries. If his boast has never been fulfilled, his labors at least have borne fruit a hundred-fold. For the absence of all striking definitive results need make nothing whatever against the presence of results as momentous as they may be hard to define. Little as we yet know of him, darkly as we yet read his psychological characters, the study of man in all his aspects, taken in the unit or taken in the mass, treated from the mental or the political point of view, forms at once the noblest, the most useful, and the most engrossing of all our studies. The very efforts we make to search out the inscrutable parts of him end in producing new matter for anxious thought, in offering new incentives to yet more anxious inquiry. In trying to discover a new passage to the Indies Magellan

laid the foundation for all our subsequent discoveries in the Pacific. The voyages in the Polar Seas have at least resulted in large additions to our stores of scientific data. So also has it fared with our efforts to penetrate the heart of man. We have made some great discoveries in the course of researches leading only to apparent failure. Our experience has often been most materially widened where our hopes have been most signally defeated. While most despairing of ultimate success we have become most alive to the errors which accounted for our past reverses. With every failure to thread the maze aright we have gathered the means of rectifying some former fallacy, and narrowing the limits within which the truth must ultimately be found. With every new illustration of our actual ignorance we have enlarged the boundaries of our actual knowledge, amassing for the benefit of coming ages a legacy far richer than that bequeathed to our own, —a legacy whose positive value shall keep ever increasing with each new curtailment of its outward bulk. The false gods of our philosophy are gradually disappearing or dwindling to their due proportions, while the true one looms over grander and more distinguishable, the more clearly we feel our weakness to measure him by the scope of our own darkling intellects.

There are some good worthy men whose intense devotion to heavenly things debars them from all concern in studies bearing upon the things of this present world. With such as these we cannot pause to argue. Their views of humanity transcend by a vast interval the views conceived by ordinary mortals. To the latter class we are not ashamed to belong. As regards matters of daily life our sympathies, we fear, are decidedly those of the earth, earthy. We hold that the best, if not the only road to a man's heart, is that which passes through his intellect, and turns not all aside from his natural propensities. We are inclined to take him as experience proves him to be, a thing not wholly despicable, not hopelessly depraved; a thing of great beauties combined with great defects; a thing to be proud of with Shakspere, rather than to scorn with Timon, or to weep over with the ladies of ancient Thrace. We are inclined to take him in short as the world has practically voted him to be, a fit study for all who live in the world as though they really belonged to it for the time being, for all who seek in any legitimate way to advance their own welfare or that of their fellow men. In such a category will be found many a true Christian, who thinks it no shame to labor in the common cause, even though he may find himself jogging alongside a gentleman who believes in Houris, or another who doubts the immortality of the soul.

If experience may go for any thing in such a case, the study of humanity should be the duty, as it really is the business or the amusement, of all who live for the world. More or less successfully in every known field of human energy, generally for our own sakes, sometimes for that of others, we are all of us—men of thought and men of action—engaged in studying the same inscrutable object under different forms. From

the statesman at the head of her Majesty's Council board, to the Kaffir warring against the flocks and herds of her Majesty's lieges, we are all of us more or less consciously engaged in examining some particular class or isolated specimen of that mysterious order to which we individually belong. Humanity in some shape or another is the thing we are all striving for various reasons to know, to cultivate, to make practically our own. It is the Alpha and Omega of our daily life. It expresses the one leading element in the production of all the mischief and all the good that is daily doing or revolving in this busy globe of ours—the one powerful talisman by which princes succeed in destroying a nation's liberties, and patriots succeed in restoring them, the one favorite argument employed alike by the priest who aims at stifling, and the philanthropist who aims at helping out, the free growth and full promise of man's intellectual being. It gives to Poetry its deepest significance, to Painting its noblest graces, to Philosophy its highest aim and widest usefulness. Without some knowledge of it the or ator mayplead in vain, the preacher may waste his eloquence on drowsy ears. Without constant study of it the historian may despair of being read, the politician may despair of earning the gratitude of ages to come. Without some experience of its commonest ways the man of business toiling for his own good and the philanthropist toiling for the good of others must reckon equally on certain failure in the attempt to carry their several ends. In every field of human activity, in every episode of human life, in every scene and incident of general human interest, man and his belongings must ever hold a note-worthy if not always a foremost place. Universal as the law of gravitation itself is the reflexion which humanity in its abstract form keeps throwing out upon the circumstances of the passing hour. Man's image haunts us whichever way we turn. The burden of all our thoughts, of all our words, of all our actions is still Man, always Man. It is a burden we cannot cast away, are wrong indeed in wishing to cast away. Far better to try and turn it to some thankworthy account. Far better because far manlier would it be, unshrinkingly to meet the full consequences of our mortal birthright, and strive by all rightful means to elicit what good we may from circumstances wherein nothing but the weakest prejudice can detect the seeds of unmixed evil, or ignore the traces of abounding good.

For all who take due interest in sublunary pursuits the study of Nature's prime handiwork must possess a charm which no other sublunary pursuit can wholly parallel. With all its ultimate perplexity and occasional dangers, its humbling exposures of human littleness and its revolting exposures of human crime, there is no other study which possesses half its power to enlarge the understanding as well as to humanise and exalt the heart. It teaches us to appreciate the beauties as keenly as we mourn the defects of human character. It helps us to correct and widen our previous views of man's actual capacities, to modify our previous judgments on his ac-

tual deeds. It supplies us daily with larger data for working out the problem of man's spiritual being. It teaches us to weigh and scrutinise the motives of human conduct on principles far clearer, because far more natural and comprehensive, than the principles assumed by the bulk of religious dogmatists, whether belonging to the age of Pharaoh or to the age of Queen Victoria. If it sometimes forces us with its unwelcome truths to abate or discard our whilom reverence for some object of traditional affection, it oftener leads us with its welcome illustrations of truths erewhile forgotten to find good reasons for dealing mildly with some object of traditional hate. While proving by rather startling examples, how much of moral weakness and depravity may sometimes be found consorting with virtues of the highest order and intellects of the largest compass, it also shews us, by many an unquestionable sign, what touches of a higher humanity, what sparks of purer feeling, what traits of redeeming softness may be found not seldom lurking in natures the most grovelling and characters the most detestable. It is painful indeed to behold a Bacon dragged down from the heights of his intellectual greatness to a level, in respect of moral stature, with some of the meanest specimens of ordinary clay. But such spectacles are happily rare. The truths they involve are not truths which admit of general application. Infinitely more pleasing and decidedly far from rare, are the spectacles of another sort, involving a truth whose pertinence seems well nigh universal. For one instance like that of Bacon we might adduce a hundred instances of characters which have been more or less unjustly vilified, of men whose merits have been overlooked or whose faults have been exaggerated, of criminals of every grade in whom Time has enabled us to discover something to pity, to extenuate, even to love, amidst all the wrong and wickedness which marked their earthly career. On such instances it is surely good to dwell. They appeal to our truest sympathies in behalf of all who have hitherto been commonly regarded as outcasts from our common humanity. They speak volumes to all who, holding that "one touch of feeling makes the whole world kin," are loth to exclude the vilest of our moral lepers from the dues as well as the dignities of our common birthright. Whatever some may argue, the moral sketched for us in Byron's portrait of the Corsair, him whose name was to go down to future days "linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes," is one which we should do well to consider, whenever we are inclined to think harshly of an erring brother. It is only when Sykes has murdered the frail object of his earlier tenderness, that our natural abhorrence of the villain deepens into utter loathing for the hardened brute.

The more we know of man, politically as well as morally, the more calmly do we come to examine the events and questions of which he forms a part. Our judgments on these matters no longer run towards the old extremes. Vague generalities are going out of fashion. In politics as in morals we are beginning to look truth boldly in the face at last. We are beginning to allow

that nothing human is unmixedly good, any more than we believe it to be unmixedly bad. Few people are now apt to talk of Charles the First as an innocent martyr. Fewer still are apt to regard Cromwell as a thorough-paced villain. Kings are no longer deemed less liable to err in matters of government, than Popes were deemed liable to err in matters of religion. We are learning to conceive the possibility of national evils hardly to be remedied except by the terrible process of a civil war. The heaven-born statesmanship of Pitt may now boast admirers who can yet bear to acknowledge the steady patriotism of Fox. They who are loudest in applauding the large views and manly firmness of Fox, can yet bear their willing testimony to the varied talents and unbending loyalty of Pitt. Toryism, at least in England, has already turned its face to the wall. Chartism has held its tongue since the memorable Tenth of April. Believing in essential differences of national character conspiring with other causes to produce substantial differences of national progress, we can now tolerate one form of despotism in Russia, and another form in the East Indies without hailing the late revival of a third form in France, or deprecating the extinction of a fourth in Germany. Believing in essential resemblances of general principle between forms of Government seemingly the most different, we are ready to admire the workings of a republic in America without compassing the downfall of constitutional monarchy in England; to sympathise with Kossuth fighting for the maintenance of constitutional freedom in Hungary, without deploring the failure of Smith O'Brien to fan into the fierceness of an armed rebellion the heated embers of party feeling in Ireland. Believing in the gradual development, for ultimate good or evil, of a nation's political as well as moral character, we can be thankful for the good effected by the movement which proclaimed our religious freedom in its scornful denial of the Papal supremacy, or by the movement which sealed our political freedom in the expulsion of the Stuarts, without dating our political decline from the fall of rotten boroughs, or denying the need which grows daily more visible, for some swift and searching repairs in the crumbling Time-disfigured fabric of our religious polity.

Nor in learning moderation do we forget justice. The compassion which finds in the most degraded some germ of the beauty which informs the noblest of the sons of men, serves to rectify, not confound, our views of human character and conduct. If it has little in common with the pride which allows nothing for human weakness, it has still less in common with the cant which makes human weakness a plea for the utter contempt of human decencies. It teaches us indeed to temper justice with mercy. But it also teaches us to use that mercy with discretion. It teaches us to regard the criminal as one of ourselves, a diseased but not therefore a wholly worthless limb of our common body. But it never can teach us to forego the treatment whereby that limb may yet be rendered useful, or kept from becoming dangerous, to the

common body. It is one thing to question the soundness of some conventional rule. It is quite another thing to set all conventional rules at defiance. Equally at variance with the truth are the lax sentiments of one class of conventional moralists, and the austere doctrines of another class. Equally opposed to our daily experience is the philosophy which starts with considering man as wholly the victim of circumstances, and the philosophy which starts with assuming his ability to rise at all times above the circumstances in which he may be placed. We know that great trials and great temptations have helped to fill our prisons with convicted criminals and our streets with social outcasts. We know also that there is such a thing as vice, trading with greater or less impunity in the dignities and rewards of virtue. We hear of hunger, destitution, despair, driving their victims into some form of vice or crime. We hear also of men who have hitherto led blameless lives being at length convicted of acts strangely inconsistent with their former character. A starving woman steals a loaf of bread. A gentleman with a character of twenty years' standing is found guilty, in the twenty-first, of a crime peculiarly base and inexcusable. To enforce the strict letter of the law against offenders of the one class, were an act of harshness such as very few of us would knowingly perform. But to remit the usual penalty incurred by offenders of the other class, merely on the plea of past character, were an act of lenity far more absurd and mischievous than the harshness so generally condemned. The mercy which in the former case would merely be the truest justice, becomes in the latter not only a proof of small progress in psychological studies, but also a downright trespass against those broad rules and considerations whereon the continuance of our social welfare must chiefly depend. True philosophy is not for dealing out its mercies in that promiscuous way. It refuses to treat as martyrs the men whose deeds have entitled them to distinctions of a far less enviable sort. Calling things by their true names, it cannot recognise the 'victim of circumstances' in Moolraj, or 'the first gentleman of Europe' in George the Fourth. The saviour of his country is not the title by which it characterises Louis Napoleon. It has small respect for the grey hairs of Marshall Haynau. Deploring the untoward issue of the Hungarian struggle, it has the candour to acknowledge the retributive justice of the calamities which have fallen on erring Poland. In the slavery under which France is groaning it sees the natural results of the follies erewhile committed by the French people ; as it sees in the general stability of England's social affairs the natural results of that practical wisdom, which shines forth with greater or less significance in every page of her eventful history.

There are few subjects of present interest which offer the political observer so rich a study of human character, as the contrast between the present condition of France and the present condition of England. No two pictures possessing so much in common could be found, we think, on the whole so strangely

unlike, as the pictures of social and political life existing at this moment on either side the British Channel. On a cursory view indeed the points of difference are not so peculiarly striking. The points of agreement will rather be the first to suggest themselves to the mental eye. And these are neither few nor insignificant. We see before us two beings, pretty nearly matched in years, members of the same brotherhood, dressed in nearly the same fashion, possessing nearly the same accomplishments, engaged in nearly the same pursuits. The history of their lives contains passages strangely parallel. Both have risen by nearly the same gradations to the pre-ëminence they now enjoy among their fellows. Both have passed through periods of great disaster as well as periods of great prosperity. The career of each has been more conspicuous for feats of arms than for the triumphs of peaceful statesmanship. Each in his time has 'played many parts' with equal talent and success. For some years each labored to surpass the other in their mutual onsets against the Saracens. For many more they fought with equal distinction among themselves or against their mutual neighbours. Later still we find them at the head of rival armies, contending for the oppression or the deliverance of half the world. And last of all we see them striving for the mastery in fields of far nobler renown, and fighting with no murderous weapons the peaceful battles of civilisation and social freedom, at the head of armies more brilliant and far more formidable than any of those which erewhile carried ruin and dismay into the fairest portions of Christendom. Even in their faults they seem to resemble each other. Their selfishness and their pride smacks evidently of a common ancestry. Both have tarnished with great errors the memory of great deeds. Both have shewn themselves more zealous in the pursuit of fame, than scrupulous in the means of its attainment. Neither has disdained to achieve wealth and power by arts provoking the hatred rather than the love of their weaker neighbours.

But ever as we look again, the picture loses something of its original shape. The points of resemblance gradually fade from view. New points of difference continually supervene. Instead of the broad likeness which once prevailed, we begin to discover only a broad contrast. Instead of two beings who have nearly all in common, we are gradually brought to contemplate two beings who have hardly any thing in common, but their humanity. The very coincidences which most strike us in the events of their respective lives lead us to the detection of differences the most striking in the general tone of their respective characters. Results to all seeming the most identical are found to contain proofs of their origin in causes the most dissimilar. Instead of two kinsmen between whom a stranger might be puzzled to distinguish readily on a first acquaintance, we are fain at length to see nothing, but two rivals as remarkable for the differences in their mental idiosyncracy, as for the differences in their outward shape and personal demeanour. Between the national characteristics of England and the national characteris-

tics of France we are fain at length to discover a gulf as broad and well defined as that which separated the rich man in torments from the beggar he had once despised. Electricity may annihilate the straits of Dover. But for all moral purposes the rival countries must still remain more widely sundered than the regions on either side the Atlantic. France and England must still form the respective centres of two great rival systems in the same common universe.

To those who are gifted with a share of ordinary perception the fact of such a contrast can occasion little surprise. Parallel instances of it occur every day. They are to be met with in every walk of life, in every field of human observation. The points of difference between individuals of the same species are as striking in their degree as the points of difference between different species. Nature, from all we know of her, seems utterly to scout the notion of perfect uniformity between any two of her creations. In everything which has life this rule is more or less clearly discoverable. In the lower orders of animal being we see it exemplified in many curious ways. In the case of man himself its operation is peculiarly marked. The varieties of bodily conformation are notorious enough. Less so perhaps are the varieties of mental character. But we think that few will deny the difficulty of laying their hands on any two of their acquaintance, who shall be found to possess exactly the same qualities of heart and understanding in exactly the same degree. We think that few who have studied the tempers of any two of their intimate friends, will have failed in detecting differences at least as palpable as those invariably detected in the tempers of any two dogs or any two horses of the same breed. To reason from particulars, to generals, from distinctive traits of individual character to distinctive fraits in the character of a family or a whole nation, is merely to carry on the process to a conclusion sufficiently warranted by actual facts.

A belief in the hereditary transmission of mental qualities has pointed many a conventional phrase in the language of most civilised nations. Long before Gall and Spurzheim entered on their phrenological studies, Horace had boldly asserted that "the brave beget the brave and the good bring forth the good." Long before him again, unless we are much mistaken, the sage of Croton had inculcated the same belief under the doctrinal fancies of the Metempsychosis. Some such belief it is which informs our daily reasonings on historical questions, and enters, how unconsciously soever, into the judgments we daily pass upon our neighbours. The poet and the historian love to tell us of the traditional virtues of the Fabian or the traditional vices of the Claudian family. The great qualities of our Plantagenet kings have stirred the hearts of many who know little or nothing of their individual deeds. We constantly hear of children taking after their fathers, of this family being renowned for its hereditary talents, of that family being remarkable for some hereditary failing. We have our stock-epithets marking different known types of national character. Spanish pride and

Greek cunning are things of course. The Italian is always treacherous, the German always phlegmatic. France and gaiety are found together as surely as honesty and John Bull. Saxon energy is habitually placed in rather enviable contrast with Celtic sloth. The existence of present differences in the mental powers, habits, and tendencies of different nations, is a fact pretty generally admitted in these days. How long those differences have existed, or how those differences first began to shew themselves, are points concerning which opinion is just as generally divided.

Many persons are fond of telling you in words whose meaning they sadly misconceive, that circumstances make the man. Many others will gravely assure you that all men are endued by Nature with the same ability to choose the good and avoid the evil in spite of any circumstances whatever. The former regard the spiritual man as a sort of human weather-cock, swayed by every current of outward example, and twisted by every change of outward circumstance; now pointing to crime with the first breath of passing temptation, anon pointing to virtue with the first sounds of moral correction. The latter regard the spiritual man as a dog whose nobler faculties lead him at all times to obey his master's orders, no matter how strong the motive which tempts him rather to obey the whispers of his carnal appetites. In the one case man is degraded to a level with the dullest brute. In the other case he is raised to the level of a perfect angel. Both hypotheses are opposed to a vast number of existing facts. Neither of them can safely be admitted as a general rule by those who look dispassionately at all the varying phases of human conduct. The real truth will rather be found to fluctuate between these two extremes. To say that circumstances literally make the man is to say what many of us must feel to be literally untrue. We have no sort of faith in the notion that man can virtually be born again. It runs counter alike to all experience and all analogy. It robs man of those higher instincts in which the lowest of God's creatures claims some little share, and of those highest instincts which belong to him alone of all God's creatures. Sudden conversions and death-bed repentances are things to be read of, seldom to be seen. Real life knows little of events so utterly unnatural. We can conceive men of a certain mental calibre doing ill at one moment and doing well at the next, according as circumstances may bring out their animal instincts or their spiritual powers. Such men indeed are the truest types of ordinary humanity—men of average mental capacity or of average moral worth, possessing hearts not wholly depraved or intellects not very brilliant. They are the men who most need the early lessoning of friends and mothers—the men whom circumstances will educate into good citizens or harden into social nuisances—the men who grow up under one sort of teaching into hopeless prodigals, and who grow up under another sort of teaching into respectable well-doing men of the world. But they are still men, not mere machines on whom Chance may drive her

experiments or Nature work her miracles. Circumstances may develop their outward character, sometimes in rather an astonishing way. But they cannot render the lives of such persons untrue to the tendencies which have grown within them from the womb. The hearts of such persons, or that which we call their hearts, cannot by any possibility be made anew.

Equally untrue as a general rule is the doctrine which ascribes to man a power of subduing his natural propensities, such as few men have been known to exhibit, since the days of Adam. It is a doctrine as opposed to all our experience of human weakness, as the other was opposed to all our experience of human strength. It calls up at once to its refutation all those higher feelings which tend to soften and refine our common nature. We feel that man is at all times something lower than the angels, while we are loth to judge harshly the being whose inborn weakness continually reduces him to something not much higher than the brutes. We cannot accept a doctrine which the lives of nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand of us go more or less explicitly to condemn. We cannot consent to measure human sinners by a standard applicable only to fallen angels, or to take the virtues of a Jesus or a Socrates as a type of the virtues to be looked for in ordinary men. Seeing the effect of circumstances even upon the best of men, we cannot admit the notion of a universal talisman which renders all men equally culpable alike for their worst crimes and their most venial faults. We are no more inclined to believe that all men are born with the same power of discerning practically between right and wrong, than we are inclined to believe that all men are born without any power of discerning practically between right and wrong. Man's heart is a strange riddle, but man's actions supply us with some faint clue to the partial reading of it. Carefully marking the course of those actions, we are fain to ascribe them generally to the working of inborn tendencies quickened or arrested, in particular cases, by the force of outward circumstances. Such a solution is at least more natural than those to which we have alluded. And it is one which deals with difficulties untouched or carelessly handled by the other two. Another question still remains behind, to which we cannot pretend to offer a fit reply. Why different men should be born with different moral tendencies, is a question to be answered only by those who can account for the fact of different men being born with different faces and bodily frames.

The same reasoning will of course apply to the characters of particular nations as well as the characters of particular men. We are not for shirking the application. Truth will bear looking boldly in the face, whatever the consequences to which it may lead. Most of us are ready to allow the fact of great present differences between the national character of England and the national character of France. But the admission is made grudgingly and under protest. It amounts in general to little more than the complacent avowal that France is not England. The nature and

extent of those differences seldom challenge a second thought. Rarer still are the efforts made to trace them back to their likeliest origin. And where the effort has indeed been made, the inquiry has seldom been followed to any tangible results, or conducted in a spirit of earnest seeking for the truths which lay hidden beyond. Why two nations so nearly alike in origin, and moving by parallel paths through circumstances nearly similar towards the greatness they have ultimately achieved, should yet differ so widely as France and England do, in all their national habits and modes of thought, in the spirit of their social and political institutions, their laws, learning, arts, and morality, is a question which has yet to be fairly and seriously studied out. It is a question on which we cannot enter, except in a very cursory way.

Argue in whatever fashion we please, there is only one broad conclusion at which, if we argue long enough, we must inevitably arrive. If nature's ways seem often strangely capricious, you shall always find them, in the general view, to be just as strangely consistent. Her music, for all its fitful wildness and startling cadences, invariably attests the art of a master such as never was heard before. In the very dissonances of particular notes you discern true elements of the harmony which pervades the whole. Whispers of one large though as yet inscrutable purpose breathe through all parts of her vast creation alike. In all her systems of outward life we discover boundless varieties of one common pattern alone. In none of them do we trace the footmarks of hostile principles working in different sections of the same ground plan. We discover one law of analogy for all varieties of the animal, and another law of analogy for all varieties of the vegetable world; not different laws for different varieties either of the animal or the vegetable world. As surely as the dog returns to his vomit, or the vulture flies to his carrion, so surely do we find, under certain like conditions, one class of men betraying the same fixed tendency to virtue, and another class betraying the same fixed tendency to vice; one class of men distinguished for some peculiar trait of mental loveliness, and another class distinguished for some peculiar trait of mental deformity; one class of men whose virtues or whose talents have burst through the barriers of conventional usage, or thriven under the cold shade of worldly suffering, and another class of men whose moral or whose intellectual frailties have baffled the arts of School-masters, and annihilated the fondest hopes of friends. Everywhere we find the grown-up man as true in the long run to his childish antecedents, as we find the young kitchen-fed tiger in the hour of temptation true to the blood-thirsty instincts of his forest-ranging dam.

In like manner do the records of national progress suggest perpetual reference to certain presumable traits of national character. Arnold in his clear, simple way, has set before us as they never were set before, the leading points in the character of ancient Rome. His picture bears to the pictures drawn by Tacitus and Gibbon the same sort of relation as the record of Bonaparte's early greatness

bears to the record of his subsequent fall. In both cases we see the same in-born strength of character combining with the same restless ambition to produce a manhood of surpassing glory, followed by a maturity of surpassing disgrace. In both cases we see how circumstances determined the course of a greatness which might have been less conspicuous, but which no circumstances could have rendered wholly commonplace. The history of China is the history of one of those infant prodigies whose mental capacity never gets beyond its teens. That of Greece illustrates among other notable things the development of a genius as versatile as that of Shakspere, and as ill regulated as that of her own Alcibiades. The fall of Jerusalem forms the appropriate sequel to the history of the sons of Jacob. The religious teaching of Mahomet brought out with greater clearness in the Saracen conquerors of Spain and Egypt the same mixture of good and evil qualities, which marked the Sabæans in the days of imperial Rome, and still marks the various tribes who roam the deserts or inhabit the cities of modern Arabia. In all such cases, as far as history can lead us back to the points where it loses itself in evident fable, are we enabled to trace the working of those distinctive moral causes, whose influence shews itself more and more significantly in the events of succeeding years. Even in the mists of ancient fable, in the stories which make Romulus the son of a war-god and the nursling of a wolf, or those which shadow forth the strong, healthy, buoyant childhood of Greek civilisation, or those which magnify the ruder achievements of our Teuton forefathers, we may yet catch the reflexion of those same characteristic tendencies which circumstances shall afterwards develop into the sources of national progress or decay.

How or when those tendencies first disclosed themselves, we cannot take upon us to decide with any positiveness. Their origin is lost in times of which history can take no reckoning. It is easy enough to account for them by a reference to external causes, to peculiarities of climate and geographical position, to peculiar conditions of social activity, to peculiar forms of religious worship. Some persons are fond of telling us to look to national institutions for the secret causes of national growth. The superior excellence of modern over ancient forms of civilisation is complacently ascribed to the superior excellence of modern over ancient forms of religious training. This is merely arguing in a circle after all. We should still have to ask why different nations possess such different institutions, why Christian Spain differs so markedly in respect to civilised progress from Christian England. Analogy can bring us nearer the truth than this. It can at least teach us to refer the earliest manifestations of national character to a period coeval with the earliest movements of national growth. It can at least convince us that the only circumstances which can be made ultimately to account for the origin of distinctive national tendencies, are those which will also account for the origin of differences in national habits and modes of religious belief. It may help us to trace in

fancy the early workings of a nation's mind up to the first struggles of its infant consciousness. But of the life beyond that, of a time when the national embryo was yet unformed, when its parts had yet to be brought together, it fails alike with all our other means of knowledge to convey a definite if even a vague idea. Of the death of nations we do know a little. The real history of their birth remains, as ever, a sealed book.

We have no very insatiate longing for permission to break the seal. For all psychological purposes the infant in the womb is a thing which has no separate existence. The interest we take in it dates no further back than its actual birth. We care not to learn the process by which a nation comes into perfect being. It is enough for us to feel assured that different nations from their very birth are endued with mental idiosyncracies as distinct and varied as those discoverable in the case of different men. It is enough to be able to believe that England still keeps true to her Saxon parentage, and that the national mind of France in the days of Clovis was substantially the same thing as the national mind of France in the days of Louis Napoleon. It is enough to be able to discover in the history of either country a certain oneness of moral purpose pervading the whole, characterising the general progress of each successive period, throwing a richer light than heretofore on the lives and works of individual actors, and leading, with the aid or in the despite of passing circumstances, to a certain broad oneness of comparative effect whether in the points which distinguish them from each other, or those which distinguish them from the nations of bygone days.

In comparing the civilised progress of France or England with that of Rome or Greece, we are too fond of ascribing our own superiority to causes which have only advanced it in the same way that exercise will improve our bodily powers, or education may sharpen our natural intellects. Too much stress is continually laid on the undoubted excellence of our religious institutions, at the expense of considerations far wider and more paramount. It is good to make much of our Christianity. Its effects on our social progress are unquestionable. But we have no authority for making it all in all. We have no reason to enforce an argument which might cut both ways. It is idle to advance in favor of England a proposition which fails so signally in its application to Spain or Italy. We are not to account for the national greatness of one country by a circumstance which might equally be made to account for the national decadence or decay of another. The religion of the age succeeding the Apostles was essentially the same as ours. But it could not save Egypt from the yoke of Islamism. It could not avert the rise of barbarian dynasties upon the ruins of Imperial Rome. It could not arrest the progress of that social barbarism which has made our Middle Ages the byeword and the stumbling block of modern historians. Spain under the Saracens was far more civilised in many respects than it has ever been since. And surely its present civilisation will hardly bear

comparison with the olden civilisation of heathen Athens. The latter may even boast of features which rival, and some which really surpass, the corresponding features of present civilisation in England. Protestant England is perhaps more highly civilised than Catholic France. But Catholic France is far more highly civilised than Protestant Hungary or Protestant Denmark. The purer Gospel embraced so readily by the millions who feared Elizabeth was steadily rejected by the millions who worshipped Henri Quatre. Enlightened Athens heard with calmness, if not disdain, the eloquence which gained its thousands of awe-struck converts in more barbarous lands. The reason of all this is obvious. Religion is the evidence, not the mainspring of national character. It may quicken, it cannot of itself create the tendency to civilised progress. A pure religious belief may do much to mould and beautify a nation's genius, to give its mental faculties their just tether and their highest aim, to bring out the full flesh and muscle of its spiritual frame. But it cannot give nations new hearts or intellects, any more than gymnastics can give men new bodies. Religion may become a part, often the largest part, of a nation's life. But it never can become practically the whole. It is only in differences of national character that we can discover the source of differences in the modes of national civilisation. We are all of us ready to allow that Athens became highly civilised in spite of her religious institutions. Why then should most of us be averse to regarding our own civilisation as the heritage of Alfred, rather than the gift of Cranmer? The natural graces of the Athenian and the ruder magnificence of the Roman civilisation, are the natural reflexions of certain characteristic traits in the Athenian or the Roman mind. And equally characteristic of that healthier energy and larger moral discernment for which we have chiefly to thank our Saxon kinship with the sons of Odin, is the wonderful progress which England has of late been making in all the arts and appliances of civilised life, as compared with the progress made by the empires of bygone days on the one hand, or with that now making by the kingdoms of modern Europe on the other. The proudness of her social elevation, the broadness of her moral ascendancy, the purity of her religious doctrines, will all be found resulting from causes which began to work before Hengist had left his Teuton birthland, or Tacitus had set himself to write his 'Germany.'

Not less untenable is the theory which finds in political institutions the grand secret of all differences in national civilization. France on the whole is more highly civilized than ancient Athens: yet the Athenians on the whole enjoyed a degree of political freedom such as the French have seldom if ever known. The system of national polity in monarchial England has many features in common with the system which prevailed in republican Rome. We have seen universal suffrage leading to the consolidation of popular liberties on one side the Atlantic and the subversion of popular liberties on the other. Despotism has done more for Russia than De-

mocracy has done for France, or constitutional Monarchy has done for Spain. Yet we cannot deny that popular slavery is a great evil or that popular freedom is a great blessing. The practical excellence of our national polity is a fact to which no Englishman can honestly shut his eyes. Its abstract perfection, as compared with all other theories of national polity, is a point which few Englishmen will honestly maintain. Theoretically the French at this moment possess a form of civil government more advanced than our own. Practically we think there are many good reasons for preferring our own form to theirs. But we need not therefore infer the like consequences in the case of all other countries offering the like comparison ; or believe that the system which has worked so well in civilized England, is really better or more practicable than the system which has worked so well in no less civilized America. Political systems are not, like Aladdin's palace, or the cottages of our Indian peasantry, built up in a single day. Nor are they, like systems of mathematical reasoning, reducible to one common standard of practical efficiency. They are the accidents, not the ultimate causes, of those varieties of national organism which lead ultimately to corresponding varieties of national development.

The truth is that for all philosophical purposes national civilization and national character are merely convertible terms. The one is merely the outward sign of that which is really signified by the other. They are the twin threads of that moral destiny which history is perpetually engaged in tracing out. They form the two extremes of that narrow but not cheerless road along which our human philosophy must ever be content to travel. They express the beginning or the end of all historic inquiry, according as we follow the latter upwards to its visible sources or downwards to the sea wherein it ultimately loses itself. Between them lie scattered many objects from which we should not do wisely to turn aside. Many facts of peculiar import will openly confront us by the way. Many lessons of peculiar value will lurk in the brooks and hedges which skirt our appointed path. Many incidents of passing note will occur to arouse our wonder or whet our curiosity. Our course indeed may not always be perfectly clear. Our steps may often be delayed by the difficulty of knowing which way to turn them. Circumstances may sometimes tempt us from the beaten road into paths which lead nowhither, or only bring us back after much wandering into the road we had thought to leave for ever. But the result, if we would only acknowledge it, is invariably the same. Invariably, often as we may lose the road, are we drawn as by a magnet to the same inevitable conclusion that national character is the [illegible] key to national conduct, and that national conduct, the more we study it, will be found our safest guide to the consideration of national character.

Studied by this light History will lose in marvellousness and occasional point what it gains in clearness, consistency, and general scope. Its characters will no longer be mere conventional figures

devoid of true human interest and dramatic fitness; mere isolated beings without definite shape or purpose, whose performances savor of any other world than this, who talk perpetual fustian like the characters in Dryden's plays, and enact things more wildly extravagant than those enacted by M. Gomersal or the heroes of T. P. Cooke. Its events will no longer be so many distinct and characterless passages in the national life-drama, strung together in no particular order for the advancement of no particular end, and accountable only by the absurd hypothesis of special providences, or the no less absurd hypothesis of universal chance. The rhetoric phantoms which erewhile passed among us for men of the age are at once replaced by solid life-like personalities, harmonising with the spirit of their several nations and echoing the language of one common humanity. In the circumstances among which they move we at once discover the natural movements of that moral destiny which nations, like men, are continually weaving for themselves from the cradle to the grave. In all the changes and chances of a nation's life we are at once enabled to trace the workings of some characteristic principle modified by circumstances of its own producing, by influences more or less parallel to its own, by the superior energy of principles more or less at variance with itself. Our view of things in general becomes comparatively clear and comprehensive. We begin to alight on natural solutions for questions hitherto appealed to supernatural tribunals. We begin to make out the why and the wherefore of much which had hitherto been left in the darkness of presumptive ignorance, or involved in the darkness of presumptive knowledge. The mystery of national progress becomes a question of simple fact deducible from data akin to those which enable us to decide the question of individual conduct. The nebular systems of our past experience become resolvable into clusters of starry worlds moving in perfect harmony with the laws which elsewhere prevail, but, equally with all other systems of physical life, obeying the guidance of those ultimate principles which human knowledge must fail there as elsewhere to comprehend.

'The spirit of the age' is one of those current phrases which are often used to give abstract certainties the air and weight of universal truisms. Every thing which seems at any time hard to account for, is sure to be got rid of by an appeal to the spirit of the age. Things in character the most opposite are continually being fathered on the spirit of the age. It is made to cover a whole multitude of offences against truth, against justice, against decency, against common sense. It is made to subserve all sorts of strange arguments with regard to all sorts of questions political, ethical, or theological. It is the favorite phrase of writers who seek to palliate a national crime, of demagogues who seek to compass a national misfortune. Indeed, in most cases we find it flourished as a specious synonym for the license or the wickedness of the age. In its naked sense however, it merely implies, with reference to the world at large, the fact we

have been urging with better reason in the case of particular nations. The spirit of the age expresses the general result at a given period of the tendencies which characterise particular nations at that period. But the idea embodied in it is necessarily vague and indeterminate. The result expressed by it is one which defies analysis and precludes any but the most general definition. It is one which all of us should try to realise in some way or another, but which none of us may ever hope to realise save in a very dim and imperfect way. The fact itself is there: we hear the sound thereof; but much of what it is saying to us we cannot clearly understand. The spirit of a nation also has its results to shew and its secrets to communicate. But the voice of its utterance is far clearer, the burden of its song is far more intelligible. The truths it keeps ever dinning more or less loudly into our ears, are truths whose meaning the dullest of us may in part discover and apply. Its tale is ever varying yet ever in effect the same. Listen to it as long or as fitfully as we please, we catch ever but the one refrain to a ditty which rolls through countless stanzas. If it speaks in parables whose name is Legion, the lessons most readily educed from each and all of those parables amount eventually to one alone. And the longer we listen to its varied strains, the more clearly do we read their ultimate purpose, and the more nearly do we succeed in giving its full shape and substance to the image dimly suggested by its earlier utterances. With all its actuality the spirit of the age is at best a shadowy and changeful thing, a vague impersonation of a positive idea. But the spirit of a nation is a thing of definite parts and firm substance on which we may at any moment lay our hands, and in which we may at all times discern the same features, presented continually under different aspects, and modified always by different conditions of relative growth. The former may express some point of general agreement in the polity of different nations during a particular period. The latter expresses the true secret of the polity maintained by a particular nation, whether at particular periods or throughout the whole course of its political being. A reference to the one may account for the difference between our modern civilisation and that of the old-world empires. It is only by a reference to the other that we may hope to account for the difference between the civilised circumstances of France and England at any moment in their respective careers. The great religious questions which kept stirring the hearts and clouding the brains of all Europe for more than a century after Luther, may be taken as evidence of the spirit which fashioned the general course of European politics during that particular age. But the great national ferment which England settled so happily in 1688, or that which France has been striving so vainly to settle for these sixty years past, are events as true to the general character of the respective nations, as Cromwell's attempt to leave England and Bonaparte's escape from Elba are true to the general characters of the respective men.

If the leading points of national character may be gathered from the history of national progress, our means of judging in that respect between France and England are far from scanty or imperfect. We have them in sufficient abundance as far back as the wars of the League or the days of our own Elizabeth. A century later we find them still more abundant and by many degrees more valuable. As we come down towards our own times their value rises apace, and the fruits of their increasing abundance might fill as many volumes as the present article fills pages. The French revolution alone brought out in a few years, with a clearness and significance unparalleled before or since, the whole strength and weakness, the genuine gold and dross, of that French humanity from which it sprang, and to which its worst excesses and its noblest incidents were alike referrible. Compressing into one brief but pregnant episode the circumstances of more than one average lifetime, it laid bare the whole inner life of France by a process as far transcending the experience of ordinary centuries, as the extremity of physical anguish transcends the experience of ordinary lives. Such bursts of fiery trial occur but once or so in a nation's life-story. But their effects are neither few nor insignificant. The light they throw upon the nation's past is as clear and permanent as the marks they stamp upon its future. Hardening even where they most develop the nation's character, they fix as it were for all times, more or less significantly, the features they pourtray with such unflattering truthfulness for the times immediately following their own. The pictures so presented to us are at once the daguerreotypes of historic portraiture and the handbooks of political prophecy. England too has not been without her seasons of peculiar trial, seasons of national turbulence, of great national distress. But her strength of character has enabled her to stand firm as her own oaks amidst the storms which seemed most to threaten her existence. No period of her career, none at least of her later history, offers anything like a fair counterpart to the history of the first French revolution.

In that strength of character indeed lies one secret of the difference between her national progress and that of France. If circumstances have done much for her advancement, her own stubborn energy has certainly done more. In the case of nations as well as men, it is the strong of heart and the healthy of intellect whose parts in life are generally played with the best ability and the most uniform success. In their different grades and walks the men of iron-will and honest-courage are the men on whom fame or fortune will smile the most approvingly in the long run. It is not the Wellingtons and Peels of our daily cognisance who blaze their little while upon the world's arena, to sink after all in the darkness of popular indifference like Louis Philippe, or the darkness of personal suffering like poor Sheridan. In the case of nations no less than men the weak and the unstable are they who fall the soonest or lag the farthest behind in the race of life. What quality or sum of qualities goes

to constitute strength of character we cannot exactly say. Certain it is that, with some great and many striking qualities, France is essentially wanting in that which constitutes the strength and the safeguard of England. This deficiency is more or less apparent in every stage of her historical career. It lies at the bottom of all her past failures. It colors the whole course of her present politics. It is exemplified in the history of her public men, in the spirit of her political institutions, in the fluctuations of her social progress, in the general crookedness of her moral perceptions. It marred her schemes of universal dominion. It mocked her efforts at social reform. That strength of character which leads men to success, and teaches them how to use that success aright, was equally wanting to the anarchists of the Reign of Terror, and the man who rescued France from their clutches only to trample her under foot himself. That strength of character which makes Cromwell revered and even our Third George respectable, has no more part in the character of him whose hands are now swaying the rod of French Empire, than it had in the character of his well-meaning but feeble predecessor, M. de Lamartine. That strength of character which turned our English Revolution into a common-place question of political reform, and which allows the wheels of government to work smoothly even under the guidance of such a Premier as Lord Derby, is as distinct a thing from the weakness which set France mad after a Republic in 1848 and mad after an imperial despotism in 1852, as justice is distinct from severity or moderation is distinct from unworthy fear. Strong health of soul is the one condition by force of which England has virtually risen to be what France for lack of it must still make her sorry pretence at being, the greatest and the most civilised of European powers. It was the one great talisman by force of which Rome was enabled in some measure to countervail the absence of those shining qualities, which Athens for lack of it could never succeed in turning to any wide or lasting account. And it is still the one circumstance which should account for the asserted difference, in a social view, between the results of Saxon and Celtic colonisation in different parts of the American Union, as readily as it accounts for the marked difference which now prevails between the civilised circumstances of Saxon England and Celtic France, or those of Saxon Scotland and Celtic Ireland, or those of Saxon Ulster and Celtic Connaught.*

(To be Continued.)

* We have seen it somewhere stated on good authority that, in those parts of the United States where the population is chiefly composed of 'mere Irish,' the same traits of character are found to prevail which strike us so unfavorably in the mother country. It is only where the Saxon element predominates, that Celtic idleness, filth, and improvidence are found gradually to merge, for very sufficient reasons, into habits of neatness, industry, and common prudence.

THE HILLS.

Children of Himalaya!—on whose sides
No stern eternal winter frowning reigns,
But mother Nature, in all bliss, abides,
And, when God pours his terrors on the plains,
Here are his Zoars for the fugitives,
Cities of refuge which his mercy gives—
I love you, in all seasons, moods, and tides.

II.

Nature, whose frown lay like a mother's curse,
On the faint heart of her unhappy child,
Here meets me softly smiling, reconciled,
And I am blest. There is no prison worse
Than watching hopeless on, from day to day,
The terrible Sun-glare on the rolling gray,
And the hot gales howl, poisonous and wild.

III.

Terrors of God to us, whose Viking blood
Springs from the fountains of a sea-girt home,
Where, from the German or the Atlantic foam,
Spray-laden breezes breathe at ebb and flood;
And, though we wander in a Holy cause,
Yet outraged Nature vindicates her laws—
And yet, God help us! evermore we roam.

IV.

God help us! He doth help us, as of old,
Ere yet the monitory thunders rolled,
Or Heaven or Earth had burst their wrathful fountains,
His righteous messenger fled toward the mountains,
And reached the high-built town, the "little one"
Touched by the first beams of that fatal sun,
Oft of us exiles here the same glad tale is told.

V.

Cities of refuge! therefore in all time
My grateful love flows upward to your heights,
When Spring, the unfamiliar Spring, delights
To crown you with the leafage of his prime,
When the long-wanted Cuckoo tunes again
The glad monotony of his wood-land strain,
Mocking from secret bower at eagles and at kites.

VI.

Nor less when, like the old diluvian main,
The sea of cloud sweeps on, and breaks itself
In spary-wreaths on some mountain's craggy shelf,
Or bursts, a flood of fertilizing rain,
And the poor tiller of the hill's bare side
Sees Indra present to reward his toil,
And counts with swelling heart, the promise of the grain.

VII.

How sweet it is, in Autumn, when the blue
Is cloudless, and the air is cold and clear,
To wander home at eve—when none or few
Linger about the paths, and fast appear
The golden flowers of Heaven, and lights shine out
In happy mortal homes, while care and doubt
Fly from the heart, as from a place they never knew.

VIII.

And most when genial winter, keen but kind,
Piles in the glens his transitory wealth,
And every face is bright with joy and health,
Fond English memories re-possess the mind,
To hear our footsteps trampling, as we go,
The crackling surface of the frozen snow,
And the old year's grim cares are past and left behind.

H. G. K.

CALEB CROSSTHWAITE,

THE MAN WITH THE MORAL SQUINT.

"You are completely in the wrong," said Caleb, "that man has been a victim, if ever there was one in this world, and I will not hear him run down in this way."

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Wilkinson, "I would be as loath as any to injure an innocent man by detraction; but I really cannot admit that I am in the wrong, or rather that the world is in the wrong on this occasion. A man may frequently, I grant, suffer under mis-conception of his character and motives for a season, but he must be a *very* unfortunate man indeed, if it lasts for long,—if time and endeavours fail in clearing it up. I am sorry to say your friend Wrigley is in a yet worse position, for time has only thickened the cloud upon his reputation, and endeavours to remove it he has never made: remember, my dear sir, that gentleman's position is the result of no hasty conclusions; no malicious adoption of dubious scandal; the faults which society condemns in him rest upon only too good evidence: what, for example, could be more infamous than his conduct in that business about poor Peppercorn's wife?"

"I am glad you have come to a definite charge at last," said Caleb, "and especially to that, for it is one which has of all been the most grossly misrepresented. I for my own part can see only the most praiseworthy conduct in my friend Wrigley throughout the whole transaction."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Captain Highbury; "did not the rascal make love to Mrs. Peppercorn, while Peppercorn was away? And because she would have nothing to say to his ugly phiz, did he not cunningly spread reports to her detriment, and set those Woppses on to tear her reputation to tatters? Did it not end in the poor woman being sent home and separated from her children? And was not a duel only prevented by the good sense of young Leary, who clapped both the men under arrest?"

"I assure you," said Caleb, "you are grossly mistaken. Mr. Wrigley never made love, as you lightly call it, to Mrs. Peppercorn; and he was only induced to remark on her misconduct, by his devotion to the cause of morality. I have it on the best authority, so you must be mistaken."

"Morality be blowed," cried Ensign Sloper; "there had not been any misconduct at all; for I lived with young Neville at the very time, and I'll swear on all the books that ever were printed, that there was nothing going on between him and her: it was all those infernal Woppses that set the story afloat, and they always said they heard it from Wrigley."

"Yes," said the Captain, "and Wrigley himself, when questioned on the subject, said that he deeply regretted being under the painful necessity of confirming the report."

"And he said the truth," said Caleb, "and the Woppses are a most respectable family. Captain Wopps is a most estimable man, he has his little peculiarities, and is, I know, not generally liked—the pious seldom are; and Mrs. Wopps is an admirable woman, so indefatigable, so benevolent; she takes the liveliest interest in every body's affairs, and is never weary of making collections for charitable purposes."

"By the way, Crossthwaite," said Sloper, "I should much like to know who your *best authority* may be; I did not think Wrigley had a friend on the face of the earth who would take the trouble to tell a lie for him; however, I suppose he must have *one*, pray who *is* the natural curiosity?"

"Never you mind," said Caleb, "I know what I am talking about."

"Well," said the Captain, "I suppose there can be no objection to mentioning your informant."

"I do not see any reason," cried Caleb, "why you should doubt my assertion, and I consequently have a right to refuse to reply."

"But, my dear sir," said Wilkinson, "nobody thinks of doubting your assertion; allow me to add you were over-hasty in supposing such a thing; you have of course the right to withhold the name of your informant if you please, but as his authority, if a credible witness might go far in justifying your friend, it may be doubted whether you are not injuring the latter by concealing it."

"Well, if you must know," said Caleb, "I had my information from my friend Wrigley himself!"

A roar of laughter followed this avowal; fat Mr. Wilkinson rolled in his chair, his jolly sides shaking like a miniature earthquake; tears rolled down the Captain's cheeks; and Ensign Sloper fairly screeched at it

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Caleb, who was painfully red in the face, "I really don't see what there is to laugh at."

"Only at your *authority*," cried Sloper.

"I maintain," said Caleb with dignified emphasis, "that my expression was correct; it is a vulgar error to suppose a man is no evidence in his own case; he must, on the contrary, be the highest authority; the credibility of a witness depends on his knowledge of the facts and on his honesty; now no one can know the facts better than the party concerned, and to suspect the integrity of any one, till you have ascertained him to be a liar, is not only uncharitable in the extreme, but amounts to a begging of the very question to be proved."

And with these words Caleb Crossthwaite walked away from the "T-shop," which, for the benefit of the uninitiate, we may explain, is the rendezvous, after parade or morning ride, of the covenanted aristocracy of station or regiment, for tea, coffee, cheroots, and rational conversation. His heart glowed with a double glory, the chivalrous feeling of a champion of the oppressed, and the pride of invincible logic in argument.

Caleb's was a curious idiosyncracy; he had an extraordinary genius for obstinacy; it was quite enough for a proposition to be opposed to the general view of

mankind for him to adopt and support it with enthusiasm; he had a wonderful talent for finding out unreasonable reasons, and applying them to prove impossible facts; he was an unmitigated nuisance on a Court Martial, whenever, for the sins of a Judge Advocate, he chanced to be a member, for a conviction always demonstrated to him the innocence of the accused, and he usually felt certain, that whoever was acquitted was a scoundrel. While he commanded a company, he made it a point to patronize all the disreputable men, and always had strong suspicions of those who bore a general good character. "The natives," he would say, "are such notorious humbugs: if a man bears a good name, it only shows him to be a consummate hypocrite; depend upon it, sir, the only men worth any thing are those who are too honest to hide their rascality; you *know* what they are, it's all on the surface; but there is no saying what a deal of secret villainy may be hidden under the plausible guise of your respectable men. I have studied the natives closely, sir, and all I can say is, that I would never trust one of them." In private life, the only way to secure his confidence was to confess yourself unworthy of it; he then looked on your confession as a tribute to his discrimination, and in return would do any thing to serve you: a morbid vanity was probably at the bottom of his character, but its manifestation was the result of his seeing every thing in a distorted view, which Sloper facetiously called a Moral Squint; his mind was always looking, as it were, round the corner at the wrong side of every thing; in all questions he had a passionate love of the *least probable*, and would exaggerate, and twist and turn it in his thoughts till it overwhelmed all considerations beside. He had been victimised right and left; his men and his servants could cheat him with safety, provided they would only acknowledge it; his friends, the Woppses, who irresistibly attracted him by always calling themselves miserable sinners, had bled him to an inconceivable extent for mission boxes and other charities; he had been security for Wrigley on the very same day that he had refused a similar favour to Highbury, because Highbury had offered to ensure his life, which Wrigley declined, as he considered it a tempting of Providence. Having few personal expenses, he had contrived, in spite of his friends, to save a little money, but was unfortunately induced to invest it in a swindling speculation by the earnest dissuasions of a brother Officer, who pointed out the risk to him in the strongest terms.

Our hero was engaged to be married to Miss Wopps, who had succeeded in making him desperately enamoured of her, by opposing him in all sorts of arguments, and just as the delight of controversy had reached its culminating point, submitting to be convinced by his unanswerable reasons. It is astounding what queer doctrines she found herself brought to acknowledge, and what a very superior young woman he found her. She was not perhaps what we might call a beauty, but Caleb had his own ideas on these matters. He had a suspicion that notions of beauty are purely arbitrary; that the prejudices in favour of classic fea-

tures, and what is called a graceful figure, were chiefly errors of education; that consequently he was just as likely to be right in admiring Miss Wopps, as the world in its appreciation of the Venus de Medici. Beauty is merely association, and as he had never been able to connect with generally admired ladies, those associations, which he found so fascinating in Miss Wopps, namely, submission to his will, and flattery to his talents, he was perfectly right in deciding her to be the most beautiful as well as the most intelligent woman in the world.

The Woppses thought it a great catch to secure Captain Crossthwaite, for they had nearly ceased to entertain hopes of Eliza's marrying well, for though in a high state of preservation, she was decidedly not young, having been the first pledge of affection presented by her mother to Ensign Wopps, who had invalided as a Captain twenty-five years ago. Miss Wopps, moreover, was not on the Fund; and in case of accidents, had nothing to depend on but an annuity of forty pounds a year left her by her maternal grandmother. Lieutenant Wrigley had been of great service to Caleb in his suit to this lady; he had acted as bottle-holder to their intellectual conflicts, always ready to fill up a pause or cover a blunder; to be useful as referee, arbiter, or any thing else, and very cleverly had he managed the business, and much to his own advantage had he found it; but poor Wrigley had been in a bit of a scrape lately; he had a great fancy for gambling, and almost always rose a winner, but on one unfortunate occasion, playing with a party whom he did not very well know, at a house where he did not feel himself at home, fortune revenged herself on him to a frightful amount, and the winner having heard doubts expressed of his solvency, had become unpleasantly urgent for the money. Wrigley had called on his friend Crossthwaite, in hopes of getting a loan, but happening incautiously to expatiate in praise of liberality at first starting, he thereby so stimulated Caleb's sympathies in behalf of prudence, that he gave up the scheme as a bad job, and for two or three days even kept out of his friend's sight: at last, however, finding delay dangerous, he paid him a visit.

"My dear Crossthwaite," said he. as he sat down, "do you remember that little sum I owe you; well, I dare say you will be glad to hear I have come to pay it."

Caleb quietly opened his desk, pushed over the I. O. U. to his visitor, and went on placidly smoking his cheroot.

Wrigley was a trifle staggered; he boldly took the paper, however: "It's all right," said he. "I shall be glad to be out of debt, for I cannot bear to be under obligations to any one in a pecuniary point of view."

"That is a narrow-minded notion of yours," said Caleb; "besides, I am inclined to think it wrong even in a prudential point of view: to have debts is the surest proof of having credit, so that it is almost disreputable to be without them."

"As far as mere debt is concerned," said Wrigley, "you may probably be right; I do not stickle for any over-delicacy on that score; in fact, the very way I am

enabled to discharge my debt to you, proves the contrary."

"What, you have managed to raise the wind?" said Caleb. "By the bye, how did you do it?"

"Why," said Wrigley, "the last mail brought me news of my poor old grandfather's death. I have the letter here in my pocket. The dear old man made a most Christian end; he had, I fear, been a sad reprobate in his time, but his eyes had, I trust, been opened to the error of his ways, and we know, alas! how vile a thing is poor human nature, when left to itself: at any rate he had managed to scrape a little money together, and has left me a legacy of ten thousand pounds. It is not much, I mean compared with what we had always expected from him; still you may fancy it comes very convenient, just at present. It is of course not yet at my disposal, so I have anticipated a thousand or two by a loan from the shroffs; so you see it is not so much the commercial side of debt as the obligation that I object to."

"Now only just reflect for a moment," said Caleb, "on the absurdity of your conduct, for a fantastic delicacy or rather a false pride, insulting to your friends and degrading to yourself; you have put yourself into the hands of the shroffs, to pay some unheard-of interest. I have no patience with such conduct; you should have come to me at once. I would have put you into the way of settling every thing, and if you really wanted a little ready money, I could have got it for you at a far cheaper rate, and it would but have been common civility in you to have asked me."

"My dear Crossthwaite," said Wrigley, "I really did not see it in that light; pray forgive me: I did not of course intend to hurt your feelings, but I own I was wrong."

"Wrong indeed," said Caleb, "I would have shown you how to manage everything; you should have doubled your legacy."

"It is not yet too late for that," cried Wrigley with eagerness; "I have all along been intending to ask your advice as to how I might best invest my money."

"Well," said Caleb, "the best thing you can do is to take shares in the Combination Bank, quite safe, and pays enormous interest. I have got a few shares myself, which I don't mind letting you have at a small premium, as I am anxious to realize."

"I shall be delighted to have them," exclaimed Wrigley, "and will make the amount payable to your order either at home or in India, as you please."

"Then," said Caleb, in high glee, "we will look upon that as settled; in the meantime, is there any thing else in which I could assist you?"

"Why," said Wrigley, "now you mention it; it will save trouble, and enable me to square accounts in less time, if you will just put your signature to these bills, merely an acceptance you know, quite a matter of form, not due for six months, and long before that I shall have taken them up. I am so truly obliged to you for your advice. I only wish I understood these things as well as you, but every body has not your clear head."

So our positive friend signed the acceptances with scarcely a glance at the bills, and quite for-

got the unpaid I. O. U. So delighted was he with the triumph of his argument, and the clever way in which he had got rid of his shares, which we need hardly add belonged to the unfortunate swindling speculation alluded to before. His friend had no sooner taken leave than he called for his buggy, and started off to visit his intended, to whose great astonishment he recounted the lucky windfall of his friend Wrigley, with a glowing account of the advice and assistance he had given his said friend, for the particulars of which he drew considerably on his imagination. Old Wopps was greatly disgusted; he had rejected Wrigley as a suitor for his Eliza in a very unceremonious way, so was naturally incredulous of his having become an eligible *parti*; of course the more he doubted the legacy, the more strenuously Caleb maintained it: finally asserting that he had seen the very letter with his own eyes, and knew for a positive fact that the case was precisely as stated. He left the house with the impression that he had been treated in a very cool manner, and that the Woppses must not be allowed to imagine that he was a man to put up with such disrespectful behaviour.

Lieutenant Wrigley discharged his gambling debt in the most honorable manner, cashed his accepted bills, taking care to disperse them as widely as he could, and then with heart at ease, and approving conscience, paid a visit to Mrs. Wopps, who in the most friendly manner insisted on his staying to dinner. He said nothing about his legacy, but assumed a rather unusual air of ease and superiority, and the Woppses, who had been so rude to him before, could not in common decency remind him of the cause of their altered manner, by making any allusions to his improved prospects.

Caleb resolved to let the Woppses feel how annoyed he was with their conduct towards him, especially with the Old Captain's implied doubt of his word. He determined therefore to let some days pass before he again entered their doors. He made up his mind that the first advances should be made most unmistakeably by them. He passed their carriage without bowing at the band. He would not speak to them coming out of church; and he chuckled in his heart over the remorse and misery that he felt sure were torturing the bosom of his adored Eliza.

It was but a few days after that young Sloper rushed breathlessly into his Bungalow, where he was seated at breakfast.

"By Jove, old boy," cried the Ensign, "you are regularly sold; that chap has done you,—done you to a turn; I always thought he would. Excuse me; I hope it's not a very serious matter to you, for upon my honor I cannot help laughing."

"Why, what is the matter," stammered poor Caleb, turning very pale.

"Miss Wopps was married this morning," cried Sloper, "to that rascal Wrigley. It was a very quiet affair; special license; old gentleman not present; would not give his consent; and the affair was got up under the rose by the females of the family. I happened to be passing the church, and looked in out of curiosity, so I just signed the Register as a witness, for the fun of the thing."

Poor Caleb dropped his tea-cup, and fell back in his chair, very sick at heart. Blighted love is always a bitter pang; but when the love that is blighted happens to be self-love, not all the aloes and wormwood in the world may suffice to typify its bitterness. Ensign Sloper could not help feeling for him.

"Keep up your spirits, old fellow," said he, as he left the room, "don't take it too much to heart, only think what a capital joke you would think it if it happened to any body else; besides, really one can't help feeling a liking for that fellow Wrigley, he is such a humbug."

We need scarcely say that Caleb derived small comfort from this suggestion, and a letter of condolence that he received from the old Captain was even worse. Old Wopps was liberal of regrets, apologies and indignation, and laboured hard to free himself from all suspicion of connivance; but to do this, he was forced to lay all the blame on the falsehood or indifference of Eliza, which was the deadliest sting to Vanity of all. Caleb had but one gleam of consolation left, the hope of revenge when the bills came due; but Wrigley defeated him even there, for he raised money on the security of his wife's annuity, took up his bills, and compounded with all his creditors in a very advantageous manner.

K.

POESY.

FROM SCHILLER.

Not of ourselves is the poesy we utter,
That which is great in us is not our own;
With labour and toil we may gabble and mutter,
But the heart of the World ne'er awakes to the tone.

Unlooked for, unsought for, the visions arise,
And we dream not what guideth the tongue or the pen,
Nor know where the charm of the utterance lies,
That finds its response in the spirits of men.

It must flow from the heart, like a free gushing rill,
No power can compel it, no riches can buy,
Unrestrained 'twill the earth with sweet melodies fill,
But strive to enchain it, 'twill languish and die.

Not when we will, flows the spirit-stream from us,
It comes like a wind, we imagine not how—
Not those that we deem to be buds of best promise,
Become flowers of fulfilment, most fair on the bough.

The unerring judgment of Time hath discarded
Full many a weaver of figure and trope,
While the lay that its poet least fondly regarded,
Hath awakened the soul of a People to Hope.

K.

KUMAON TEA.

It was in the early part of the year 1827 that Dr. Royle first mentioned to the Earl Amherst, then Governor General of India, the probability of a successful cultivation of tea in the Himalayan mountains, and included it specifically in a report which was presented to the Indian Government at the latter part of that year. On Lord William Bentinck visiting the Seharunpore Botanic Garden, in 1831, that gentleman again mentioned the subject, and included it in the report which was presented to his Lordship, in which he stated his wish "to attempt the cultivation of the tea plant, of which the geographical distribution is extended, and the natural sites sufficiently varied, to warrant its being easily cultivated." Dr. Wallich also, in the year 1832, presented a paper to the Committee of the House of Commons, recommending the cultivation of tea in the districts of Kumaon, Gurhwal, and Sirmoor. A Tea Committee was accordingly appointed, who reported that "the experiment may be made with great probability of success in the lower hills and valleys of the Himalayan range."

A deputation, consisting of Messrs. Gordon and Gutzlaff, was then sent to the coasts of China to obtain tea seeds, which they succeeded in obtaining from the southern parts of the tea districts of China. These arrived in Calcutta in January 1835, and being sown, vegetated and produced numerous plants. But of 10,000 young plants sent to North-West India, only 1326 reached the hills alive in the beginning of the year 1836. The tea nurseries were formed at the Kumaon and Gurhwal portions of the Himalayan mountains. Several situations had been recommended, as Bheemtal, Hawulbagh, Deyrah Dhoon and Pinjore, in valleys elevated from 2000 to 2500; Almorah, Jurreepanee, Nahn, and Subathoo, at elevations of from 4000 to 5000 feet; and one locality, Mussoorie, at 6500 feet of elevation in 30° of N. latitude. Dr. Falconer selected Chijooree, Rama Serai and Koth, at elevations of 4000, 5000 and 5300 feet; with two situations, Ruroo and Bechur-bagh, in Sirmoor, at 5100 and 5400 feet. He subsequently selected the valley called Deyrah Dhoon, elevated 2500 feet, as a favorable site, especially after irrigation had been facilitated by the establishment of canals. Sites were at the same time selected in Kumaon, by the Commissioner Mr. Traill, and placed under the charge of Mr. Blinkworth, a plant collector of the Calcutta Botanic Garden, until October 4, 1839, when he was placed under the general superintendence of Dr. Falconer. One nursery was established at Bhurtpore, between Bheemtal and the Ghagur range, at an elevation of 4500 feet. The general directions given by the Calcutta Tea Committee were, that "a decided winter climate of six weeks or two months' duration, with frost as well as snow, is essential to ensure final suc-

cess with really good sorts of tea."

The plantations were thus established, and immediately began to grow with all that vigour that had been anticipated. The next step was to obtain some Chinamen, who understood the art of preparing tea, not an easy task. The men first engaged refused to proceed to Kumaon ; Dr. Wallich, however, succeeded in engaging nine others, who reached their destination in April 1842. In January 1843, the first sample of Himalayan tea was received in England, and reported on by members of the Chamber of Commerce, who pronounced the tea to be a very good marketable article, and worth in London about 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb. The specimen sent to London was said to be "of the Oolong Souchong fine kind, flavored and strong, equal to the superior black tea generally sent as presents, and better for the most part than the China tea imported for mercantile purposes."

Dr. Jameson, then in charge of the tea plantations, and by whom this sample had been sent, visited the Kumaon tea nurseries in April 1843, when he found them "looking admirably," and the Chinamen employed in manufacturing black (Pouchong) tea, of a much superior quality. On the 30th August sixteen small canisters of the above tea were forwarded to England by the overland route, covered with wax cloth, to protect it from the wet. The wax unfortunately gave a little of its flavor to the tea, as the canisters got injured, and did not arrive at the India House before the month of December ! These teas, notwithstanding the injury they had sustained, were reported by the brokers to be worth from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per lb.

The culture and manufacture have since been carried on with energy and judgment by the present Superintendent Dr. Jameson, who in the year 1844, had 100,000 plants growing in the nurseries. In 1846 these had been extended to 176 acres, and the plant was thriving over four degrees of latitude and three of longitude, at elevations varying from 2500 to 6500 feet. In the year 1848 the cultivation covered 1000 acres, and was extended to the Beas valley, and the hilly country near Kangra, that is, in the newly acquired Sikh territories. The subject was warmly taken up by Lord Hardinge, and the Indian Government authorized an outlay to the extent of £10,000 a year.

The manufacture continued to be carried on, and though a prophet has no honor in his country, and Anglo-Indians are not given to value indigenous above imported products, this tea sold on the spot (Almorah) in July 1846, at an average price of 6 Rs. 14 As., and some of it as high as 7 Rs. 7 As. per seer, the most of it purchased by natives. In the sale of August 1847, the price obtained for green tea varied from 10 Rs. 8 As. to 9 Rs. 4 As. per seer. For black tea the amount realised was 7 Rs. 8 As. the maximum, and 4 Rs. the minimum. In August 1850, at the sale held at Almorah, the black teas (Souchong and Pouchong) realized a general average of 4 Rs. 6 As. per seer, 7 Rs. 8 As. being the highest and 3 Rs. the lowest. The green teas sold at a general average of 4 Rs. 14 As. per seer, 7 Rs. 4 As.

being the highest and 4 Rs. the lowest price obtained. The quantity then sold, and that disposed of on the 12th September of the same year, amounted to 2,300lbs. At the auction of August only the fine kinds of black and green teas were brought to the hammer. The coarser or Bohea were put up in September and realised, the green teas from Rs. 6-2 to Rs. 8 the seer; the black teas from Rs. 4-10 to Rs. 6-8. The teas sold were the produce of the manufactories of Hawulbagh, Paoree and Kolaghir in the Deyrah Dhoon. Although the prices realized at Almorah may still be considered high, as compared with the price of the Chinese article, it is surprising that no less than one-sixth of the whole quantity sold was purchased by natives! Since then the sales of tea have continued to be good, the inferior qualities being taken across the Passes of the frontier into Thibet, that is, into territories under the dominion of the Chinese, where it successfully contends with the teas which are brought there from China.

From these reports, and the constant comparison of these teas with those of the Ankoy district of China, it was inferred either that the tea seeds had been obtained from that district, or from the Chinese manufacturers, who were acquainted only with the processes adopted in the Southern latitudes of China. At all events the times were favorable for obtaining seeds and plants, perhaps also manufacturers nearer the districts whence the chief teas of commerce are mainly obtained. In 1848, therefore, the Court of Directors engaged Mr. Fortune, so well known as an horticulturist, and from his work on China, to proceed to the northern coasts of that country, in order to obtain the best kinds of tea plant, perhaps still more hardy varieties, to make enquiries respecting the different kinds of manufacture, and if possible to engage some manufacturers acquainted with the processes employed on the teas of commerce to return with him to India. Mr. Fortune seems to have been very successful in his mission, as he has sent considerable supplies both of plants and seeds obtained from Silver Island, Chusan, Tsing Tang, and Whey Chow, all well known for the goodness of their teas, and the last a district celebrated for its green kinds. The plants were sent from China to Calcutta in cases, the seeds were packed in small parcels, and sent to Seharunpore by letter dawk, half being kept in Calcutta and sown in the garden there.

Mr. Fortune returned to India in 1851, bringing with him above 12,000 living plants, (in addition to the 8,000 previously sent by him from China,) and a vast number of seeds in a germinating state; with these he hastened to the tea nurseries in the Himalayas, to which he had been appointed by the Government as Superintendent. He had also succeeded in bringing with him eight more manufacturers of tea from the above districts. With these he at once entered upon his duties.

We have not alluded hitherto, to a difficulty which was at one time experienced, that of determining whether one or two plants were employed by the Chinese in making the best green and black teas of commerce, in consequence

of the discrepant statements from Canton. The difficulty has long since been resolved by the experiments in Assam and in Kemaon, where both kinds of tea are manufactured from the same plant, also by Mr. Fortune's observations, on his first visit to China, and by Mr. Ball's very able work on the manufacture of tea in China. The difference in appearance and quality depend upon difference in the process of manufacture, the greatest difference consisting in the black tea having to undergo a process of fermentation, or withering, as it is called, while the leaves for the green tea are roasted without undergoing any previous change. No coloring matter is required, and none is allowed to be used in the East India Company's tea nurseries: but when purchasers in Canton required the green tea to have as brilliant a hue as some of our tea trays, the Chinese did not hesitate to supply the requisite quantity of Indigo or Prussian blue and yellow turmeric to produce the desired bright green.

The cultivation of the tea plants in the highlands of the Punjab is likely to be successful even beyond the hopes of its projectors. Thousands of plants sown in 1849 had in the beginning of 1852 attained a height of four and five feet, and there seems no reason why tea should not ultimately become an important article of trade in the Punjab as well as in Kumaon.

Having now laid before the reader from every authority within our reach a rapid sketch of the commencement and present state of tea cultivation in the Himalayas generally, we propose giving a view of each plantation in detail, from an elaborate report which has lately proceeded from the pen of Mr. Fortune, whose labors in China are noticed above, and who is now employed by the Government of the North Western Provinces to superintend these hill plantations.

KAOLAGIR.

THE Deyra Doon, or valley of Deyra, is situated in Latitude 30° 18′ N., and in Longitude 78° E. It is about 60 miles in length from east to west, and 16 miles broad at its widest part. It is bounded on the south by the Siwalik range of hills, and on the north by the Himalayas Proper, which are here nearly 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. On the west it is open to the river Jumna, and on the east to the Ganges, the distance between these rivers being about 60 miles. In the centre of this flat valley, the Kaolagir tea plantation has been formed. Eight acres were under cultivation in 1847. There are now (September 1851) 300 acres planted, and about 90 more taken in, and ready for many thousands of young plants raised from seeds in the plantation. The soil of this plantation is composed of clay, sand and vegetable matter, rather stiff, and apt to get "baked" in dry weather, but free enough when it is moist, or during the rains. The plants are arranged neatly in rows five feet apart, and each plant is 4½ feet from its neighbour in the row. The plants do not thrive

so well here as in some other parts, owing to, 1st, the plantation being formed on flat land; 2d, the system of irrigation; 3d, the plant being too early plucked; and 4th, the hot drying winds, which are not unfrequent in this valley from April to the beginning of June.

GUDDOWLIE, (NEAR PAORIE.)

THIS plantation is situated in the province of Eastern Gurhwal, in Latitude 30° 8′ N., and in Longitude 78° 45′ E. It consists of a large tract of terraced land, extending from the bottom of a valley or ravine to more than 1,000 feet up the sides of the mountain. Its lowest portion is about 4,300 feet, and its highest about 5,300 feet above the level of the sea; the surrounding mountains appear to be from 7,000 to 8,000. The plantation has not been measured, but there are, apparently, fully one hundred acres under cultivation. There are about 500,000 plants already planted, besides a large number of seedlings in beds ready for transplanting. About 3,400 of the former were planted in 1844, and are in full bearing; the greater portion of the others, are much younger, having been planted out one, two, or three years only.

The soil consists of a mixture of loam, sand and vegetable matter, is of a yellow color, and is most suitable for the cultivation of the tea plant. It resembles greatly the soil of the best tea districts in China. Large tracts of equally good land, at present covered with jungle, are available in this district, without interfering in any way with the rights of the settlers. The plantation is formed on the hill side; it consists of a succession of terraces, from the bottom to the top, on which the tea bushes are planted.

This plantation is a most promising one: the plants are growing admirably.

HAWULBAUGH, (NEAR ALMORAH.)

THIS tea farm is situated on the banks of the river Kosilla, about six miles N. W. from Almorah, the capital of Kumaon. It is about 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. The land is of an undulating character, consisting of gentle slopes and terraces, very much like some of the best tea districts in China. Thirty-four acres of land are under tea cultivation here, including the adjoining farm of Chullar. The soil is a sandy loam, moderately rich, and well suited for tea cultivation. The plants here are in robust health, particularly where they grow on land where water cannot flood or injure them.

LUTCHMISSER AND KUPPEENA.

THE plantations are on the hill side near Almorah, and about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. The situation is somewhat steep, but well adapted to the growth of tea. The former

contains three acres, and the latter four acres, under cultivation. The soil is light and sandy, and much mixed with particles of clay slate, which have crumbled down from the adjoining rocks. These plantations are in excellent order; most of the tea bushes are in full bearing, and in good health.

BHEEMTAL.

The lake of Bheemtal is situated in Latitude 29° 20′ N., and in Longitude 79° 30′ E. It is 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and some of the surrounding mountains are said to be 8,000 feet. These form the southern chain of the Himalayas, and bound the vast plain of India, of which a glimpse can be had through the mountain passes. Amongst these hills there are several *tals* or lakes, some flat meadow-looking land, and gentle undulating slopes, while higher up we have steep and rugged mountains. It is amongst these hills that the Bheemtal tea plantations have been formed. They may be classed under three heads:—

1. *Anoo and Kooasur.*—These plantations adjoin each other, are both formed on low flat land, and together cover about 46 acres. The plants do not thrive from the same causes as prevail at Deyra. Such situations never ought to be chosen for tea cultivation.

2. *Bhurtpoor.*—This plantation covers about 4½ acres of terraced land on the hill side, a little to the eastward of those last noticed. The soil is composed of a light loam, much mixed with small pieces of clay-slate, and trap or greenstone, of which the adjacent rocks are composed. It contains also a small portion of vegetable matter or *humus*. Both the situation and soil of this plantation are well adapted to the requirements of the tea shrub, and consequently we find it succeeding here, as well as at Guddowli, Hawulbaugh, Almorah, and other places where it is planted on the slopes of hills.

3. *Russia.*—This plantation extends over 75 acres, and is formed on sloping land. The elevation is somewhat less than Bhurtpoor, and although terraced in the same way, the angle is much lower. In some parts of the farm the plants are doing well, but generally they seemed to be suffering from too much water and hard plucking.

In the Bheemtal district there are large tracts of excellent tea land, towards Nainee Tal, generally: that on which the mundooa is cultivated is the most suitable.

The above are all the *Government* plantations in Gurhwal and Kumaon, but there are others, the plantations of the Zemindars under the superintendence of the Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner of Kumaon and Gurhwal, which deserve some notice.

1*st*, *at Lohba.*—This place is situated in Eastern Gurhwal, about 50 miles to the westward of Almorah, and is at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is one of the most beautiful spots in this part of the Himalayas. The surrounding mountains are high, and in some parts precipitous, while in others they are found consisting of gentle

slopes and undulations. On these undulating slopes there is a great deal of excellent land suitable for tea cultivation. A few tea bushes have been growing vigorously for some years in the Commissioner's garden, and they were at the close of 1851 fully ten feet in height. These plants having succeeded so well, naturally induced the Authorities of the province to try this cultivation upon a more extensive scale. It appears that in 1844, about 4,000 young plants were obtained from the Government plantations, and planted on a tract of excellent land, which the natives wished to abandon.

This promising field failed from injudicious management, the villagers not knowing better, managed the tea lands, *as they had been doing their rice fields*, and almost all the plants perished from over-irrigation: with judicious management a most productive farm might be established here in four or five years.

2nd at Kutoor.—This is the name of a large district 30 or 40 miles northward from Almorah, in the centre of which the old town or village of Byznath stands. It is a fine undulating country, consisting of wide valleys, gentle slopes and little hills, while the whole is intersected by numerous streams, and surrounded by high mountains. The soil of this extensive district is most fertile, and is capable of producing large crops of rice, on the low irrigable lands, and the dry grains and tea on the sides of the hills. From some cause, however, either the thinness of population, or the want of a remunerating crop, large tracts of this fertile district have been allowed to go out of cultivation. Every where are to be found ruinous and jungle-covered terraces, which tell of the more extended cultivation of former years. Amongst some hills near the upper portion of this district, two small tea plantations have been formed under the superintendence of Captain Ramsay, Senior Assistant Commissioner of Kumaon. Each of them covers three or four acres of land, and were planted about the close of 1850. Within one year the plants had grown into nice strong bushes, and were in the highest state of health.

CLIMATE OF KUMAON AND EASTERN GURHWAL.

From a table of temperature kept at Hawulbaugh, from November 28, 1850, to July 13, 1851, it appears that during the winter months the thermometer at sunrise was never lower than 44 degrees, and only on two occasions so low, namely, on the 15th and 16th of February, 1851. Once it stood so high as 66 degrees on the morning of February the 4th, but this was full 10 degrees higher than usual. The minimum in February must, however, be several degrees lower than that mentioned above, as ice and snow are not unfrequent. The month of June appears to be the hottest in the year, the thermometer ranging from 80 to 92 degrees.

The wet and dry seasons are not so decided in the hills as they are in the plains. In January 1851, it rained on five days and ten nights, and the total quantity of rain that fell during the month

was 5.25 inches; in February 3.84 fell; in March 2.11; in April 2.24; in May none; and in June 6.13. In June there are generally some days of heavy rain, called by the natives Chota Bursaut, or small rains, after this there is an interval of some days of dry weather before the regular "rainy season" commences. This season comes on in July, and continues until September, October and November, are beautiful months, with a clear atmosphere and cloudless sky. After this fogs are frequent in all the vallies until spring.

In comparing the climate of these provinces with that of China, although we find some important difference, yet upon the whole there is great similarity. The vegetable productions also of the Himalayas have a striking resemblance to those of China, and the geology of the two countries bears no less a resemblance.

The consumption of tea is rapidly on the increase. Wherever the English race dwells there is a market for tea. The Americans are large consumers, but not equal to the Australians, if the demand be estimated per man. The population of both those vast countries is rapidly increasing, and though the supply from China has hitherto kept pace with the demand, it is very questionable whether it will do so, when there are a hundred millions of tea drinkers in America, and twenty millions in Australia and New Zealand. Tea has become a necessary of life, and next to cotton may reasonably attract the attention of Statesmen to provide for the public wants. Indeed in one respect, tea is more interesting to the British Government, since it would be very difficult to find a substitute for the five millions of revenue now obtained from that single source.

The subject of tea cultivation in India cannot therefore be uninteresting to any.

HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.

L'Ambition, l'Envie, l'Avarice, l'Amour, la Haine, et la Vengeance sont les sources ordinaires des Ligués : la Religion et le Soulagement du Public en sont les prétextes ; les Princes et les Peuples en sont les victimes.

Introduction.

The treason of the Constable de Bourbon had subjected all the members of his family to suspicion on the part of Francis I., and deprived them of the influence they might reasonably have expected to enjoy, in consequence of their proximity of blood to the reigning monarch. The dignity of Constable was conferred on Anne de Montmorency, a man of a stern and uncompromising character, and head of that ancient and powerful house, already famous in the time of Clovis. But the new Constable in his turn also fell into disgrace by persuading Francis to confide in the verbal promise of Charles Quint to cede the territory of Milan, at the time that emperor solicited a free passage through the dominions of his rival, in order that he might with more promptitude chastise his revolted subjects of Ghent. The chief direction of affairs was then invested in the hands of Cardinal Tournon, best known to posterity as a zealous persecutor of the rising sect of reformers. The King himself was unfavorably disposed to their doctrines, because of their republican tendency, and also because he was desirous to conciliate the good will of the Pontiff, in his frequent disputes with the Emperor. Fortunately for the cause of true religion, his sister Margaret of Navarre—mother of the celebrated Jane d'Albret, and the accomplished author of the "Heptameron Français"—and Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII., afforded secret encouragement to the Protestants, and became the foster-mothers of their infant Church. The cruel persecution of the harmless descendants of the ancient Vaudois formed the closing scene of a reign of thirty-two years, in which were gradually developed the germs of much future woe, and which owes celebrity to the interested eulogies of the men of letters who found under the hospitable protection of Francis I., the security and repose that Italy could no longer afford them, rather than to the political wisdom or military achievements of the sovereign.

His son Henry II. commenced the 29th year of his age on the day he ascended the throne—March 31st, 1547. His first act was to dismiss his father's ministers, and to recall to Court the aged Constable, Anne de Montmorency, whom he was wont familiarly to address as his "friend and gossip." The venerable courtier had sufficient address to gain the support of the King's mistress, Diana of Poitiers, now created Duchess of Valentinois. Though in her forty-eighth year, she preserved her beauty to a remarkable degree, and aiding her personal charms by the fascination of a lively wit, she possessed unbounded influence over the sensual and

voluptuous monarch. The Queen, Catherine de Medicis, was also possessed of no ordinary share of beauty, but she was devoid of the joyousness and exuberance of spirits that distinguished her successful rival. But her perfect self-command, her accomplished dissimulation, and her calculating patience, enabled her to preserve an apparent composure, and even to exhibit an artless gratitude for the slight attentions occasionally elicited by her position, or by her seemingly amiable and forgiving disposition. There was also a second faction destined to perform a conspicuous part in the events of the present and succeeding reigns. In the early part of the reign of Francis I., a younger member of the house of Lorraine had entered France to take possession of the Duchy of Guise. At the battle of Marignan he had greatly distinguished himself by his heroic bearing, and had even been left for dead upon the field. But Francis viewed with distrust the lordly possessions, the commanding talents, and unscrupulous ambition of this family, and is said to have warned his son against the consequences of their great power and overbearing pride.*

Claude of Lorraine, first Duke of Guise, left six sons: Francis, afterwards the great Duke of Guise; Charles, Archbishop of Rheims and Cardinal of Lorraine; Claude, Duke of Aumale; Louis, Cardinal of Guise; Francis, Grand Prior of Malta; and René, Marquis of Elboeuf. The Cardinal of Lorraine was the heart and soul of this powerful family, while its right hand was the popular, high-minded, and adventurous Duke of Guise. Perhaps the peculiar strength of this party may be found in the cordial support of the Clergy, who regarded the Princes of Lorraine as the champions of the Catholic religion. Another circumstance that afterwards tended to increase their influence was the betrothal of their niece, Mary, Queen of Scots, to Francis, the eldest son and successor of Henry II. Similarity of pursuits, and an equal love of pleasure and display, rendered the society of the young Duke of Guise peculiarly agreeable to the King, who was content to enjoy the sweets of power, while he transferred its odium and responsibility to the austere and unbending Constable. The prodigality of the Court increased the sufferings of the people, already overburdened with taxation. In Guyenne, especially, the impost on salt was levied in so oppressive and arbitrary a manner, that the populace took up arms, and committed the most atrocious outrages. The rebellion was of sufficient importance to demand the presence of the Constable, who speedily restored obedience to the laws, by exercising the most heartless severity. In Bordeaux alone one hundred and forty persons were put to death: some broken on the wheel, others burned alive, or publicly hanged from the tongues of the Church bells, after enduring frightful tortures. The rich indeed generally escaped, for they

* In after times the following quatrain was frequently quoted:

Le roy François ne faillit point,
Quand il predit que ceux de Guise,
Mettroient ses enfans en pourpoint
Et tous ses sujets en chemise.

were enabled to purchase exemption from all proceedings by administering to the avarice and cupidity of the Constable.* Agreeably to the fashion of the day, for Amyot's recent translation of Plutarch's Lives was in every body's hands, the character of Cato the censor was applied to Anne de Montmorency, and that of Cato Uticensis to his grave and philosophical nephew Gaspard de Coligny, while the Duke of Guise affected to imitate the great Scipio Africanus.

During the first five years of this reign the Constable succeeded in preserving the kingdom from foreign war with the exception of the siege of Boulogne, which, however, was almost immediately raised in consequence of the menaces and remonstrances of Charles V. That sagacious monarch had availed himself of the opportunity afforded by peace with his foreign enemies, to turn his arms with success against those nearer at home. He had thus overthrown and dissolved the league of Smalcalde, and held in his power the elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse. Assured of domestic tranquillity, Charles V. now directed his attention to the entire subjugation of Europe, and the suppression of constitutional liberty, and in this he was ably seconded by his ministers.

But Montmorency, though by no means a profound statesman, had sufficient sagacity to be aware that the further aggrandizement of the emperor must be prejudicial to the true interests of France. He therefore induced the King to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Protestant Princes of Germany, at the same time that he indulged his bigotry by enjoining the exercise of greater severity towards the French Calvinists. The Clergy contributed three millions of francs towards the expences of a war undertaken for the defence of foreign heretics, in consideration of obtaining greater facility for persecuting those among their own fellow countrymen. The enthusiasm of the young nobles was unbounded, and the Constable soon found himself at the head of an army of 32,000 men, of whom one-half however were mercenaries, for the French infantry was at that period held in light estimation.† The King in person joined his army at Châlons on the 10th March 1552, and in his public manifesto compared himself to Flaminius setting out to effect the deliverance of Greece!‡

Catherine de Medicis was appointed Regent, and displayed the

---

* It was proverbially said, "Il faut se garder des patenôtres de M. le Connétable." While muttering his pater-nosters, he hardly paused to issue his orders of extermination: *burn that fellow, shoot those brigands, fire that village,* &c. &c. alternately fell from his lips with prayers for mercy as he extended it to others

† In early times it was the Grand Seneschal of France who took the chief command of armies in the field. The *Comes Stabuli*, as his name imports, was leader only of the royal household, and attended to the management of the royal stables. Under Philip Augustus the Constable Matthew de Montmorency was *commissioned* to command the King's army, but *not* by virtue of his office. In the reign of St. Louis the charge of Grand Seneschal was abolished and his duties were divided between the Constable and the Superintendent of the Household. The Lieutenant of the former was termed Marshall of France. The Maréchal or Mestre de Camp was originally the commandant of a regiment. In after-times he drew up the troops for battle, above the sites of encampment, and regulated all the details of the camp.

‡ Henry II. was singularly infelicitous in his classical allusions. After the celebrated combat between Montlieu and La Chataigneraie, when the former generously spared the life of his disabled adversary, notwithstanding the gross provocation he had received, the King thus addressed the Victor:—Vous avez combattu en Cæsar et parli comme *Aristote*.

energy and masculine determination which characterised her future career. The signal successes of Maurice of Saxony rendered it impossible for the emperor to oppose the progress of the French monarch. Toul, Verdun, and Metz were overcome by fear or treachery, but Strasbourg remained faithful to its allegiance. Already wearied with the fatigues and discomforts of actual warfare, Henry II. commanded the horses of the army to be led to the waters of the Rhine, and satisfied with this idle vaunt disbanded his army. In the mean time Charles V. had recovered by counsel what he had lost by arms, and the Treaty of Passau left him at liberty to direct the entire force of his vast empire against the King of France. Two hordes of savage soldiery were let loose on the open plains of Picardy and Champagne, and marked their course with rapine and desolation. The Constable opposed them in the latter province with some success, and with cruelty equal to their own; while in the former they were effectually checked by Admiral Coligny, who had succeeded to Admiral Anneband, recently deceased, and acted as Lieutenant to Antony de Bourbon, King of Navarre. But the grand point of attack was the city of Metz. The Duke of Guise, at the head of a gallant band of young nobles, threw himself into the place with fixed determination to hold out to the last extremes. In a short space of time he gained the hearts of the inhabitants as well as of his own unruly followers. Large stores of provisions were rapidly collected, additional fortifications were hastily thrown up, and the best spirit animated both garrison and towns-people. The 19th October, Charles V. invested Metz with an army of 60,000 men and an immense train of artillery. But the inclemency of the season aided the chivalrous valour of the besieged, and the extraordinary talents of their youthful leader, and after losing one-half of his army the emperor was compelled to raise the siege on the 1st of January 1553. Guise added brilliance to the laurels he had already acquired by his humane treatment of the sick, whom the Imperialists had abandoned in their retreat.

Early in the following year Charles V. attacked Térouane, one of the most important frontier fortresses of the kingdom. Jealous of the glories of his rival, the Duke of Guise, the Constable appointed his son Francis de Montmorency to defend the town. But he was soon compelled to propose a capitulation. He omitted, however, to stipulate for a suspension of arms, so that while the terms of surrender were being discussed, the enemy carried the place by a sudden assault. Montmorency himself was made prisoner, and long kept in confinement, and Térouane, after the massacre of its garrison and the plunder of its houses, was razed to the ground. Hesdin almost immediately afterwards submitted, but the Imperialists were foiled in their attempt upon Doullens, owing to the skill and intrepidity of Admiral Coligny. While these events were passing in Picardy, the Constable cautiously awaited the arrival of reinforcements from the Swiss Cantons before he would advance to oppose the enemy. By the time he was able to take the field, it was too late to

commence operations, and he therefore contented himself with uselessly devastating the open country. In 1554 the French troops besieged the fortress of Rentri. The Emperor advanced in person to raise the siege, but his advanced guard was roughly handled by the wing commanded by the Duke of Guise, under whom served Coligny and Tavanes. Charles, however, avoided a battle, and introduced large reinforcements and supplies into the town.

The Constable foolishly ascribed the honor of the late action to his nephew Coligny, of which Guise bitterly complained to the King. An altercation ensued in the royal presence, and Henry, in the vain hope of averting animosity between his favorites, had the weakness to adjudge the palm to Tavanes. Guise and the Admiral henceforth became deadly enemies, and now commenced the long-sustained rivalry that proved fatal to them both, and deeply injurious to their native land. The war between France and the empire gradually expired, for neither party was in a condition to prosecute hostilities with any degree of vigour. The abdication of Charles V. led to a truce for five years with Philip II., his successor in the kingdom of Spain and the Netherlands, though neither monarch acted with sincerity or good faith, but repose was necessary to complete their preparations for a decisive contest.

By the Edict of Châteaubriand, June 27th, 1551, the Calvinists had been withdrawn from ecclesiastical persecution, and placed under the secular jurisdiction. Their condition became in consequence far more tolerable, for the Parliament readily perceived the inutility, as well as the inexpediency of adopting harsh measures towards a numerous and respectable body of men, whose only crime was that of entertaining a difference of opinion on religious matters. Besides, many members of the Parliament itself had become tainted with the new heresy. The translation of the scriptures into the vernacular tongue, and the explanatory discourses of the Calvinist preachers, together with the consistent purity of their lives, caused many reflecting persons to espouse their views, for the Catholic clergy studiously avoided the duty of preaching, and was notorious for their corrupt and dissolute morals. The injudicious conduct of the King increased the unpopularity of the ecclesiastical order, for he bestowed Church-livings on the most unworthy, and not unfrequently, upon members of the laity, who often possessed a plurality of benefices. Henry II. resembled his father in his pretentions to absolute power, and therefore could ill brook the republican doctrines of the advocates of the new religion. The disapprobation of the sovereign naturally added to the Calvinist ranks all those who were out of favor at Court, and disaffected to the present state of affairs. These and other causes combined to inspire the Protestants with so much confidence and hope, that in 1555 they opened a place for public worship in the capital of the kingdom. Though daily maligned by their enemies, and exposed to the most vexatious insults and annoyances, the good cause continued to prosper, and became firmly rooted in the land. In the month of May, 1557, about

four hundred Protestants were assembled in a house, in the Rue St. Jacques, to celebrate the Lord's Supper. No interruption was offered to the service, but on its conclusion, as the worshippers were hastening homewards, they were assailed by the populace and grievously maltreated. Some lives even were lost, but the armed force at length interfered, and apprehended nearly two hundred women and old men, who had been unable to extricate themselves from the mob. Among the females were several ladies attached to the Queen's household, for Catherine affected to favor the Calvinists, because they were held in unmitigated horror by the Duchess of Valentinois. The Cardinal of Lorraine used every exertion to procure the condemnation of all the prisoners, but the Parliament firmly opposed such undistinguishing cruelty, and after a lengthened investigation five persons only were brought to the stake, and publicly burned.

Meanwhile hostilities had been renewed. The Pope, Paul IV., flattered Henry II. with the hope of annexing Italy to France, and the Cardinal of Lorraine had sufficient influence to obtain for his brother, the Duke of Guise, the command of the troops destined for the conquest of the kingdom of Naples. But this army amounted to barely 15,000 men, and Guise, after traversing Italy without opposition and also without co-operation, was forced to retrace his steps with caution and extreme vigilance, harrassed in his retreat by the vastly superior forces of the Duke of Alva.

Events of far greater importance had been passing in France. Notwithstanding the truce and his own high character, Admiral Coligny had made an unsuccessful attempt to surprise Douai. The Spaniards in return levied a large army, and under the command of the Duke of Savoy prepared to besiege St. Quentin. Unable to oppose the enemy in the field, Coligny forced his way into the place at the head of nine hundred men, and was soon afterwards joined by his brother D'Andelot with half as many more. The Constable hastened to relieve the town and to extricate his nephews, but allowed himself to be attacked at great disadvantage in the midst of the marshes that surround that town. In the massacre that ensued the French lost 4,000 men, including 600 gentlemen of family, while the Spaniards had only eighty soldiers killed or wounded. Among the prisoners were the Constable, Marshall St. André, the Dukes of Montpensier and Longueville, Biron, d'Aubigné and many other persons of rank. When these sad tidings reached the Capital, the Parisians were seized with wild dismay, and imagined the enemy was already at the gates. Catherine alone retained her presence of mind, and convoking an assembly at the Hôtel de Ville, she delivered an able and spirited harangue, rousing the indolent, encouraging the timid, and animating all. She thus obtained 100,000 crowns to levy and equip 10,000 men, and peremptorily ordered the Duke of Guise to return from Italy with the utmost despatch.

Notwithstanding the completeness of the victory, Philip II. was too cautious to allow his troops to march upon Paris without secur-

ing the fortified places in his rear.* The Duke of Savoy therefore pressed the siege of St. Quentin, but the heroic defence of Coligny and his brother, caused him to waste seventeen days before its insignificant ramparts. The Admiral himself was made prisoner, but D'Andelot effected his escape, and the Spaniards had failed to follow up their victory. The arrival of the Duke of Guise speedily changed the aspect of affairs, and restored confidence to the nation. With the title of Lieutenant General of the Kingdom he took the command of such troops as flocked to his standard, and on the 8th of January 1558, surprised Calais, which had remained in the power of the English since 1347. The castles of Guines and Ham soon after followed, and the disaster of St. Quentin was forgotten in the joy caused by these splendid successes. On the 24th April the influence of the Lorraine princes was confirmed by the marriage of their niece Mary, Queen of Scots, with the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. Catherine de Medicis was unfavorably disposed towards this union, for she feared that the personal charms of the youthful princess would exercise an unbounded sway over the sickly mind of her eldest son, but it was vain at this juncture to oppose the will of Guise. On the 22nd of June this able General made himself master of Thionville, but on the 13th July Marshall Termes sustained a signal defeat at Gravelines. The contrast only served to heighten the Duke's reputation, and his credit at Court was paramount. Unhappily, the furious bigotry of the Cardinal of Lorraine turned this influence to a bad account. The Inquisition was established, with power to inflict the punishment of death on all persons convicted of heresy. The Cardinals of Lorraine, Bourbon, and Châtillon were appointed Inquisitors General, but the last was secretly inclined towards the reformed religion, which he afterwards openly professed. The Parliament, though compelled to en-register this edict, restrained the capital jurisdiction of the new tribunal to members of the ecclesiastical order, and allowed to all laymen the right of appeal.

Elated by prosperity, the Cardinal of Lorraine ceased to pay the same attention to the Duchess of Valentinois, and even ventured to treat her with neglect and raillery. A woman in an ambiguous position, is naturally more tenacious of the outward semblance of respect, and the Duchess proved no exception to this general rule. She therefore reminded Henry of his captive favorite, for whom indeed he had never ceased to mourn. Philip II. w s also aw re of this infatuation, and permitted Montmorency to repair on parole to the royal camp at Amiens. The joy of the French monarch was exhibited in the most extravagant manner, and he determined to procure the liberation of the Constable by concluding peace with Spain. A conference ensured at Cercamp in the Cambresis, but the terms demanded by Philip II. were so exorbitant, that it was found impossible to accede to them.

* The battle of St. Quentin took place on the 10th August 1557, a day peculiarly dedicated to St. Lawrence. To evince his gratitude, Philip II. ordered the Escurial to be built in the form of a gridiron, that having been the instrument of the Saint's martyrdom.

The death of Mary, Queen of England, removed, however, the greatest difficulties, and in spite of the opposition of Guise and Brissac, a treaty of peace was signed at Cateau Cambresis on the 3rd of April 1559. Henry II. renounced all his conquests, except those of Calais, and the three Imperial Bishoprics of Toul, Verdun, and Metz, and abandoned his allies to the vengeance of Spain. A matrimonial alliance was also determined upon between the two Courts, and the hand of the Princess Elizabeth was promised to the Spanish monarch, while Philibert-Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, espoused the Princess Margaret, daughter of Francis I. The King's second daughter Claude was destined to the Duke of Lorraine. The Constable now united his interests more closely with those of Diana of Poitiers, by causing his second son Marshal Damville to marry her niece Henrietta de la March. The Guises were now divested of their almost sovereign power, and for a time experienced the fate of all Court favorites. The Cardinal of Lorraine, however, was not one to descend tamely to a secondary rank, and an opportunity soon occurred for bringing himself once more into a prominent position. It has been already mentioned that Jane d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, had early espoused the doctrines of the reformed religion. Her example was imitated by most of the Bourbon Princes, whom poverty and the disgrace of the late Constable kept remote from favor and office. Though now the nearest branch of the blood-royal, the Bourbons were descended from Robert, fifth son of Louis IX. Charles of Bourbon, Count de Vendôme, in the reign of Francis I., left seven sons: Louis; Anthony, who married Jane d'Albret; Francis, Count d'Enghien; another Louis; John, killed at the battle of St. Quentin; Charles, Archbishop of Rouen and Cardinal, afterwards the puppet of the Leaguers; and Louis, Prince of Condé, whose ardent and impetuous character involved him in perpetual difficulties. The last had married Eleanor de Roye, niece of the Constable, and cultivated the closest friendship with his eldest son Marshal Montmorency. Gaspard de Coligny had likewise joined the Reformers, not from motives of ambition or discontent, but the result of careful study and reflection during his recent captivity. His brother D'Andelot with characteristic enthusiasm had at a still earlier period devoted himself to the cause of the new religion, probably not a little influenced by the dangers that surrounded its public profession. Henry II., who loved him for his fearless honesty, summoned him to his presence, in the hope of inducing him to eschew these dangerous and heretical notions. In reply to his enquiry as to D'Andelot's opinion of the Mass, the latter at once replied that it was an impious profanation. The King, it is said, so far forgot his dignity as to throw a plate at his head, and imprisoned him for some time in the castle of Meaux, until, by the urgent persuasions of Coligny, he reluctantly consented to have the Mass celebrated in his apartment. The Pope had been very anxious to obtain the condemnation of such an illustrious victim, and declared, on learn-

ing his release from confinement, that the Cardinal of Lorraine had proved himself a better courtier than minister of God.

These numerous and powerful additions to their party inflamed the zeal of the Protestants, and led them to act with some imprudence. They had for some time past frequented the Pré-aux-Clercs in considerable numbers, and in choruses of several thousand voices chaunted Clement Marot's version of the Psalms. The novelty of the thing attracted crowds of the vulgar of all ranks, and heresy seemed to pervade the Clergy, the Court, and the Magistrature. The Cardinal of Lorraine could no longer restrain his long suppressed fanaticism, and prevailed upon the King to hold a bed of justice, when he might extract from the confidential observations of the Counsellors, who had adopted the new creed, enough to insure their immediate condemnation. The King, in accordance with this perfidious advice, proceeded without any previous intimation to open a bed of justice on the 15th of June, 1559. The suddenness of the proceeding and the number of guards in attendance at first caused some anxiety and doubt; but Henry dispelled all fears by his gentle and benignant address, and in mild terms invited the Counsellors to express their opinions freely and without hesitation. Many of them fell into the snare laid for them by their sovereign, and not only urged the adoption of lenient measures towards the sectarians, but denounced the corruption, venality, and licentiousness of the times. Unable any longer to conceal his real feelings, Henry rose up in violent passion, and poured forth a torrent of abuse and vituperation. He then made a sign to Count de Montgommery, the Captain of his Scotch Guards; and Louis Faur, Anne Dubourg, and three others were conducted to prison. Their trials were commenced with indecent precipitation, and a furious persecution of the heretics was once more set on foot. The cause of Protestantism was reduced to the utmost peril, when an apparent accident summoned its royal antagonist before a higher and unerring tribunal.

To celebrate the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with Philip II. of Spain, the King held a magnificent tournament in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the 29th of June 1559. Henry himself, accompanied by the Prince of Ferrara and the Dukes of Guise and Nemours, held the course against all comers. In knightly exercises and feats of arms the King especially prided himself, and it may well be imagined that on such an occasion no one proved so uncourtier-like as to dispute the palm of victory. Heated by his fancied achievements, Henry called upon Montgommery to break another lance. In vain the Count excused himself. The King insisted, and the two combatants met in mid-career. A splinter from Montgommery's lance entered Henry's left eye, for his vizor had been loosened by the shock. The royal sufferer was instantly conveyed to the Palais des Tournelles, where he expired on the 10th of July, in the 41st year of his age, after reigning rather more than twelve years. Of ten children he had had by Catherine de Medicis,

seven survived him, four sons and three daughters. His eldest three sons Francis, Charles, and Henry, all succeeded to the crown, while the fourth, Francis Hercules, died Duke of Anjou. His three daughters were respectively married to Philip II. of Spain, the Duke of Lorraine, and the King of Navarre, afterwards Henri-Quatre, though this last marriage did not take place till the reign of Charles IX.

Francis II. had not yet completed his sixteenth year, when he ascended the throne. Though no longer a minor according to law, his sickly frame and feeble intellect rendered him unfit to conduct the administration of the State. The only thing of which he seemed capable, was an infantine fondness for his beautiful queen. Of this weakness her uncles were not slow to take advantage. But precedent called to the direction of affairs the princes of the blood-royal. In their absence, the Lorraine princess formed a coalition with the Queen-mother to withhold from them all power and influence. Catherine de Medicis had two passions to gratify—ambition and revenge. She was now enabled to indulge both, and the King was scarcely dead before the Duchess of Valentinois received an order to withdraw from Court, and was further constrained to resign, in Catherine's favor, her magnificent mansion of Chénonceaux in Tourraine. As the Constable might have proved an obstacle to their designs, the honorable office was assigned to him of superintending the funeral obsequies of the deceased monarch, his friend and benefactor. This charge confined him for thirty-three days to the palace of the Tournelles, while the young King held his Court at the Louvre. During this interval his ruin was easily effected, for Francis was already prejudiced against his austerity of manners. On appearing to tender his homage to the new sovereign, he was told with much outward courteousness, that in consideration of his advanced age, the King would graciously dispense with his further services, and permit him to retire to the repose of his country seat. The venerable old courtier understood the hint, and with a low bow withdrew from the royal presence. The Prince of Condé, the only one of the Bourbon family, who possessed any firmness or vigor of mind, was despatched into the low countries to superintend the execution of the treaty of Cateau Cambresis, and advantage was taken of his absence to bestow upon Marshall Brissac the government of Picardy, which Coligny had resigned in favor of Condé. The Duke of Guise then assumed the management of the war department, and Cardinal Lorraine those of justice and finance, while the general administration of the interior devolved upon the Queen-mother. Though the members of this coalition naturally reserved for their friends and relations the immense patronage at their disposal, they nevertheless were careful to appoint to offices of trust only such persons as were deserving of public confidence, and by their able and judicious government greatly endeared themselves to the people. The Bourbon Princes, however, resolved to make an effort to recover the authority they had al-

lowed to escape them, by their imbecility or indolence. A meeting of the discontented nobles was therefore held in the castle of Vendôme, when Condé, D'Andelot, and the Vidame of Chartres, insisted on having recourse to arms, and forcibly obtaining the redress of their grievances. This desperate resolution was successfully combated by Coligny and his more prudent friends; and it was at last agreed that the King of Navarre should proceed to Court, and urge his claim to participate in the Government. The King was then at St. Germains, for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures of the chase, and thus contrived to be absent when Navarre arrived. He was not even offered the use of apartments in the Château, and would have found it difficult to obtain suitable lodging had not Marshal St. André taken compassion on his loneliness, and invited him to his own residence. Some time elapsed before he was able to obtain an audience of Francis, and even then it was in the presence of the two Lorraine princes. His reception was cold and distant, and when he commenced with hesitation to attack the conduct of the King's uncles, he was dismissed without ceremony, or the commonest regard for his rank and royal blood. Catherine indeed pretended to treat him with some degree of deference, for it was her policy to keep on good terms with all parties, so that whatever changes or convulsions might arise, she would still remain at the head of affairs. Under the pretence of doing him honour, he was commissioned to conduct the Princess Elizabeth into Spain, which would also afford him an opportunity of negociating with Philip II., for the restoration of the territory of Navarre, abandoned to that monarch by the treaty of Cateau Cambresis. After amusing him for some time with idle hopes and ambiguous promises, the Spanish ministers politely declined to entertain his propositions, and the easy-tempered prince returned to his principality of Beaon, with the intention of enjoying the ignoble repose of which alone he was capable.

The Cardinal of Lorraine was now able freely to gratify his blood-thirsty fanaticism. The intrepid and conscientious Anne Dubourg was publicly hanged, and his body burned at the foot of the gibbet on the 23rd December. A committee of the Parliament was especially appointed for the persecution of the Protestants, and so terrible was its severity, that it obtained the fearful appellation of the *Chambre Ardente*. Spies were dispersed through every part of Paris, and the testimony of the most infamous wretches sufficed for the condemnation of the accused. The populace, roused to the most unrelenting fury, broke into the houses of such as were suspected of heresy, plundered their property, and maltreated their persons. In the streets were erected little chapels to the Virgin, and coarse figures of the Madonna bedecked with the most tawdry attire were placed within. Every one who passed was expected to bend the knee and doff the hat, or incurred the danger of being grossly insulted by bands of ruffians, constantly on the watch, who scrupled not at times to imbrue their hands in the blood of the refractory heretics. The

orthodox intolerance of the Cardinal and the profuse liberality of the Duke raised them to the highest pinnacle of popularity, and such crowds of petitioners infested the Court while at Fontainebleau that the Cardinal, fearing a conspiracy, ordered a gibbet to be erected, and threatened to hang every supplicant who did not quit the town within twenty-four hours. But violence invariably engenders violence, oftentimes coupled with deceit and treachery. The all-engrossing ambition of the Lorraine princes consequently exposed them to great and imminent danger.

The Protestants and discontented nobles held several conferences at Vendôme and La Ferté, towards the close of the year, and it is probable that the Prince of Condé allowed himself to be chosen their leader, on condition that nothing should be attempted against the King, the State, or the royal family. The active agent of the malcontents was John de Bari, Seigneur of La Renaudie, in Perigord, who having been convicted, justly or otherwise, of forging some title deeds, had for some time been an exile at Geneva, where he became a disciple of Calvin. Of an enterprising disposition and desperate fortunes, La Renaudie devoted himself with zeal to direct the contemplated movement. He therefore invited all his friends to meet at Nantes on the 1st February, and above 600 gentlemen of family took an oath to humble the Lorraine princes, and vindicate the Majesty of the Throne and the liberty of the subject. It was further resolved to surprise the Court while at Blois on the 15th March. A rumour of the conspiracy, however, reached the Guises in time to enable them to remove to the castle of Amboise, where they would be secure against any sudden attack. Condé and the two brothers Châtillon readily obeyed the royal summons to repair to Court, and the command of the castle was intrusted to the prince, though a strict watch was kept over all his movements. Coligny and D'Andelot strongly urged the necessity of adopting more lenient measures towards the Protestants, and the pressure of the moment induced Cardinal Lorraine and the Chancellor Olivier to acquiesce in their views. An edict favorable to Calvinism was accordingly issued on the 12th March, but it came too late to avert the impending blow. Guise had fortunately obtained certain intelligence of the intentions of the conspirators, and lost no time in counteracting their plans. La Renaudie, though warned that the enterprise had been betrayed, persisted in his design, which he merely postponed one day. On the 16th March the conspirators arrived from all quarters, and Baron de Castelnau with 300 men took possession of the castle of Noizai. Immediately afterwards they were summoned, and every avenue to Amboise guarded by numerous troops whom Guise had secretly collected for the purpose. La Renaudie himself was assailed by a superior force under his kinsman Pardaillan, whom he slew at the commencement of the conflict, but numbers prevailed, and after the fall of their leader, his little band dispersed in every direction. His body was afterwards suspended from the walls, with the insulting in-

scription : "Chief of the Rebels." Castelnau was soon compelled to surrender, but contrary to the terms of capitulation was thrown into prison. The Duke of Guise having been a second time declared Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, proclaimed a free pardon to all who at once laid down their arms and returned home. This amnesty, however, was immediately afterwards revoked, and above 1200 persons perished in consequence of this untoward affair. Baron de Castelnau suffered death on the scaffold with great firmness, though the Duke of Nemours had signed an undertaking, confirmed by oath, that no evil should befal himself or his comrades. These executions were attended with much cruelty, and every effort was made, though in vain, to implicate the Châtillons. Of Condé's previous knowledge there was some reasonable suspicion, and the King called upon him to prove his innocence in presence of the assembled Court. The Prince concluded an able and spirited defence, by challenging, to single combat, whoever dared to accuse him of entering into any conspiracy against the safety and welfare of his sovereign. This defiance was evidently levelled at the Duke of Guise, but to the surprise of every one, that nobleman arose and protested his own conviction of the Prince's innocence, and begged him to accept of his services as second, if any one should be found so presumptuous as to gainsay his assertions. After remaining a short time at Court, exposed to petty and underhand annoyances, Condé withdrew to his Château at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

Soon after the sanguinary executions that followed the conspiracy of Amboise, the Chancellor Olivier died with every manifestation of remorse for the bloodshed he had been officially instrumental in commanding. His successor, Michael de l'Hôpital, was a man of great ability and moderation, and more inclined to support the Queen-mother than the Guises. In conformity to his suggestions, an assembly of the notables was held at Fontainebleau on the 21st August, at which, after some disputation between Coligny and Cardinal Lorraine, it was agreed that the States-General should be convoked for the month of December, and a National Council to adjust all religious differences for that of January.

Preparatory to the meeting of the States-General, the Guise faction had taken every precaution to prevent the return of any Huguenot deputies, and it was understood that a confession of Faith drawn up by the Sorbonne in 1542 should be signed by all the representatives.*

The Bourbon princes and the brothers Châtillon had been warned not to attend, but they resolved, with all the zeal of new converts, to discharge their duty towards their fellow religionists. They arrived at Orleans about the same time, and Condé was instantly arrested and thrown into close confinement. The others were closely watched, but not otherwise molested. The prince, after being subjected to

* Various derivations have been assigned to the etymology of the word Huguenot, but in all probability it is a corruption of a Swiss word *Eidgenossen*, or Confederates.

the mockery of a trial, was condemned to death, but during the delay that necessarily ensued before this iniquitous sentence could be carried into effect, the King was seized with a dangerous and even fatal illness. The Guises were anxious to expedite the execution of their inveterate enemy, and instigated the Queen-mother to involve in one common fate all the members of the house of Bourbon. But the Chancellor easily convinced her, that if the Princes of the blood-royal were removed from their path, neither the Cardinal of Lorraine nor the Duke of Guise would have any occasion for her services or support. Might they not even aim at supplanting her infant sons? To save the life of his brother, the King of Navarre consented to resign his title to the Regency in favor of Catherine, and the sentence of death remained in suspense. An abscess had formed in the King's ear, and from the first the physicians despaired of a cure; nor were their prognostications unfounded. Francis II. died on the 5th of Dec. 1560, before he had completed his eighteenth year, and after reigning little more than seventeen months. Charles IX. was in the eleventh year of his age when he succeeded to his brother, and commenced a reign of unequalled fraud and violence. The declaration of the infant monarch, and the support of the Bourbon princes secured to the Queen-mother the power, though not the title, of Regent. The influence of the Guise party seemed for the moment annihilated, and even the States-General evinced a desire to tolerate the reformed religion. The Prince of Condé recovered his liberty, and the Parliament pronounced him innocent of the charges for which he had been already condemned to death. On the King of Navarre was conferred the office of Lieutenant General of the kingdom, and the Constable having been recalled to Court, resumed the chief command of the Military forces, but prudently held aloof from either faction. The Châtillons, at all times respected even by their enemies, were now the heads of a powerful party, and the Chancellor de l'Hôpital obtained an Edict to exempt the Huguenots from further persecution, though they were still denied the privilege of public worship. But the financial distress of the country proved the grand stumbling block in the way of tranquillity and union. It was at first proposed to employ the enormous wealth of the Clergy in paying off the debts of the State, and to set aside one-third only for the expences of religion and the decent maintenance of its ministers. It is probable that with certain modifications some such measure might have been adopted to the general welfare of the State, had not some injudicious partisans of the faction, then in power, sought to involve their enemies in the fate of the Catholic Clergy. It was proposed that those who had been enriched by the extravagant donations of the late King and his predecessor, should be compelled to refund the vast sums they had received. This blow, though more particularly aimed at the Guises, would also necessarily alight on the Constable, the Duchess of Valentinois, and the Marshal St. André. Community of interests naturally united these persons in a firm bond of alliance, and inflamed their previ-

ous aversion to the Huguenots. To secure the favor and co-operation of the people, they pretended a fervent zeal for religion, which they affected to consider in imminent peril. A league was therefore solemnly sworn at the altar, by the Duke of Guise, the Constable, and Marshal St. André, for the purpose of extirpating heresy. The avowed intentions of this powerful Triumvirate, for so was it called, inspired the Protestants with just apprehensions, but they allowed themselves on the other hand to be bouyed up by vain expectations, that the approaching colloquy of Poissy wouldfor ever establish the superior excellence of their doctrines. This celebrated conference took place on the 9th of September 1561. Much erudition and more passion were displayed on either side, and the only result was a fixed and bitter resolution to persist in previous prejudices and to persecute those who differed in opinion. Catherine, indeed, probably with a view to counteract the designs of the Triumvirs, seemed disposed to allow the reformers the utmost liberty of conscience, and even wrote a letter to the Pope in their favor.

The King of Navarre had hitherto implicitly obeyed the impulses of the Queen-mother, but the Triumvirate succeeded in seducing him from her party by holding out hopes that they could obtain from Philip II. the Island of Sardinia in exchange for his hereditary states of Navarre. His vanity was also piqued by the greater deference paid to his younger brother the Prince of Condé, and he hastened to prove the sincerity of his regard for the Catholic religion, by interdicting the further celebration of the reformed worship within his residence. Nevertheless an edict was passed on the 17th of January 1562, by which the Protestants were provisionally permitted to meet unarmed outside the towns for the purpose of divine service, though they were forbidden to travel from place to place, to preach, or to hold Synods, or to comment on the doctrines or ceremonies of the Roman Catholic faith. The Prince of Condé, who had all along favored the reformers, now openly professed their form of religious worship, and many persons of rank and influence imitated his example. To check the rapid growth of this contagion, the Parisians urged the Duke of Guise to come to their support, before their enemies became too powerful through their forbearance. The Duke instantly complied with their request, and set out from Joinville with a numerous suite, towards the latter end of February. On the 1st of March, as he approached Vassy in Champagne, he heard the bells calling the Huguenots together to public worship. Enraged, he turned aside to the Catholic Church to hear Mass, but some of his followers, moved by curiosity or a love of mischief, proceeded to the Protestant meeting. Gibes and sneers soon led to high words, and these were quickly followed by acts of violence. The noise of the affray drew Guise to the spot, when a stone accidentally struck him on the check; and the sight of their leader's face streaming with blood excited the utmost fury in his attendants. Above sixty of the Huguenots were butchered on the spot, and

more than two hundred are said to have been wounded. The district judge, having been severely reprimanded by the Duke, for allowing such assemblies within his jurisdiction, excused himself by alleging the Edict of January. Clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, Guise exclaimed with passion: The edge of this weapon shall soon deliver us from this Edict you imagine so well established. Such was the massacre of Vassy, the prelude to the civil wars of religion, that so long devastated France. Similar and even more atrocious outrages occurred in other parts of the kingdom, and the Protestants loudly complained of these infractions of the Edict. Condé was deputed to bear their remonstrances to the Regent, who promised them full satisfaction, though she had already decided on joining the Catholic party, for she perceived with her usual sagacity that the cause of the Huguenots was not destined to prosper. She wrote, however, to Guise, to dissuade him from prosecuting his journey to Paris in the present ferment of men's minds, and invited him to join the Court at Monceaux. But her entreaties were disregarded, and the Duke entered Paris on the 15th of March with every emblem of triumph. The Constable, the Duke of Aumale, Marshal St. André, Brissac, and above two thousand gentlemen, magnificently mounted, accompanied the pretended champion of the Church, while the populace greeted the favorite of the day with vociferous acclamations. The Prince of Condé soon discovered that with his handful of followers, it was in vain to oppose the moral and physical influence of such an adversary. He therefore retired to Meaux, to concert measures with his friends, and to make his preparations for a decisive struggle. Catherine, though inclined to support the Catholics, was by no means disposed to submit to the dictation of the Triumvirate, and accordingly entered into a correspondence with the leaders of the Huguenots. It was arranged that they should suddenly surprise the Court and carry off the young King and his mother. To render this scheme more practicable Catherine removed first to Melun and then to Fontainbleau, but her designs were foreseen and easily frustrated by the Triumvirs, who conveyed their sovereign back to Paris by way of Vincennes, before Condé was in a position to render any effectual opposition.

The civil war had now fairly commenced. Disappointed in his hope of obtaining possession of the King's person, Condé had recourse to arms, and by his valour and impetuosity gained many advantages. Orleans, Lyons, Bourges, Rouen, and nearly the whole of Normandy declared in his favor, and he soon found himself at the head of 6000 men. But he committed an ill-advised act in admitting English garrisons into Havre, Rouen, and Dieppe, for he thus offended the national vanity, and entirely alienated the Queen-mother, whose letters to himself he had, moreover, imprudently published. The most able man among the Protestants was Gaspard de Coligny. His cool unimpassioned judgment, his patience and fertility of resources, and his high principle and dauntless

bravery, long sustained an otherwise hopeless cause. By his advice D'Andelot was sent into Germany to procure levies of men and supplies of money from their religious brethren in that country, and some degree of discipline was introduced into the volunteer bands who had flocked to Condé's standard. Towards the end of June the two armies came in presence, and a conflict seemed inevitable, when a conference was agreed upon at Toury, in the Orleannais, between the Queen-mother, accompanied by the King of Navarre, and the Prince of Condé with Gaspard de Coligny. A second interview took place at Talsy, but as Catherine's duplicity and bad faith were apparent, no result could be attained except that of proving to both parties that their dispute must be settled by arms, and not by negociation. Hostilities were renewed by the storm of Beaugency, on which occasion the Protestant soldiery committed the most frightful excesses. Their enemies were not backward to follow an example so congenial to the spirit of civil and religious war, and cruelty and rapine stalked abroad through the fairest provinces of France.

The royalist army, having received considerable re-inforcements of Swiss and German auxiliaries, speedily recovered the greater part of Normandy. Bourges capitulated on the 31st of August 1562, and on the 26th October Rouen was carried by assault, notwithstanding the vigorous defence of the brave Montgommery. The King of Navarre was mortally wounded in the trenches the day before the final assault was given, but the death of so weak and vacillating a prince caused no perceptible effect on either party. The Protestants, however, were now reduced to a most critical situation. Lyons and Orleans were the only two cities of importance that remained in their power. Fortunately Condé was about this time joined by D'Andelot with nearly eight thousand foreign troops. He therefore marched upon Paris and pillaged the suburbs on the side of Montrouge. But Catherine again amused him with negociations until the arrival of a superior force compelled him to retire. Detaching a large body of troops to strengthen the garrison of Orleans, he directed his march into Normandy to meet the English auxiliaries promised by Elizabeth. But he was overtaken at Dreux on the 19th of December, and compelled to give battle. His own force consisted of 4000 horse and 6000 foot, while that of the Triumvirs amounted to 21,000 men, including *2000 cavalry. The Constable commenced the attack by a furious charge at the head of five hundred gentlemen. Wounded in the face, and thrown from his horse, he was easily made prisoner, and his squadron utterly routed. Marshal St. André was soon afterwards slain, and victory seemed on the point of crowning the efforts of the Huguenots. But at this moment the reserve under the Duke of Guise fell upon them, exhausted by seven hours of hard fighting, and drove them in confusion from the field. The Prince of Condé was captured, and above 8000 combatants lay dead on the ground. The Admiral, however, succeeded in rallying

the fugitives, and conducted them without molestation into Normandy. On the other hand, Guise at once advanced to Orleans and invested that important and wealthy town. Unable to relieve his brother D'Andelot, who commanded the garrison of Orleans, Coligny laid siege to Caen, governed by Guise's brother, the Marquis of Elboeuf, with the intention of holding him as a hostage for the other's safety. The fanaticism however of a gentleman of Angoulême, named John Poltrot, entirely changed the aspect of affairs. This miserable being assassinated the Duke of Guise on the 16th of February, and under the influence of torture implicated Coligny in his base attempt. It is not now necessary to vindicate the innocence of the Admiral, though many writers have been found capable of repeating the horrid calumny.

Of the late Triumvirate one member alone survived, and he was a captive in the hands of his inveterate enemies. The government of the State consequently devolved once more upon the Queen-mother, who fearing the talents and intrepidity of Coligny, hastened to make peace with the Huguenots. Condé and Montmorency were both set at liberty, and the Edict of Amboise, dated March 19th, 1563, proclaimed an amnesty of the past, and allowed the utmost freedom of conscience, though it restrained the exercise of public worship. Had not the Prince of Condé betrayed his impatience of a further continuance of the war, far better terms might have been obtained, and Coligny was deeply grieved by his inconsiderate selfishness.

In the month of August Catherine caused the majority of her son to be recognised by the Parliament of Rouen, for she perceived that the King's minority had been made the pretext for all the past movements against the Government. The Protestant leaders were assiduously courted and cajoled, and the charms of her maids of honour enslaved the hearts of their bravest chiefs and rendered them averse to war. Meanwhile, the heretics of ignoble rank were not the less subjected to persecution, and the bigotted old Constable even joined a conspiracy against those of the capital, but which included within its scope three hundred of the principal professors of the new religion. To render the youthful monarch more popular among his subjects, Catherine consumed the greater portion of 1564, and the whole of 1565, in visiting the chief cities of the realm, and in encouraging the growing fanaticism of the people. The fortifications of such places as were deemed favorable to Protestantism were demolished, and the Edict of Amboise rendered a dead letter by the numerous modifications that had since been made.

During this royal progress the Queen-mother had secret conferences, at different points, with the Legate, the Duke of Savoy, the Prince of Lorraine, and the ferocious Duke of Alva. It is impossible to state what passed at these interviews with the worst enemies of Protestantism, but it is natural to divine that the result must have been unfavorable to that cause, and there is much reason to suspect that the outline was now traced of the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew.

In the beginning of 1566 an Assembly of Notables was held at Moulins, when the Chancellor de L'Hôpital introduced an excellent system of judicial and legislative reform. A hollow reconciliation was also effected between Coligny and the family of Guise, but the feeling of enmity was too deeply rooted to be effaced by the recitation of a few words, however solemn. The policy of the Queen-mother proved more fatal to the Huguenots than a series of defeats, and those who feared no danger or suffering in the field were unable to withstand the neglect and contempt which awaited them at Court. During the conference at Bayonne the Duke of Alva had obtained permission to march a body of troops through France to put down the rebels in Flanders. Under the pretext of holding these forces in check, Catherine raised six thousand Swiss soldiers, to carry out a scheme she had formed for the arrest of Condé and the Admiral, and the subsequent suppression of heresy. Coligny, having been apprized of her intentions, resolved to anticipate her, and to surprise the Court while at the summer residence of Monceaux. But Catherine had obtained early intelligence of the Huguenot movements, and hastily removed to Meaux, whither she summoned the Swiss auxiliaries. The conspirators, however, might even yet have effected their purpose had they not allowed themselves to be amused by Marshal Montmorency with unmeaning negociations, until the Swiss had time to arrive. Next day the King and his attendants set out for Paris in the midst of an impenetrable square, which the Prince of Condé failed even to disarray. Charles never forgave this flight, but henceforth devoted himself with all his mother's patience, implacability, and dissimulation, to work out the utter ruin of the heretics, who had so grossly insulted the majesty of the throne. In the month of November 1567, a battle was fought at St. Denis, when the Prince of Condé was overpowered by superior numbers, but the gallant old veteran Anne de Montmorency received his mortal wound. The arrival of re-inforcements from the Protestant states of Germany more than counterbalanced the effects of this disaster, and Orleans, La Rochelle, and some other places submitted to their arms. The treaty of Lonjumeau, concluded the 23rd of March 1568, terminated the second civil war, and afforded a brief respite to the contending parties, though above two thousand Huguenots perished from the blind fury of the populace during the three months that intervened before the renewal of hostilities.

Towards the end of August Catherine had arranged a plan for the surprisal of Condé and the Admiral in the castle of Noyers, but the couriers of Marshal Tavannes, the Governor of the province, having been intercepted, the foul design was brought to light. Instant flight was determined upon, and after encountering numerous perils, the Prince and Coligny were enabled to reach La Rochelle, where they were received with heartfelt congratulations. The King's younger brother Henry, Duke of Anjou, had recently been appointed Lieutenant General, through the influence of his mother, and his early career

proved him worthy of that high honour. Aided by the experience of Tavannes and Sansac he defeated the Huguenots at Jarnac, but tarnished his fame by the murder of the Prince of Condé, whom a Captain of his guards slew in cold blood not without his knowledge and assent. Two months later the Protestants lost another of their champions, the upright and intrepid D'Andelot, and on the 30th of October, Coligny was again defeated by the young Duke of Anjou. Jealous of the reputation thus acquired by his brother, the King determined to assume in person the command of the army in Poitou, and thus enabled the Admiral to retreat into Gascony. The Prince of Béaon, afterwards Henry IV., and the son of the late prince of Condé, were now the nominal chiefs of the Huguenots, but Coligny virtually directed all the movements of the party.*

In the spring of 1570 the Admiral resolved to march upon Paris by the valley of the Rhone, and the hardihood of this design was fully equalled by the surpassing ability displayed in its execution. Success would probably have crowned his efforts, had not a sudden and serious illness for some time checked his progress, and struck terror into his adherents; however, he was sufficiently recovered by the latter end of June to repulse the army of Marshal Cossé at Amay-le-Duc, and to prosecute his march upon the capital. The approach of the Protestant forces astonished and paralysed the king and his advisers, and it was judged expedient to conclude peace with them, even should they require more favorable terms than on former occasions. The third civil war therefore terminated by the pacification of St. Germain-en-Laye, August the 8, 1570. An amnesty was thereby accorded; public worship was allowed in the suburbs of two towns in every province, and four places, La Rochelle, Montaubau, Cognac and La Charité, were placed in their hands for two years as guarantees for the due fulfilment of the treaty. It was not so easy to restore mutual confidence. The duplicity of the Queen-mother was so well known that not the slightest dependence could be placed on her most solemn assurances, and many significant circumstances combined to convince the Protestants that they must not yet expect a lasting peace.

Their apprehensions however were gradually removed, and even Coligny and the Queen of Navarre became the dupes of Catherine's profound dissimulation. A project of marriage between her son the prince of Béaon and the princess Margaret, the king's sister, already famous for her gallantries, allured the virtuous and pure-minded Jane d'Albret to the most dissolute court in Europe. She arrived near the end of May, and died on the 9th of June, with strong symptoms of having been poisoned. Her sudden death postponed the celebration of the nuptials for a time, but on the 18th of August Henry, now King of Navarre, was married to Margaret of Valois. In the midst of the rejoicings

* At the battle of Moncontour the Generals on either side were mere boys. The Duke of Anjou had not completed his seventeenth year, the Prince of Beaon was not yet sixteen, and his cousin the Prince of Condé was only one year older.

to which this event gave rise was perpetrated the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572, by which at least ten thousand persons in Paris, and probably thirty thousand throughout the kingdom were cruelly put to death. The King of Navarre and his cousin the Prince of Condé had their lives spared, but on condition of abjuring their faith and embracing the religion of their persecutors.

The fourth civil war now broke out, and the Duke of Anjou was appointed to conduct the siege of La Rochelle, the great stronghold of the Protestants. The defence of the inhabitants was conducted with the most heroic valour, and after an investment of six months the royalists found that they had made no progress, though above 20,000 of their bravest men had fallen in the different attacks. News also arrived of the success of Catherine's intrigues in Poland, for her favorite son, the Duke of Anjou, had been elected king on the 9th of May 1573, by the suffrages of thirty-five thousand of Polish gentlemen. A treaty was therefore concluded on the 6th of July, by which the Protestants were allowed liberty of conscience throughout the realm, but the privilege of celebrating public worship was confined to the three towns of La Rochelle, Montaubau, and Nîmes.

Several weeks were passed in the midst of festivity and rejoicing, and the Kings of France, Poland, and Navarre, seemed no longer rivals, except in folly and excess. A warm attachment to the Princess of Condé for some time delayed the departure of the Duke of Anjou, but the gloomy and jealous disposition of Charles rendered it at last dangerous to remain any longer. He therefore set out for his new dominions on the 28th of September 1573, while France again became the scene of violence and bloodshed. A new party had sprung up called *Les Politiques*, because it consisted of the discontented of either religion, who demanded the removal of the Guises and all foreigners from Court, and the appointment of the King's youngest brother, the Duke of Alençon, to the charge of Lieutenant General of the Kingdom. This new faction comprised the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, the Montmorencies, Biron, Cossé, and other noblemen, who agreed to surprise the Court at St. Germain-en-Laye on Shrove Tuesday, 1574. But the pusillanimous hesitation of the Duke of Alençon rendered abortive all their plans, and the King had time to escape to Paris. Navarre and Alençon were in consequence strictly confined in the castle of Vincennes, and Marshals Montmorency and Cossé were sent to the Bastille, but the Prince of Condé, Viscount Turenne, by the mother's side grandson of the old Constable, and Montmorency-Thoré escaped into Germany. In Poitou the Huguenots were more successful, and under the able conduct of the brave La None made themselves masters of several small places. Count de Montgommery had also disembarked in Normandy and gained some advantages, but the arrival of Marignon with a very superior force compelled him to retire to Donofront. After sustaining a vigorous siege he was obliged to surrender, and con-

trary to the laws of war was condemned to death on a charge of high treason, though his real offence was the having been the accidental cause of the death of Henry II. Catherine's malignity was not fully gratified till she had witnessed with her own eyes the execution of this brave and unfortunate officer, who met his fate with dignified composure.

Previous to this event Charles IX. had ceased to live. Being addicted to a habit of constantly blowing the horn during the chase, he had burst a blood vessel, and at times was nearly suffocated with the hœmorrhage. In this state, and tortured by the keenest pangs of remorse for all the innocent blood he had shed, he slowly wasted away until he expired on the 30th of May, 1574, in the twenty-fourth year of his age and the fourteenth of his reign. His last official act was to sign letters patent, appointing the Queen-mother regent, until the return of his brother Henry from Poland.

(Chapter I. in our next.)

DARJEELING IN 1852.

Of all the Hill Sanataria, which of late years have so greatly contributed to health and comfort, and proved so largely preservative of life among the European population of India, none seem to be so little known and frequented as this settlement in the mountains of Sikkim, though now established some fifteen years. While Simla, Mussoorie and Landour have within a comparatively short period so greatly extended their limits, and increased both their resident and fluctuating population, and the more infant settlement of Nynee Tal has been from year to year becoming more and more frequented, Darjeeling still appears to fail in finding favor with the European community of the Indian Capital, or of its surrounding Military and Civil stations, though its delightful climate might well prove an attraction to the worn citizen and the sick Civilian no less than to the "Soldier tired of 'War's alarms,'" or, as is a far more common case, of the overpowering heat and insufferable monotony of an Indian Cantonment, while he who may be debarred by circumstances from making himself *Beatus procul a negotiis*, might yet more frequently make its cool shades and healthy breezes available for the benefit of a suffering wife or children.

The main causes of the want of popularity which these hills experience may be found—1st. In their proximity to the sea, a voyage where practicable, being in so many cases recommended to the invalid in preference to a hill residence.—2ndly. In difficulties of access and the heavy travelling charges prevalent in this part of India; and—3rdly. To numerous local objections, many of them removeable, such as bad and expensive markets—scarcity of domestic servants—deficiency of public amusements, &c., but still the place requires to be better known, and it is the object of the present paper to give succinctly such information concerning it as may be most useful to the visitor, and particularly to the Military Officer, who, without the means of taking a sea voyage, and too remote from the more agreeable and popular hill stations, may yet, for reasons of health or needful relaxation, require a temporary change of climate, and consider that what in the hot plains would be serious privations, may here be looked upon as bearable inconveniences well compensated for by the fine healthful temperature which he may enjoy.

The principal places for which Darjeeling may be considered most available as a sanatarium are :—

Calcutta and the Presidency Stations,	distant	about	370	Miles.
Berhampore, ...	,,	,,	250	,,
Dacca, ...	,,	,,	350	,,
Bhagulpore, ...	,,	,,	200	,,
Dinapore, ...	,,	,,	300	,,
And Benares, ...	,,	,,	450	,,

The hills are approachable by water to the Ghats of Rampore Bauleah and Caragola on the Ganges, distant from their base 210 and 142 miles respectively, and Dulalgunge or Kissengunge, on the Mahanundee, at distances of 85 and 72 miles. Particulars concerning modes of conveyance and travelling charges may be found in the Itinerary published annually by Messrs. S. Smith and Co. of Calcutta. All approaches, whether by land or water, converge at the abandoned Military station of Titalya, 32 miles beyond which is the Dawk Bungalow of Punkabarree, the first halting place in the hills, and the farthest point accessible to bearers and hackeries from the plains, to be reached indeed only with hard toil and by loaded carts, being, properly speaking, on too great an acclivity for the carriage in use in the plains, though custom has fixed it as the boundary; and all new-comers should bear this in mind, so as to engage extra carriage at Titalya if necessary. At that station travellers on the *march* may leave their tents and camp furniture in charge of an Agent, paying a godown rent of 1 or 2 rupees per month according to size and quantity, (continuing their journey by the Dawk Bungalows at Sillijoree, 16 miles distant), and at Punkabarree 16 miles further. Palkees may be deposited in charge of a Government Chuprassee at a rent of 8 annas each per month; Doolies or Jampans with Bearers, from the Post Office, and Coolies for baggage from the Bazar must be ordered from Darjeeling to be in readiness for the traveller at Punkabarree. Charge for Doolie or Jampan, carried by 8 Bearers, 1 rupee—and for [illegible] Bearer 1 Rupee, Baggage coolies, carrying a full maund each, 1 rupee per man. From the Punkabarree, to the Kursion Bungalow, the distance is six miles of steep and continued ascent, thence to Pucheem Bungalow 14 miles of partly moderate ascent and partly level road: Pucheem to Darjeeling 10 miles of similar road. The distance from Kursion may be done in a long day's journey by Bearers, or the whole road through the hills, should the traveller have ponies at his disposal, need occupy but one day.

The mountain road is excellent, and kept in admirable order, and with no very great expence might be made as available to horse carriage as are the roads constructed by Napoleon over the passes of the Alps, and without one-hundredth part of engineering skill and labor expended on the latter. At Darjeeling is a Dawk Bungalow recently opened by Messrs. D. Wilson and Co., a great acquisition to new arrivals, the greatest inconvenience having been hitherto experienced at times by those coming to the place without friends to receive them.

Description of the Settlement.—Darjeeling is said to be upwards of 7000 feet above sea level, thus about equalling in elevation the hills of Simla and Landour. In scenery it must be allowed to surpass them; the view of the Snowy Range, with the highest peaks of the Himalaya, those of the Kunchin Jinga mountain 27 and 28,000 feet in height, being magnificent beyond description: the snow is distant from the station about 40 miles in direct line, though on a bright day one could

imagine it to be within a mile or two. In the winter snow falls here to a much less degree than is the case in the more northern hills, in some years not at all, while the summer season is decidedly cooler than in those regions, owing perhaps to the greater quantity of rainy and cloudy weather which here prevails, one consequence of which is that the fruits which flourish among the other mountains will not ripen on these, but flowers and vegetables may be cultivated in great perfection. The Darjeeling potato is well known and esteemed, and may be grown with little trouble.

The writer cannot offer a *medical* opinion of the climate, but though the place is said not in general to find favor with the faculty in cases of chronic disease, it may safely be pronounced most beneficial in ordinary cases of debility or functional derangement, while for children its salubrity must be beyond dispute, and the blooming and ruddy looks of the little ones are among the pleasantest sights which strike the stranger on first arrival from the plains. The temperature is equable throughout the day with clear dry cold in winter, and seldom approaching in the hottest season 70 degrees of Farenheit, while during the whole year fires in the house are a comfort. The average fall of rain is 130 inches annually, and the wet season lasts full four months or more, commonly five, but with occasional breaks of eight or ten days during which the weather is very beautiful. The station is surrounded and intersected by excellent roads, kept in capital order by the men of the local corps of Sappers and Miners, and affording a pleasant resort for equestrian and pedestrian exercise. For the former ponies can at all times be had for purchase, the average value of a good one being about 100 or 120 Rupees, but a serviceable animal can often be had for a smaller sum. Jampans, or curtained chairs for the conveyance of ladies and children are likewise to be purchased, and at a cost of 20 to 40 Rs. each. Among the settlers at Darjeeling are five German families, the heads of which combine Missionary labors, with more mundane pursuits, the probable nucleus of a future extensive European colony in these mountains.

Dwelling Houses and Rents.—Besides 14 houses owned by resident proprietors, and some five or six others fast falling to decay, there are available for visitors about 40 residences of various descriptions, from the three-roomed bachelor's cottage, at 40 Rs., to the spacious family mansion at 150 or even 200 Rs. per month, but a comfortable house, suitable for a small family, may be had at from 60 to 80 Rs. These rates are certainly high when compared with rents in England, but it must be remembered, that the place being all but deserted during the winter season, the proprietor can calculate on but 8 months rent annually. The tenant has this advantage over the house occupant in other hills, that his rent is payable monthly, instead of, as is elsewhere the custom, by instalments of half the season's hire on engaging a house, and the balance when half the season has elapsed. Houses here are all let furnished, and for the most part comfortably so; the

rooms are in general small, as suits the climate, the floors and verandahs boarded, and the roofing, a thatch of split bamboo, which forms an excellent roof, or tarred planking, here called "shingle." Slate is not procurable in these hills. The houses in general have no gardens attached, and few visitors are inclined to establish them during a short stay. At a place of so much change, a public garden, to be supported by subscription, is a great desideratum.

Supplies.—Bazar, Prices &c.—At Darjeeling are two European store shops, where table supplies of all kinds, as well as clothing, shoes, hardware, &c. &c. may be had, mostly at prices not greatly exceeding the rates current in the Plains. A few of these may be enumerated, viz.:—

Beer, per dozen,............	Rs.	8	0
Port and Sherry, per doz.	,,	24	0
Tea, per seer, ...	,,	4	0
Coffee, ,, ...	,,	1	4

Sugar, refined p. seer, 12as. } dear.
Candles, Wax or Sperm, 2-8 } dear.
Castor Oil for burning per md. Rs. 15

A ci-devant Missionary, who has resigned the cure of souls for that of hams and bacons, is established as the general provisioner of the place, and the following are his usual charges:—

Beef, usually very good, per seer, ...	0	5
Mutton, by no means cheap, per quarter, ...	2	8
Pork, (qe. of what genealogy ?), per seer, ...	0	4
Ham and Bacon, per seer, ...	0	8
Milk, ... per rupee	13 quart bottles.	
Cream Butter,...................... ,,	10 chittacks.	
Eggs, ... ,,	48	
Tallow Candles, per seer,..	0	8

Milk and eggs may be also procured from Lepchas, but inferior in quality, at 20 bottles of the former, and 64 of the latter per rupee.

Fish is at times procurable from the great Runjeet River.

Bread, pastry, cakes of all kinds, &c. are procurable from a European baker, at the rate, for the first named necessary, of 2 annas per lb. loaf. Buns 16 per rupee, &c. &c.; but though the place is necessarily more expensive than the Plains, there can be no good reason why bread should here cost 50 per cent. *above the price in England*, or 1 shilling per quartern loaf! But here we are the victims of circumstances; and though Mr. Baker at times allows himself to run short of flour, and Mr. Butcher at others lets his sheep get thin, the *lex talionis* cannot be applied, and the public are the sufferers, for the tradesmen enjoy a monopoly. Competition would certainly do good here. In the native bazaar free trade is the prevailing principle, there being no "nerikh" or authoritative regulation of prices, the absurdity of which system must be evident to all experienced in the native character. The ordinary bazaar dealers are Bengalees and others from the Plains. The following are the rates of the common kinds of their commodities:—

Gram, ...	16 to 20 seers per Rupee.
Indian Corn,................................	30 to 40 „ „
Table Rice, ...	12 to 13 „ „
Coarse do.	20 to 25 „ „
Flour, very bad, ...	8 „ „
Raw Sugar, ...	8 to 12 Rupees per maund.
Potatoes, ...	2 to 3 „ „

The bazaar is in every respect bad. No abatement of the prevailing high prices can be effected. Scarcely a mechanic can be had for hire, and the natives are here allowed altogether their own way: a good bazaar under *Military control* is much required. Throughout India, the superiority of bazaars thus superintended over those in Civil charge cannot but be apparent.

Domestic Servants—Are with difficulty procurable here, and are of the very worst description. All male and female much addicted to drink. A class of men called Dhangurs, from the districts of Chota Nagpore and its neighbourhood, are much employed here as jampan bearers, wood-cutters, syces, &c. A set of four of these bearers, to be hired at 5 Rs. per month per man, will carry the lady's jampan, provide the house with wood and water, and make themselves "generally useful." Female servants are seldom obtainable on any terms, and such as there may be are abominably bad. It is usual for visitors bringing up their own servants to increase their pay by a rupee or 2 Rs. per month above the rates prevailing in the plains, in consideration of the high prices. Of the Hillmen, the Limboos, (Nepaulese,) Booteas and Lepchas, (natives of Bootan and Sikkim) are employed as chuprassees, coolies, labourers, syces, &c., or cutters of forage for ponies and cattle, (which consists of the tope of the bamboo, a very nutritious material) grass fit for the purpose not being procurable; some few are durzees, but very clumsy ones.

The public establishments and institutions of Darjeeling are, a Cutcherry and Post Office; a Church, a neat and conveniently situated building; a Convent under the management of a "Reverend Mother," with two other Nuns, and a priest attached, but more in use as a Roman Catholic school than for other purposes of such establishments.

Assembly Rooms.—Where balls and public parties might be, and sometimes even *have been*, held and attached to which is a Reading Room provided with the Calcutta and some English papers, the subscription between 3 and 4 Rupees per month; also a Billiard Room maintained at a charge per game. During the present year there has been a good Book Club kept up at a subscription of 4 Rs. per month, conducted in the most satisfactory manner by a gentleman of the Civil Service. A school for young children, kept by a lady from England at moderate charges, and a small Dissenting Chapel, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Start, complete the list. A boy's school on an extensive scale is on the eve of being established. The Post throughout India being, as well as the most expensive, notoriously the slowest in the world, with exception of the single line of the Grand Trunk Road; it could not be expected

that the arrangements for an out-of-the-way-place like Darjeeling should be anything but indifferent, still there can be no just cause for the mails being conveyed in the present disgraceful manner. The Calcutta dawk arrives in dry weather in five days, the distance being 370 miles, but the least rain will prolong the time to six or even seven days, and the arrival of an English mail is always good for a delay of 24 hours, while the dawk from Dinapore, 300 miles only, invariably occupies nine or ten days. Mails in this age, and under British rule, travelling at 30 miles a day ! !

Church service is performed on Sundays at 11 A. M. at the Station Church, and at ½ past 3 P. M. at the Barracks on the Jillah Puhar.

The Convalescent Depôt.—On the Jillah Puhar, about 2 miles from the station, by the direct road from the plains, are the barracks and public buildings of the depôt, established in 1848 for the reception of sick soldiers from the Presidency, Dinapore and Benares divisions. They are calculated for 150 men, but could probably be made to accommodate 200 without inconvenience. Adjoining them are Government Bungalows for the officers attached, consisting of a Field Officer or Captain, Commandant, a Station Staff, an Assistant Surgeon, and a Captain and two Subalterns doing duty, the three first-named salaried, the others without any kind of remuneration for these duties, and subject to deduction of the house rent of their rank on public quarters being allotted to them, these being *totally unfurnished*, and situated so far from the station, are most undesirable abodes even were they given gratis. With these drawbacks, it is, under ordinary circumstances, obviously a disadvantage to officers on sick certificate to do duty with such depôts, and as by an Adjutant General's Circular of the 9th December 1832, officers are only permitted so to do duty on the certified sickness of themselves or families; those only could benefit thereby who required change of climate for their families instead of for themselves, or who having their regiments at *Half Batta Stations*, themselves obtained medical certificate, when by coming *on duty* instead of *sick-leave*, they would be entitled to full Batta.

Society.—The Society of Darjeeling in the present year is composed as follows :—

PERMANENT RESIDENTS AND OFFICIALS.

Superintendent in Civil charge,	1
Civil Surgeon,	1
Commandant of Depôt,	1
Commandant of Sappers and Miners,	1
Station Staff,	1
Officers and Surgeon attached to Depôt,	4
Chaplain,	1
Officers of Invalid Establishment,	5
Retired Officer and Civilian,	2
Dissenting Clergy,	1
Families of the above,	10
	28

Brought forward,	28
Visitors for the season,	38
Total persons,	66

Of whom Ladies 34, and Gentlemen 32.

The children are *innumerable.* The visitor's list is certainly a very poor one for a Hill station of 15 years' standing, but still, were all inclined to act "de bon accord," and do their best to make society cheerful and pleasant, Darjeeling might be a far more agreeable place than it is; but in small communities how often does it happen, and most particularly so in India, that petty jealousies and propensities of *mauvaises langues* destroy all the pleasures of society! for quarrels of all sorts Darjeeling has long possessed an unenviable celebrity, and so vigorously is an observance of the foolish rules of *Indian* precedence exacted, that gentlemen of rank must study "Regulation" before they decide to whom they will pay the *petits soins* of a dinner or supper table! the paltry jealousies in such matters, entertained and fostered by some, are subversive of all sociability, could they be abolished, and a little public spirit be infused into some of the locally important personages of this Mountain Pedlington, its agrémens might doubtless be much enhanced. As it is there is little of what is usually called gaiety, though there has been a small shew of public amusement, and for private entertainments society has been much indebted to the worthy Commandant of the Sapper Corps, whose agreeable and acceptable hospitalities the visitors of 1852 must bear in pleasing recollection.

Excursions may be made from Darjeeling to the banks of the great Runjeet River, crossed by a cane bridge of peculiar construction, distance 12 miles by a good road, and to the Tongloo mountain, 10,000 feet high, a journey of three or four days by easy stages.

The neighbouring hills of Sunchal, Leebong, and Tugdor, an old Missionary station, are an agreeable and convenient resort for picnic parties, &c.

To the Sportsman these hills offer no attraction; and were game more abundant, it could not, owing to the density of the forest, be easily found or followed. It is said to exist but in very small quantity. The Lepchas occasionally snare pheasants of the common sort, as well as at times the Argus, which they bring into the station for sale. The ornithologist, and particularly the entomologist, may here follow their pursuits to advantage, the varieties of insects being immense, and of birds considerable. Other animal productions are not plentiful. The cows of Sikkim are celebrated, resembling rather the English than the Indian breed, and without the hump which distinguishes the latter, they may be purchased at 20 rupees and upwards each; taken to the plains the first hot season destroys them.

In the foregoing account it has been the writer's aim to give clearly and impartially all the information likely to be most useful to persons who may contemplate a visit to the Sikkim hills, and

though it is for the most part matter of dry detail, yet the particulars really needful could scarcely otherwise be given. Such at least would have been most acceptable to himself at the time, when circumstances required his own temporary residence here, and the want of such he at the time experienced. For the public in general, and particularly for all residing in Bengal, it is desirable that these hills should be better known than is the case. They are available to many to whom our other mountain settlements, tho' perhaps more agreeable, would be inaccessible, and in spite of drawbacks and inconveniences, most of which ought not to exist, and are susceptible of remedy, the scorching heat and irritating confinement of an Indian station in the plains, the Punkah, Tattee and Thermantidote, may well for a season be exchanged for the cool and invigorating breezes, beautiful scenery, out-door liberty, and in-door blazing fires to be enjoyed at Darjeeling.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have been long intending to invite our readers to a short chat over a few of the recent publications of the English and the Indian Presses: but to-day, on addressing ourselves seriously to the task, we are verily aghast and terrified at the accumulation before us. Let us do our best.

Foremost in interest from the prestige of the Author's name is Mr. Thackeray's "* Henry Esmond, Esq., &c.&c.," a novel which we had at one time reason to fear was to treat of Anglo-Indian life. We say "to fear," for we do not share in the common opinion that Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray ever was in this country, and we know sufficient of the "griffishness" of the good people at home to look with great anxiety upon the amount of error that might be induced by a novel on Indian life by a person who had gathered his materials from hearsay. What we know of Mr. T.'s antecedents is but scanty, but we offer it as sanctioning our doubts of his ever having been in India; he was sent to Cambridge, as the heir to property, got into a bad set and was "cleaned out" (vide Pendennis) married—a love match, begun without means, and afterwards clouded by a most terrible misfortune—that he went to Paris to study as an artist (traces of which profession are to be found in the letter-press rather than in the illustrations of his works), became connected with the Press, wrote the "yellow-Plush" papers and the "Hogarty Diamond" for Fraser, came out with great success as a Traveller, first in the "Paris" and then in the "Irish" "Sketch Book;" that he some years later wrote disparaging criticisms on Mr. Dickens in either *The Times*, or *The Chronicle*; that he is of prodigious stature, and lives (or did live) in the entrance to Kensington Square.

Not only did he write against Dickens, but for a brief space he appeared in the lists as a competitor with him for the post of popular monthly-serial writer. Tried in this balance, he must be pronounced "wanting." The men at the Clubs, led by the *Edinburgh Review*, were amused with his shrewdness, and fascinated by his clear racy English, but the women were always against him. Undeluded for an instant by his hollow flattery, the instinct of the sex saw through him, as Margaret saw through Mephistopheles.

And "Esmond" shews us with what reason the wickedness of Becky Sharp and the insipidity of †Amelia are both repeated in the extraordinary heroines of this book, with peculiar points of cynicism, and of scorn peculiar to the present story. We do not demand perfect heroines, insipid idealisms of womankind without appetites or passions, impalpable diagrams on Pope's random-hit, "most women have no characters at all." One would think Pope

* The life of Henry Esmond, Esq., Colonel in the service of Queen Anne.

† Ah! sweet Mrs. Booth, Fielding must have turned in his coffin to find his beau-ideal of a wife thus diluted.

had combined the 'prophetic with the poetic' phrase of *vates*, and had intended an anticipatory catalogue of the ladies who slide through the phantasmagoria of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley. But we recoil in disgust, and take the ladies' side when we find one lady exhibiting the manners as well as the morals of the Piccadilly saloon, while another, having the morals alone, is laughed at for beginning her (first) matrimonial career by loving her husband. We may add that the *literary* execution of the work is even better than Mr. T.'s wont.

From the press of Messrs. Blackwood have appeared "The life and works of David Macbeth Moir," known for many years as "Delta," the unflagging contributor to the brilliant Poets' Corner of Aird, Hogg, Hemans and John Wilson. Mr. Moir's life was calm, but in the highest degree uninteresting; yet to those who have patience to read it in the affectionate but tiresome language of his friend Mr. T. Aird, it will be not without its Moral; as tending to shew how the most devoted attention to professional and domestic duties, and those of the most arduous and unremitting kind, can be united with a life-long and most prolific cultivation of literature. A "general practitioner" at Musselburgh, and in very great repute and constant demand, with a family of eleven children, Mr. Moir contrived to write, besides the shoals of verses to which we have alluded, the best of which are preserved in the present two volumes, some Medical works and pamphlets of more or less research, and a variety of those brilliant squibs, which from time to time delighted the old Tory readers of "Maga," and redounded to the credit of Maginn or Lockhart rather than to that of their gifted but simple-minded author. Nor this alone, but many a young literary aspirant, as we can ourselves testify, has found help and encouragement from his benevolent and indefatigable mind. A common tone of criticism now is —"Will this book live?" In regard to Delta we may answer fearlessly, in the affirmative, backed by the impregnable opinion of Professor Wilson. They will live as patterns of faultless and most musical versification, embodying wonderful powers of generalized description, and an unmistakeable fund of pathos that speaks to the heart from the heart.

Of Mr. Aird's share in these volumes we will say the best we can. He seems to have selected from the voluminous remains of his friend with great discretion, and to have written the life in the most complete spirit of friendship. Of the task which has led him to interweave *mal apropos* discussions, culled apparently from the recesses of his own portfolio, and addressed to the public in a colloquial tone which is not usual between strangers, we cannot speak so favourably, nor perhaps can we quite accept his parting dogma that the good and prolific Doctor has

"Gained an everlasting name."

A very different stamp of book is "Companions of my Solitude,"* by the author of "Friends in Council," generally understood to be a gentleman of the name of

* London. Wm. Pickering.

Helps, retired from one of the public offices. Cast somewhat in the easy and graceful mould of the "Tattlers" and "Spectators" of a bye-gone day, it as far excels them in earnestness as the Bishop of Exeter does a common Inquisitor. The unmistakable wish to do good breathes in every line, whether of humorous trifling, of musing on religious questions, or on that awful subject, "the great sin of great cities." This latter he does not indeed appear to have quite sounded, nor, do we think will any one until he can suggest a remedy for the present custom of marrying late in life, imposed upon the middle classes by the crowded nature of all professions in a period of great civilization. The natural feelings of the human heart may, it is true, be checked, but it will be only by turning them into other and less wholesome channels, and what should have been a pure and fertilizing river of domestic happiness and social blessing, is wasted in a thousand shallow and tainted streams. In the meanwhile, as Mr. Helps points out, a stronger argument remains in favour of Polygamy than otherwise would; from this sin, the otherwise degraded peoples of the East are comparatively free. Loose lives will be led everywhere, but no comparison we suppose can be made between London and Constantinople on this point.

Mr. Helps's language is a model of classical yet vigorous English.

The demand for portable soup-literature at the railway libraries has given birth to a volume containing a number of Essays* reprinted from the "Times;" eminently entertaining, but exceedingly uninstructive. We question the propriety of attempting to give permanence to productions written for the moment; it seems like trying to keep an ice-cream. These papers have all the superficiality of information you would expect and tolerate in an ephemeral newspaper article, with that flippant tone of assumption and self-assertion, at times quite insolent, which has of late years more or less characterized many of the Home Journals. The subjects comprise a Memoir of Lady Hamilton; a most luminous and interesting history of the family and fortunes of Louis Philipe; two papers on Southey, Cottle, and Coleridge; a paper on Keats; and a notice of Mr. Grote's Greece. There is also a polemical castigation of Lord Holland's Memoirs.

Professor Longfellow, not content with having written some of the most successful lyrics of modern times, has very imprudently produced a poem,† "built on the lines" of Faust. The Golden Legend is a story, sufficiently absurd, of a Prince, who, smitten with a mysterious disease, is told in an oracular prescription, that he can only be cured by drinking the life-blood of a young lady. The inhuman creature sets forth in search of, and what is more extraordinary, succeeds in finding a girl green enough to offer the supply, and their journey together, under circumstances not compatible with modern ideas of

* *London*. Messrs. Longman and Co.

† The Golden Legend. *London*. D. Bogue.

decorum, to the Convent of Salerno, which, from some unexplained reason, is to be the laboratory and scene of the exhibition of this extraordinary dose, forms the subject of the poem. Lucifer (always in mischief poor fellow) does not, you may be sure, neglect the opportunity of doing such harm as his limited means afford, and boozy friars are thrown in freely to give the tale a mediæval character. As admirers of Mr. Longfellow we are much grieved to say that a more trashy piece of business from beginning to end we never perused. These are the final lines :—

> This is Lucifer
> The son of mystery ;
> And since God suffers them to be,
> He, too, is God's minister,
> And labours for some good
> By us not understood !"

Those who remember the noble attempt to solve the origin of evil in Faust;

(" Man is too idle, and prone to unconditional repose ; therefore have I given him a companion who, as devil, must be working,") will agree with us that the above lines with which the "Golden Legend" is ostentatiously closed, are *very* weak Goethe and water. Like Sheridan's friend, Mr. L. has not stolen another man's offspring, but Gypsey-wise has disguised it so as almost to prevent recognition.

On the principle of the lump of sugar after the physic, we will leave our reader the following beautiful passage :—

> " There are two Angels that attend unseen
> Each one of us, and in great books record
> Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
> The good ones, after every action closes
> His volume, and ascends with it to God.
> The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
> Till sun-set, that we may repent ; which doing,
> The record of the action fades away,
> And leaves a line of white across the page."

In "Bole Ponjis" the reader will recognize an old friend, Henry Meredith Parker, the H. M. P. of the Salt and Opium Board, whose ingenious vindications of those monopolies wrung from the utilitarian Bentinck an admission, that a literary man might be of some use in the world. The remarks, however, we made on the "Essays from the *Times*" apply with double force to the ephemeral contributions here collected. Moreover there is an appearance of trick about the book which is very disagreeable ; an unconnected farrago it is, with an incomprehensible preface, in which it seems to be the author's object to apologise for, and explain the fact of its publication. In these two shewy volumes we would undertake to lay a small wager that there is not one piece which was written for the present object. And yet this catch-penny-performance is in half the Book-Clubs in India, while the elabo-

rate and finished criticisms in "Literary Recreations," the result of the long literary life of our only Indian writer who has made any name in England, Captain Richardson, the friend of Hazlitt, Talfourd, and Leigh Hunt, these and the exquisitely modulated verses that accompany them, have fallen almost still-born from the Press. This is the true spirit of "a prophet without honour in his own country," nor can the Indian public plead ignorance; the merits of Captain Richardson having been done ample justice to, long ago, in a paper of some magnitude in the *Calcutta Review*, supposed to have been written by Dr. John Grant.

We have read the volume before us with great attention and interest; and can safely assure the reader that he will nowhere find more Catholic criticism, purer writing, or higher taste than in the Prose Essays. One paper of considerable length is devoted to an examination of the plagiarisms from Sterne to be found in "The Caxtons," and though the critic is undoubtedly hard upon Bulwer, the passages compared are most curious. Another paper is devoted to an exposé of some of the vices of our present laureate, Mr. Tennyson; in short there is nothing too high or too established to deter our bold instructor from conscientiously pointing out those errors of style of which an eloquent writer has thus expressed himself:—

"No man who writes for posterity can afford to neglect the art of composition. The trimmer bark, though less richly laden, will float farther down the stream of time; and when so many authors of real ability and learning are competing for every niche in the temple of fame, the coveted place will assuredly be won by STYLE."*

"Michele Orombello," and "The Assassin" are two tragedies, simple and grand in conception, and often most poetical in execution. They are from the well-known pen of Captain G. P. Thomas, who some years ago published a volume of poems, evincing great power. If Captain Thomas would lay to heart the passage just quoted, he will do great things. The following lines read like an extract from the great contemporaries of Shakespear:—

"SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of Ortensio Grazzine, the Bravo.*

(BRAVO, *alone, cleaning his dagger.*)

That was a good night's work, and paid so well!
A few more such would make me free for ever.
A good night's work, and cunningly performed.
* * * * I but ply
The trade my father plied before, and his
Even before him, teaching it to him,
As he to me. And yet, ah God! must I
Teach it unto my little innocent,
Whom oft I shudder to caress, with hands
Tainted with blood. * *

* Essays from "The Times."

* * * Hateful steel,
Would I could cast thee from me, and for ever!
(Puts it from him on a table, and sits back as if in deep thought.)
Enter his son Federigo, *a beautiful child of five or six years old.*
My father sleeps: ah, what is this? A present
For me I think. To-morrow is my birth-day,
And this I'm sure is what——
(Stretches over to reach the dagger.)
B.—What noise is that?
Put down the dagger! Put it down I say!
* * * * *
Not a good toy Faderigo. Come, we'll go
And buy all sorts of playthings for to-morrow."

There is a truthfulness in the above which will enforce our recommendation of Captain Thomas's work. We could quote many more fine passages, but prefer recommending the whole of the two tragedies to the reader's pleased attention.

Let it not be said to our shame, that men of genius live amongst us without recognition or encouragement, yet meet with both when they go to England, and the judgment of the great public there is reflected by the very same Indian public who neglected the authors where they could have formed an opinion for themselves, which would have been gratefully valued by its objects.

Messrs. Smith and Elder* announced for publication a novel in three volumes, called "Royalists and Roundheads." The subject is the Kentish insurrection in the early part of King William the Third's reign; and we believe we violate no confidence in announcing it as the production of Mr. James Innes Minchin, of the Madras Civil Service, whose poems† have long ago received the favourable indorsement of the London Literary Journals. Let us hope for the honour of India that every Book Club will order the work.

Of the value of cultivating literary pursuits amongst ourselves there can be but little doubt. Separated by old-world regulations rather than by time or distance from civilized life, the English in India are still

"Penitus divisi orbe Britanni."

Secure of certain salaries, not much dependent on personal merit for advancement in their respective professions, exposed to little or no *public* opinion (to use the word as distinguished from "the opinion of *society*") and the majority of them passing twenty out of the twenty-four hours in complete leisure; living among the *debris* of ancient peoples, and mighty empires of the past; here is certainly a society in which "talk" is likely to be of service. A society, moreover, composed exclusively of men and women well-born and bred, and who do not so much require (either from natural or professional need) a solid course of instruction as a stimulating and elevating intercommunication of thought.

And the practical result fully bears out these expectations. In no such small community has

* "Royalists and Roundheads, a Tale of Kentish Insurrection." 3 vols., royal octavo. Smith, Elder and Co, *London*.

† Trafford, or, the Reward of Genius." "Sybil and other Poems." By Smith, Elder and Co. *London*.

there been such a constant tendency to produce Literature, through all degrees of time and merit, from the Jones's, Colebrookes, Wilkinses, Ormes, Wilsons, Prinseps, Torrens and Elliots, to the Magazines and Newspapers of the present day.

We are here in an important, though somewhat anomalous position. Sole masters in a country which, on a reduced scale, presents the conflicting elements of a whole continent, it should seem to be our divinely appointed function to fuse those elements into an harmonious system, perfecting the grand but hitherto unsolved problem of erecting India into a complete and independent nationality. In so doing we have to enlist in our behalf the science of Europe and the skill of the East, the languor of the idle or the dilettanti soldier, the practical narrow-mindedness of the over-worked Civilian, and the intelligence of the country-born Christian; to reconcile the aspirations of "Young Bengal," and of still more advanced Bombay, with the tenacity of barbaric superstition, and the apathy of time-hardened prescription; to ventilate the pent-up unreasonableness of caste; to stir up the indolence, and mitigate the cupidity of a Government alien to the people, and naturally anxious (in spite of long failure) to make their conquest "pay."

Such are among the tasks imposed upon the English in the East, and apparently destined to be performed, if at all, by the aid of Literature. Nor, as was noticed above, are we altogether without the rudiments of an arsenal for this moral crusade. As the gods of old gave men arms and hands, and then left them to help themselves; so has England sent us forth into the East with honour, enlightenment, and energy sufficient, if we will but use them, for the work. How is it then that Anglo-Indian literature is at present so languid and undistinguished?

We believe it is an orthodox maxim, that the supply of an article is always commensurate to the demand both in quantity and in quality. And as we cannot believe that the flower of England's untitled nobility, surrounded by incidents moral and physical, of surpassing interest, would naturally forbear to turn them to advantage, we are driven to the Economist's apopthegm for a reply to our question. For we cannot accept a few critical essays, a garland of wild-flowers from the skirts of Parnassus, nor even the excellent thoughtful papers on Indian subjects, which have from time to time appeared in the pages of the earlier *Calcutta Reviews*, the *Friend of India*, the *Benares Recorder*, (of recent dates,) of our Agra sister, nor even of our own dear Maga, to make up anything like a literature, even in their fullest aggregate.

As they say in the Indigo market, "the demand is dull." Men who ought to know better, pass through their Indian career with a stereotyped sneer at everything "Indian." Indian ladies, Indian hams, Indian morals, manners, and literature share in the honor of their contempt. The newspaper, awaited with angry impatience, is pored over with ill-dissembled interest, to be thrown away with a growl or a yawn, and a muttered objurgation of the "low and stupid Indian Press," while to be

known as a contributor to a local literary undertaking is a degradation not to be supported. The conductors of the much-abused Press catch the infection, for

> "Those who live to please, must please to live,"

and abuse one another, their profession, and (by implication) themselves. It is admitted that the whole thing is bad; no good can come out of Nazareth; and if an enterprizing spirit should venture to aim at usefulness and reputation, he must be sacrificed to ratify the "foregone conclusion."

The veteran Leigh Hunt, in a foot-note to one of his resuscitated Magazine articles, remarks

> "Since the above was written, periodical criticism has for the most part changed its character, instead of fault finding, it has become beauty-finding a course upon the whole, unquestionably on the higher side of art .. It is observable that the indulgent spirit of criticism has increased with its profundity."

In this country, where, from unavoidable causes, everything is a little behind the European march, we have not reached the above-named stage of genial advancement. Every production of the English publishers is received with a "foolish face of praise," which an *indi*-genous work, (the pun was inevitable) is treated as the grossest presumption. "Pshaw, he is in the seventy-fifth, we knew him at Pagulabad, spun for his little go, a fellow, that shirked his liquor, etc. etc." Poor Smith, (of the 75th) in evil hour did you find the Muses better company than the ladies and gentlemen of Pagulabad; what business had you, sir, to attempt to entertain the public in any other way than Jones does with his flute, Brown with his Polka-dancing, and Robinson with his inimitable comic songs? Your treatment, Smith, reminds me of a passage quoted by Mr. Cumberland from Eupolis, (a gentleman who wrote farces sometime back, and the majority of whose works, like those of his contemporary Aristophanes, have deservedly perished, if we may side in opinion with the critics of that day). "Ye receive every thing with favour that falls from foreigners, and applaud them as oracles of human wisdom; whereas if one of your own countrymen addresses you, (though in no respect their inferior) you look down upon him with contempt,.......he is a fool who never had senses, or a madman who has lost them."

We should not have dwelt thus long upon this curious piece of "snobbishness" on the part of some of our cotemporary critics, on account of any intrinsic danger likely to accrue to literature from their conduct. In Dr. Johnson's time men of a high calibre were guilty of the same extreme, and were considered by him to be rather beneficial than otherwise, to the author whom they tried to injure. "A man whose business it is to be talked of," said the sage, "is much helped by being attacked. Fame, sir," he continued with that peculiar wit of his, which was founded on his deep intuition into truth—"fame is a shuttlecock; if it be struck only at one end of the room, it will fall to the ground; to keep it up, it must be struck at both ends." But the mistaken petulance we allude to derives its import upon our present subject from being the reflection of public feeling. Periodical criticism is influenced mainly by the opinions, which

float in the society around; at least it can only be valued when it does so. We fear that until the Anglo-Indian public shall learn to identify itself more with India, our literature must remain in its present sickly state. Yet again, in working out this desirable change, literature itself may have its influence. It is no steamer, but a well-freighted merchant-ship, dependant, for a prosperous voyage, on the winds, the

"Popularis auræ:"

but the mariners may spread her royals and sky-sails, and catch every light and intermittent breath; till she is wafted by such precarious means out of the despondent calm of indifference into a steady and prosperous "Trade."

Among other agents in this good work, we would hope to be permitted to class our own little Magazine. Whatever be the talent for which we are credited, no one has denied us the praise of an uniformly innocent tone and well-meaning tendency. To the literary man who finds fault or hangs back on account of our limited circulation, or our mediocrity of execution, we can only say, "lend us your aid;" we offer fit audience, though (at present) few, and the additional stimulus, (never we believe avowedly held out in any previous literary undertaking ni this country) of a slight pecuniary compensation for the student's time and labour, and a grateful increase to his often slender means of increasing his library.

We call upon all good men and true to join their efforts to our's. Some it may be there are to whom it may be more agreeable to subscribe than to contribute; to others the reverse; many could unite both functions. Let us stand side by side in the cause of art, of knowledge, and of good will, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

LINES FROM SADI.

I.

A cloud was drifting o'er the sky,
Swifter than tongue can tell :
A rain-drop exiled from on high,
In Ocean's bosom fell.

II.

With shame it cried—" This wide expanse
Stands not in need of me :
Can such a worthless drop enhance,
The glory of the sea ?"

III.

The self-abased had scarce begun,
To breathe its lowly thought,
When Heaven, that loves the humble one,
Its transformation wrought.

IV.

A shell was near, that wond'rous shell,
With gem producing breast :
The worthless drop within it fell,
To be a cherished guest.

V.

A noble Pearl, in after years,
Adornèd the Monarch's brow ;
The humble rain-drop's form appears,
Of priceless value now,

VI.

Great his reward, whose fleeting breath,
With lowly prayer is rife,
The suppliant at the gate of death,
Shall gain eternal life.

Ali.

Selections and Translations.

FABLIAUX.

The Knight of the Barrel.*

In a very remote spot between Normandy and Brittany, there formerly lived a man of high degree and far renowned. Close to the shore of the sea he had erected a castle, so well built and so strongly fortified, that he feared neither King, nor Count, nor Duke, nor Prince, nor Viscount. This great man, as I have heard, was exceeding fair in face and form, of large possessions, and of ancient lineage. To judge by his appearance there was no man in the world more debonair. But in truth he was wicked and faithless, and so treacherous and false, so fierce and haughty, and so very cruel, that he feared neither God nor man. All the country round about he had laid waste, nor did he ever meet with any man whom he did not endeavour to injure, so great was his propensity to evil. So closely did he watch the roads that he slew all the pilgrims and robbed all the merchants, and much mischief did he work. He spared neither clerk nor monk, recluse, hermit, nor canon; but he especially assailed nuns and lay sisters, as being most devoted to God. The former he covered with shame, when once he held them in his power. But as for dames and maidens, widows and servants, ("ancheles," evidently a corruption of *ancilla*), he made no distinction between rich or poor, between wise or simple, he treated all with equal arrogance. Never would he take a wife, for he thought that would demean him. At all seasons he eat meat, and never would he fast, whether Friday or Lent, or any other day. No care had he to listen to mass, to sermons, or to scripture. All good men he despised, for never was there any one so entirely given over to wickedness. All that is wrong in thought, word, and deed, was gathered together in him. Thus he continued for more than thirty years, and never ceased from his evil ways. And so time passed by, until Lent came round, and it was now Good Friday. He, who little heeded the service of his Maker, rose early in the morning, and ordered the cooks to make ready some venison, for that afterwards he was going forth to waylay and plunder. The cooks were all aghast, and answered with sorrow, for they dared not contradict him: "We will do your bidding, Sire." But when his knights heard this, they exclaimed: "Sire, what mean these words? It is now Lent, that holy season, and even Good Friday, on which day

* Du Chevalier au Barizel. In 1014 lines. The translation is considerably abridged, especially towards the close.

God endured the Passion to work out our salvation, so that the whole world to-day should fast, whereas you, you are going to breakfast and to eat meat. The whole world is under discipline, in fastings and abstinence—even the children do penance, and yet on this day you would eat meat! God will assuredly take vengeance on you." "By my faith," said he, "it will not be before I have wrought much more violence, and hanged and burnt and tortured many men." "Have you respite," they rejoined, "only that you may sin the more? Without a moment's delay ought you rather to pray unto your Creator, and bewail, with tears, the sins with which you are so heavily burdened." "Tears," he cried, "are all nonsense, nor do I heed such folly. You may cry while I laugh, for certes no tears will I shed." "Sire," they continued, "listen to us. In this wood dwells a right holy man, to whom folks go to confess themselves, when they desire to lay aside their evil doings. For one ought not alway to persist in wickedness, but rather turn to God. So come with us, for we are going to confess ourselves and to renounce our wicked ways." "This is all folly," he cried, "cursed be he who would go for that, or turn his feet that way. But if he had any thing to lose, I would willingly go to wrest it from him, but not otherwise!" "Will you come then in our company," they asked. "We pray you, Sir, do us this favour." "For your sakes," he answered, "I will readily go, but not for that of Heaven. It is your society alone that takes me, bring round my horse. I will go with these bigots. Much rather would I have a couple of wild ducks, or even two little sparrows, than all your confessions. Nevertheless, I will go with you to laugh at you. When you have finished confessing, you will begin to plunder on all sides. It is like the confession the fox and the hawk make to each other. Let those confess, who are at their last gasp." "Sire," said they, "mount now your horse, and may God, who cannot lie, do His will with you, and vouchsafe unto you true humility." "By my faith," he cried, "never will it happen that I learn humility, or gentleness, for then I should be no longer feared." At length they set out. He, in whom dwelt the enemy of man, followed after them, singing and laughing, while they went in front shedding many tears. So long did they pursue the high road that they came without halting to a hermitage in the forest. Then they entered within, and found the holy man in the chapel, but their lord remained without, for he was more cruel and fierce and full of ire than savage dog or worrying wolf. "Sire," said they, "descend from your horse—come within—amend your evil ways, and pray to God for mercy." "I shall not move hence," he answered, "wherefore should I pray to Him, seeing that I would do nothing for Him. But quickly finish your affair, for I have nothing to do within there. Well do I see that this loitering will make me lose the whole day. The pilgrims and the merchants will travel peacefully along the road, without my being able to harass or molest them,—and truly this goes sore against me. And by St. Remy, I would rather that you had never confessed than that they should go about in peace." When they saw that he would not do otherwise, they went into the church towards the high altar, and they spake unto the venerable man, and each confessed himself as fairly and as briefly as he could. With much humility he absolved them, but on the condition that they should ever after abstain from all evil as far as laid in their power. Readily they promised to do so, and gently entreated him, and said: "Sir, our master is outside. For the love of Heaven invite him within, for he will not come for us. But mayhap he will listen to your request, when he sees what sort of man you are. Whoever shall succeed in drawing him to God, will have done a good day's work. This very morning he would

perforce eat meat, and now awaits us in yon porch, nor would he come in with us, though he may do it for you." "Certes," answered the good man, "I know not how it will be, but at least I will make the attempt." So he went towards him, feebly leaning on his staff, and said to the Seignor in a low tone: "Sir, you are come at a good season, for to-day we ought to lay aside all evil, and repent, and confess ourselves, and meekly think on our Creator." "And who prevents you from doing so?" he asked. "But for my part I shall not think anything about it." The hermit heard him, but without anger, and gently he resumed: "Dismount, I pray you, fair sweet Sir. Since you are a knight, you ought to have a kindly heart. I am a priest, and therefore require you for His sake who suffered death upon the Cross, an offering for us, that you speak a little with me." "Speak with you, devil, and what about? What have you to communicate? I am impatient to leave both you and your house. Greatly would I prefer a fat gosling." "Sir," said he, I quite believe you. I do not ask you to do anything for my sake, but for that of your Maker." "Your pleading is importunate," answered the Seignor. "And even if I entered, I would do no good thing, neither prayer, nor alms, nor thanksgiving." "At least," rejoined the other, "you will see our house, our chapel, and our convent." "I will go with you then," said the knight, "on the condition that I make no alms, and repeat no paternoster." "Sir, only come in. If it does not please you, you can return."

Then he alighted from his horse with great repugnance. "In an evil hour," quoth he, "did I undertake this journey. To ill purpose did I rise so early." The hermit took him by the hand, and gently led him into the chapel. When they arrived at the altar, he said: "Sir, there is no denying me now, for you are my prisoner. Take it not amiss that you ought to speak with me, though you should cut my head off, you could not escape from me, do what you would, until you had laid bare your whole life." The other, who was fierce, and full of all manner of wickedness, answered: "Certes, I shall not do so, nor will you hear anything from me. So let me go away at once." "Nay, sir, you shall not go until you have told me of your life, and of the sins with which you are burdened, fain would I know your exact condition." "Truly, then, you will not know it from me, Dan Priest, I am not so drunken as to say any thing for your sake. Was it for this you brought me here? It lacks but little that I slay you, and deliver the world of a fool, or a drunkard, who seeks by force and constraint to compel me to speak, and to confess to him—a thing that I will never do." "You will yet do it, fair friend," said the hermit, "that God may bring you to true repentance, and inspire you with a godly sorrow for the sins you have committed. So now begin, and I will listen to you." Then the fierce tyrant fixed his eye upon him, and the holy man was in great fear, and expected every moment to be slain, but he staked all upon the chance, and mildly resumed: "Brother, for the love of the Almighty, tell me a single sin that you have committed. If you were only to begin, I know that God would aid you to recall to mind the whole of your past life. I conjure you let not your heart be hardened. Nay, I command you to tarry no longer, but at once to unburden your breast." The Knight was so surprised and cast down, that he waxed full of shame. "How is it," he exclaimed, "that I must perforce tell you all? But since it must be, I will confess to you maugre myself,—though, certes, never again will I do it." Then he commenced to recount to him every thing, word by word, not a jot did he omit. And when he had finished his confession, he addressed the hermit, and said: "Now that I have told you all my misdeeds, are you better pleased? You have had a good bellyful, I ween; you would not rest until I recounted to you all that ever I did in this world.

Now that you know all, what more do you want? Will you at last leave me in peace? Now I may go on my way, and never again do I wish to speak with you, or to set eyes upon you. Truly I am beaten without a wound, and have been constrained to confess all." Little was the hermit disposed to laugh, but bitterly he wept, because the other did not repent. "Sir," he said, "you have done well to confess, but you have no repentance. If now you would do penance, well should I be rewarded." "What penance will you give me?" "To free you from all your sins, you shall fast every Friday for seven years." "Seven years!" he cried; "I will do no such thing." "For three years?" "No." "For only one month?" "Hold your peace, hermit, for so I cannot and will not do." "Go without shoes, then, for a year." "No, by St. Abraham, that will I not do." "You shall wear no shirt." "My skin would become corrupt, and swarming with vermin." "Each morning you shall scourge yourself." "That will I never suffer, nor will I flog, or beat myself." "You shall go beyond the seas." "Your words are too severe. Hold your peace. It is only time lost, for the seas are too perilous." "Go then to Rome, or to St. James (of Compostello)." "No, by my soul." "Every day go to church, and attend divine service, and remain kneeling on your knees until you have repeated two orisons, the Paternoster and the Salut, if perchance God shall vouchsafe unto you forgiveness of your sins." "All this is too much trouble, and will do no good." "At least before you part from me do me this favour, for the love of God Almighty—carry my little barrel down to that stream, and plunge it into the spring. If you bring it back to me full, you shall be clear of all your sins, and free from all penance, for I will take them upon myself." The hermit ceased, and smiled. The other made quick reply: "In sooth, it will pain me little to go to yon stream. This penance will soon be finished." Then the hermit delivered to him the barrel, and he took it with indifference, and said: "I accept it on this condition, that never will I take repose, until I have brought it back to you quite full." "On this condition do I give it you." Hastily he came to the stream and plunged the barrel deep into the water, but not a drop entered within, let him essay never so hard. Well nigh did his senses fail him, and he waxed wroth, and began to curse and to swear. Then he thought the mouth was perchance stopped up. So he thrust a stick into it, but found there was nothing at all there. In high disdain he again plunged the barrel into the fountain, but not a drop trickled within. With fury he gnashed his teeth, and in great ire he rose up and went back to the hermitage, and recounted the adventure to his followers, and swore to them by all the Saints, that do what he would, not as much as a tear would pass within the cask. And he vowed by Him who made his soul, that never would he rest by day or by night until he had filled it to the brim. Then he called to him the recluse, and said: "In evil torment have you placed me by reason of this devilish barrel. Cursed be the hour in which it was made. But until I accomplish this adventure, never will I wash, comb, or shave my head, nor pare my nails. On foot will I go, without money in my girdle, and without bread in my scrip." The hermit, when he heard these words, wept tenderly. "Sir," said he, truly in an evil hour did your mother conceive you! How sad and terrible is your lot! Certes, had a child put it only half into the water, he would straightway have drawn it out quite full, while you have not brought me a single drop. Robber, God is incensed against you by reason of your sins, and yet in His mercy He wills that you do penance for them, and that you suffer in the flesh. Be not then stiff-necked, but serve God in all humility." And he replied wrathfully: "It is not to please

Him that I do it, but out of pure vexation and disdain." Then he turned to his men, and spoke fiercely to them, and said: "As for you, return home quickly, and take my horse back with you, and keep quiet in your own country. If any one question you of me, answer him neither this nor that, but live in peace and tranquillity. But never a day shall I pass without labour and affliction, on account of this devilish barrel, which may Satan and his flames consume! The evil spirits, I verily believe, have had it in their keeping and have enchanted it. But I tell you of a truth that I will seek through the round world all the waters on the earth, until I bring it back full." Then he started off without delay, and carried the barrel on his shoulders. Forth he went out of the gate, and took not with him the value of four straws, except the clothes on his back. Thus he set out alone on his path, with no one but God to bear him company. Great and many were the sufferings he experienced. Night and day, morning and evening, he traversed strange lands. Few pleasures did he encounter, but poor lodgings and hard beds, a lack of bread and a cold kitchen. Poverty was his constant neighbour. Ever had he toil and trouble. He wandered through cold and heat. In every stream, at which he arrived, he dipped his barrel, but to no avail, for nothing could he take up. Day after day he burns with fresh wrath. His sullen anger leads him to and fro. Nearly half the week had passed before he bethought him of eating, but when hunger sorely assailed him, and he could no longer resist, he was fain to sell his robe, and to change it for a sorry garb, by no means meet for such a man. By exposure to rain and wind, his fair and ruddy complexion became tanned and weather-beaten. By dint of much travelling his shoes waxed full of holes, and fell to pieces. Thus barefooted he traversed many a valley and many a distant land, through cold and heat, through briars and thorns. The blood trickled from many a wound, and his skin was scratched and torn. Because he was so poor and ill-favored, he met only with hard words and cross answers. So strong limbed and miserable did he look, that no one dared to harbour him, so that frequently he slept in the open air. No laughter or song now ever issued from his lips, but fierce wrath and deadly pride. By no means would he humble himself or soften his heart, save that he would complain to heaven of the woes he suffered. But no way did he repent. When his money was all gone, he was constrained to seize on food by force, in order that he might have to eat. And oftentimes he had to fast two whole days or more. Thus he wandered through all Poitou, Maine, Touraine, and Anjou; Normandy, France, Burgundy, and Provence; Spain, Gascony, Hungary, and La Pouille; Calabria, Tuscany, Ausai, and Lorraine. No land indeed could I name that he did not closely explore; nor river that he did not attempt; nor harbour, nor river, nor fountain, nor stagnant water, nor flowing stream, in which he did not plunge his barrel, though never a drop did he draw up. And moreover a miracle followed him wherever he went. Not once was he kindly spoken unto or well entreated, but all turned from him with scorn, or pursued him with reproaches and abuse and rough usage.

So long did he wander to and fro that his body became so attenuated and meagre, that hardly could any man have recognized him. His long and bristly hair reached to his shoulders. His eyes were sunk and hollow. His arms were scorched by the sun and wind—his ribs might be counted one by one—the skin clung so closely to the bones, that the veins might be distinctly traced—and the nerves and muscles stood out, as if uncovered. No cloak nor coat, no cape nor sleeve had he on,—not so much as a thread. So feeble and way-worn had he

grown, that he scarce could sustain himself on his staff. Much did the little barrel weigh him down,—for a whole year had he carried it by night and day. Truly no longer would the hermit smile to behold him, but many a tear would he shed. Then at the close of the year he turned him back towards the hermitage, and arrived there on the very same day that he had set out from that most holy place—Good Friday, as I said before. In dolourous mood he entered within, the hermit was there all alone. With wonder he beheld one so ghastly, so ill equipped, so utterly cast down. Not at all did he know him, but he recognised the barrel suspended from his neck, for it had long been familiar to him. Then the holy Father asked and said: "Very dear fair brother, what affair has brought you hither, and who charged you with that barrel? Well do I know it. It is now a year since I delivered it to the fairest man, I ween, within the empire of Rome. Never since have I heard of him, nor can I say whether he be dead or living. But tell me, I prithee, what man are you, and how are you named? Never did I see one more miserable or unsightly. Have the Saracens made you prisoner, that you are so naked and poor? Of a certainty you have fallen among wicked folk." The other replied with fury and disdain. "Fair sir, you yourself are the cause of my sufferings." "Bah! I, my friend! How can that be, seeing that I never before set eyes on you! Tell me, then, how I have injured you, and I will redress the wrong." "Sir," he answered, "I am he whom you confessed a year agone, to-day, and to whom you enjoined, by way of penance, to fill this barrel—and this has been the source of all my woes." Then he recounted to him the history of his wanderings, and spoke of all the countries he had traversed, and of the seas and rivers he had crossed. "Sir," he continued, "every thing have I essayed—in all kinds of water have I plunged your barrel, but not a drop would pass within. And well do I see that I must die, for longer I cannot live." On hearing this, the hermit began to weep, and to lament, and to wring his hands, and to cry aloud. "O God! who knowest all things, who seest all things, and canst do all things, behold this thy creature, who so idly goes to and fro, and has lost both soul and body, having so uselessly employed his time. Holy Mary, Mother of God, graciously look upon him. O God! who made all things good, I beseech thee to have mercy on him. Should he die through my fault, I shall be held answerable for him. If it please thee to take one of us two to Thyself, leave me yet a while to chance, but receive this creature." Then he wept bitterly, and sorely bemoaned himself. The knight watched him fixedly and all amazed. To himself he murmured low: "Certes, I behold a marvellous thing. Here is a man who in no way belongs to me, and yet is willing to suffer in my stead. For my sins his tears fall,—for me he sighs. Of a truth then I must be the worst of men, and a deadly sinner, seeing that he holds my soul so dear, that he is ready to sacrifice his own for it; and yet I, who am endowed with it, feel no regard or anxiety for its welfare. Sweet Lord, if such be thy pleasure, vouchsafe me such repentance as may comfort this good man. I acknowledge my wickedness, and my guilt now stands before me. For mercy then I pray, O God of mercy. Thy will be done with me. Behold thy servant." Thus his heart was at length softened, and humility took the place of pride and perverse obstinacy. Such profound sighs did he heave, that it seemed as if his spirit were about to leave his body. His heart was well nigh bursting with remorse, and tears flowed down his cheeks. So great was his sorrow, that his tongue could no longer utter the words, but within himself he vowed never again to sin against God, or go astray from the right path. All this while the barrel hung

from his neck altogether empty, but God saw that he truly repented, and deigned to afford him consolation. So a huge tear rose from his heart to his eyes, and, thence falling straight into the barrel, filled it so completely, that some even trickled over. When the hermit saw this, he ran up to him and embraced his feet, and cried: "Sweet brother and friend, you are freed from the power of Hell. God has pardoned your sins." Then the knight experienced the greatest joy that can happen unto any man. And straightway he addressed the hermit, and rendered unto him many words of gratitude, for that he had saved his soul. And he confessed himself unto him, and with tears and sighs recounted unto him also his past wickedness and sinful obduracy. The holy man then gave him absolution, and placed him dying before the altar, with the barrel at his feet, for no way would he part with it. Thus at length his repentant soul fled from his worn-out body, and Angels bore it away to Paradise. And when his knights heard of all that had come to pass, they buried him with much pomp, and made great rejoicing over him, because that grace had been vouchsafed unto him, and he had been rescued from the dominion of Satan.

The Were-Wolf.*

Since I have undertaken to compose Lays, I must not forget the Bisclavaret—such is the name in Brittany of what the Normans call Garwall. It is well known that in ancient times many men turned into wolves, and dwelt in the woods. The Garwall is a savage monster, who, whilst he is in this state of fury, devours men and works much woe. But let us leave this matter and speak of the Bisclavaret or Were-Wolf.

In Brittany there dwelt a Baron, of high renown. A fair knight was he and true, and nobly he demeaned himself. He was much favored by his suzerain, and greatly beloved by all his vassals. He had married a damsel of goodly lineage, and one pleasant to behold. Tenderly he loved her, as she did him. But one thing disturbed her, because for three days in every week she lost sight of him, and knew not what became of him or whither he went. One day he entered his house joyous and gleeful, and after exchanging fond greetings, the dame said to him: "Sir, fair sweet friend, gladly would I ask something of you if I dared. But I fear your anger more than anything else in the world." When he heard these words, the knight embraced her, and drew her to his breast, and answered: "Ask of me, dame, what you will. If I know the matter, I will at once tell it you." "By my faith, then," she resumed, "I have now courage enough. Sir, I am in such terror the days that you are away from me. When I rise up in the morning, I have such grief and anguish at the thought of losing you that, unless I be speedily comforted, I am like to die. Tell me then whither you go, what you do, and what becomes of you." "Dame," replied he, "in good sooth were I to tell you, evil might befal me, for I should sever myself from your love." When she heard this answer, she was great-

* Lai du Bisclavarët, in 318 lines. By the celebrated Marie de France, a native of Normandy, who, according to M. A. C. M. Robert, flourished in the reign of King Stephen. His patron was William of Ypres, who, after the assassination of Charles the Good, assumed the title of Count of Flanders, but was despoiled of his power and title by Louis le Gros. On this he fled into England, was favorably received by Henry I. and by his successor Stephen was created Earl of Kent. The fables that Marie de France rendered into French were the same that Henry I. had translated into English from the Latin of Romulus. M. Robert supposes that the *Lais* were composed—or at least dedicated to Stephen—about the year 1141, at which period that Prince was firmly seated on the throne of England. It may be mentioned that these Lays were usually chanted at the tables of the great, accompanied by the harp or rebeck.

ly astonished, and oftentimes did she ask him the same thing. In short, she so coaxed and cajoled him, that in the end he recounted to her the whole adventure, and nothing did he conceal from her. "Dame," said he, "I become a Were-Wolf. In yon vast forest I woon, and hide myself in the densest thickets, where I live on roots and on prey." When he had finished his tale, she asked him whether he took off his clothes, or went about with them on. "Dame," he replied, "I go quite naked." "Where then do you put your clothes?" "That, dame, I will not disclose to you, for were I to lose them, or even be seen in laying them aside, I must remain a Were-Wolf all my days. Never should I have any help, until they were restored to me. For this reason I wish it not to be known." "Sir," rejoined the dame, "I love you above all the world. You ought not to conceal anything from me, nor have any doubts, for this is unworthy of our friendship. What have I done amiss, or for what fault do you disturb me? Tell me, and you will do well." So long she importuned, so long she harassed him, that he could not choose, but yield. And he said to her: "Dame, within yon wood, by the road-side where three ways meet, there is an old chapel that has often stood me in good stead. There beneath a bush is a huge hollow stone, under which I conceal my clothes until I return to my house." The Dame listened to this marvel, and grew red with terror; she trembled with affright, and revolved within her mind how she could rid herself of such a husband.

In that same country lived a knight who long had wooed her, and much had suffered to gain her love, but never had she returned his love, or given him any encouragement. Him then she called to her, and promised to become his mistress. Then she related to him all that happened to her husband, and laid open to him all his life. And she sent him to the forest to carry off the clothes. Thus the Were-Wolf was betrayed by his wife. And his people sought for him far and wide, but no news of him could they meet with. The Dame then married the Knight who so long had loved her.

A year now passed away until the king one day rode forth to hunt, and he went straight to the forest, where roamed the Were-Wolf. When the hounds were let loose, they soon started him, and all huntsmen and hounds gave him chase. Little he lacked of being taken, and torn to pieces. But when he saw the king nigh at hand, he ran up to him to beg for mercy, and seizing hold of the stirrup, licked his foot and his leg. The king at first was alarmed, but calling to his courtiers, he cried: "Sirs, come hither. Behold this marvel. See how this beast humbles himself. He has man's sense, for he asks for mercy. Drive off those hounds, and let no one hurt him. This beast has sense and understanding. Now hold yourselves ready, and let us return homewards, for I will hunt no more to-day." Then the king turned back, and the Were-Wolf closely followed him, nor would he stay behind. And the king led him to his castle, and was right glad to have him, and enjoined his people to treat him well; to give him plenty to eat and drink, but in no way to injure or ill use him. Willingly did the knights take charge of him, for he was alway with them during the day, and ever was frank and debonair. But at night he laid down near the king, and much was he loved and praised.

Now learn what came to pass at a Cour-pleiniere that the king held, to which he had summoned all his Barons and those who held of him, in order to attend the festival and make a more gallant show. In rich and brave apparel came the knight who had married the Were-Wolf's wife. Little did he think to find him so near at hand. As soon as he entered the palace, Bisclavaret recognised him, and with a bound rushed at him. With his teeth he

seized him, and would have done him grievous hurt, had not the king called him off, and menaced him with a cane. On two other occasions also he sought to attack him; greatly did the folks wonder, for never had he done the like to any other man whatsoever. Throughout the palace went the rumour, and people said he would not have done it without a cause, and no doubt wished to avenge some wrong. When the feast was concluded, all the barons and knights took their leave and went away, and among the first was he whom the Were-Wolf had attacked. Nor is it any marvel that he hated him.

Not long afterwards it happened that this wise and courteous king went to hunt in the forest where Bisclavaret had been found, and the latter accompanied him. At night he lodged in that country. And the Were-Wolf's wife knew of it. So she gaily arrayed herself, and on the morrow sought to speak with the king, and brought him a rich present. When Bisclavaret saw her approach, no man could hold him, but he rushed at her furiously and tore off her nose. Then all present threatened him, and he would have been cut to pieces, had not a wise man thus spoken to the king: "Sire," said he, "listen to me. There is not one of us that does not know this beast, and frequently go about with him. But never has he injured any one, except this dame here. By the faith I owe you, he must have some cause of complaint against her, or her lord. Now this is the wife of the knight you used to hold so dear, who has been so long a time missing, nor do we know what has become of him. Put this dame then in a securè place, and perchance she will tell you why the beast hates her. Many marvels have we seen come to pass in Brittany."

The king took his counsel, and detained the knight. The dame also was seized, and kept in durance, until her fears wrought upon her mind, and she confessed all about her lord, how she had betrayed him and carried off his garments. She knew not, she added, what had become of him since then, for never since had she set eyes on him, but she verily believed that the wolf was he. The king commanded his clothes to be brought, whether it was agreeable to her or not, and caused them to be laid before the wolf, but seemingly he heeded them not at all. Then the wise man again addressed the king and said: "Sire, for nothing in the world will he put on his clothes before you, nor change his brutish form. Greatly would he feel ashamed to do so. But take him into a chamber, and bring him his garments, and there leave him for a while. We shall see anon whether he be man or beast." So the king himself led him aside and fastened all the doors. And after a time he called two barons unto him, and entered the chamber, where they found the knight asleep upon the royal bed. Straightway the king ran up to him and embraced him, and kissed him more than a hundred times, and he gave him back all his lands, and added unto them yet more. The woman who had betrayed him and her paramour were driven forth and banished from the country. Afterwards they had many children who were easy to be known, for all the daughters were born without noses. This adventure is perfectly true—do not doubt it. To preserve the memory of it, the Bretons composed the Lay of the Bisclavaret, or Were-Wolf.

The Three Wishes.*

I WILL tell you a tale of a countryman who caught a Will-o-the-Wisp, for whom he had a long time been watching. The goblin promised him

* Don Vilain qui prist un Folet: *alias*, des Trois Oremenz: *alias*, Du Vileins et de sa Fame. A fable, in 26 lines, by Marie de France.

three wishes, if he would not make a show of him. The peasant was joyous and gleesome. So when he went home to his wife, he gave her two of the wishes, and kept only one for himself. Now they were a long time without forming any wish, until it happened on a day that they were dining off the backbone of a sheep. and the marrow appeared within. Then the good wife began to long for it, and desired to eat of it, but reach it she could not. Straightway she wished that her husband had such a beak as she wanted, such as the woodcocks have. Behold! her wish was granted. Sorely the countryman marvelled at himself, and he wished the like might happen unto herself, and her face became even as his own. Thus two wishes were thrown away, and no benefit derived for either.

A live Dog better than a dead Lion.*

Ancient writings tell us of a man who was dead and buried. His wife lamented over his grave night and day. Nigh unto that spot a thief had been hanged for his evil doings. Throughout all that country it was cried that whoever removed the body, should suffer the same punishment, if he were caught. A certain knight, who was his kinsman, cut him down and buried him. Then he was at a loss how to counsel himself, for he was suspected of many folk. So he went straight to the cemetery, where the good wife was deploring her lord. Kindly he addressed her, and bade her take comfort, and said that he would deem himself happy, if she could love him. The good woman looked at him, and gladly accepted his offer. Then the knight related how it unluckily happened that he had cut down the thief, and that if she could not give him good counsel he must leave the country. She at once replied: "Let us dig up my late lord, and hang him in the place of the other, and no one will ever discover it. In good sooth, we may fairly use the dead to save the living, from whom alone we can receive any comfort."

* De la Fame qui feseit duel de son Mari: *alias*, De l'oume mort è de sa moilier. A fable, in 36 lines, by Marie de France (*a*).

(*a*) The idea of this fable is taken from the Matron of Ephesus of Petronius Arbiter, so capitally imitated by La Fontaine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Letters, Parcels, Packages, &c., for constituents, directed to Mr. Roussac's care, will be taken charge of, and promptly forwarded to all parts of the country.

Orders for every description of GOODS, ARTICLES, SUPPLIES, BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, PERIODICALS, PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, &c. &c. &c., from England, France, and the Continent of Europe, executed at the usual rates of Commissions, on being favored with remittances to meet the same.

All the Newspapers, Magazines, Reviews, Periodicals, unstamped Publications and Books, ordered per Overland Mail, including Overland Carriage and Expenses to Bombay, at rates as cheap as any Establishment in India.

Besides these low charges, Mr. Roussac begs leave to point out the advantage his Agency offers in the saving of Postages, having completed arrangements which enable his forwarding the European Newspapers and other Publications, to his constituents, per *letter dawk*, at *half* the charge of postage hitherto levied on Papers posted by local News Agents.

The rates for the future will be as follow :—

"ON PAPERS, WEIGHING UNDER SIX TOLAS :

For distances *not* exceeding 400 miles—two Annas.

For ditto *exceeding* 400 miles—three Annas. And single Postage being added for every additional six tolas."

The Newspapers dispatched by his Agency cost from one-third to half less Inland Postage than the same can be forwarded by the London suppliers; and on the Periodicals, besides much quicker transit, nearly the same saving of Postage is obtained at Stations upwards of 800 miles from Bombay.

Messes of Regiments, Libraries, and Book Clubs, ordering large annual supplies of Newspapers, Periodicals, and Magazines, will be entitled to facilities, of paying by half-yearly or quarterly remittances *in advance.*

As the nature of MR. ROUSSAC's General Agency and Newspaper Agency yield only very trifling profits on each transaction, any delay on the part of constituents in remitting monies, soon absorbs the profits, and as the extent of business requires considerable outlays, MR. ROUSSAC is under the necessity of begging that all payments be made in advance. Constituents of the Agency are requested to keep sufficient funds to their credit, in order to meet their Commissions, Postages, &c.

All letters should be POST-PAID.

ENVELOPE CASES.

Amboyna Shaped Envelope Cases, of Mottled Ebony, with Lock and Key, ... Rs. 16
Ditto, of handsome Maple Wood,... .. .. Rs. 16

STAUNTON'S CHESSMEN AND BOARDS.

Staunton's Chessmen, in handsome Carton Pierre Boxes, with Book of Games, ... Rs. 50
Chess Boards, to match the above, ... Rs. 32
Staunton's Chessmen, Club size, loaded, in plain Mahogany Boxes, ... Rs. 35
Ditto smaller size ditto, ... Rs. 20

AMATEURS' TOOL CHESTS.

Tool Chests of Oak, containing an assortment of the most useful Carpenter's Tools, No. 1 Rs. 20, No. 2 Rs. 25, No. 3 Rs. 32

GRINDSTONES.

Improved Grindstones worked by Cog-wheels, ... Rs. 16

QUEEN'S CROCHET COMPANIONS.

Leather Cases containing a full assortment of Crochet and Knitting Needles, also Thread of different Nos., ... Rs. 10

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINES.

Messrs. THACKER, SPINK & CO. have just received a fresh supply of the above Medicines, in Globules:—

Boxes containing	59	Medicines	Rs.	40
„	36	„	„	25
„	30	„	„	23
„	12	„	„	9
„	6	„	„	5

DOUBLE-BARREL GUNS,

By T. K. BAKER, LATE MORTIMER.

SUPERIOR DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, beautifully finished, and fitted with Apparatus complete, in neat Oak and Mahogany Cases.

MESSRS. THACKER, SPINK & CO. having received instructions to close the consignment of the above, beg to offer the only three remaining Guns, at the greatly reduced price of Co.'s Rs. 300 each, Cash.

CARBONELL'S PORT,

IN QUARTS ONLY.

SHAW AND MAXWELL'S CHAMPAGNE,

OF FIRST-RATE QUALITY, IN QUARTS.

STILL HOCKS,

OF THE FINEST QUALITY, AND THE MOST APPROVED BRANDS.

PETER HERRING AND KNUDSEN'S

CHERRY BRANDY.

SIR FELIX BOOTH'S

OLD TOM AND CORDIAL GIN,

GENUINE MARASCHINO AND CURACOA.

GENUINE PICKLED NATIVE OYSTERS,

In small jars; a most delicious DISH for TIFFIN at home or on excursions.

GENUINE BOLOGNA SAUSAGES.

Stewed Mushrooms, Artichokes and Green Peas; Fresh Salmon in one and two pound tins; Fresh Lobsters, strongly recommended, Iced or in a Payonaise Salad; Pate de Becasse, Pate de Beccassines; Pate de Faisan; Pate de Perdrix Truffees; Pate de Pluviers; Pate D'Allouettes, &c. &c.; Saucisses Truffées; Ortalans Truffées; Cepes a l'Huile; Patee de Foie Gras Truffées; Assorted Potted Meats; Assorted Soups; Spiced and Corned Briskets and Rounds of Beef; Prime English Ox Tongues; Dressed English Rolled Ox Tongues; Sardines in Oil and Butter; Herrings à la Sardines; Smoked Yarmouth Bloaters;

CASTELL AND BROWN'S JAMS AND JELLIES.

FORTNUM AND MASON'S FANCY

CONFECTIONERY.

Patent Barley and Groats, Homœopathic Cocoa, Assorted Sauces, &c. &c., Tart Fruits; Fruits in Brandy and Noyeau for dessert; Crystallised and Fruits Glacés, in small bottles and tins; French Prunes; Muscatel Bloom Raisins and Jordan Almonds; Chocolate; Comfits and Lozenges; Turkey Figs; Granulated Honey, &c. &c.

F. W. BROWNE AND CO.

Wine, Beer, and Spirit Merchants.

8 & 9, Old Court House Street.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills, by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system, are of admirable use as a *preventive; but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkah, or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system becomes a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky, and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "What a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"You

BOOKS FOR SALE

AT THE

DELHI GAZETTE PRESS,

FOR CASH ONLY.

Apply, Post-Paid, to Mr. F. W. Place.

Erskine's Book of Forms, 2nd Edition, Price, ...	Rs.	16
MacGregor's Diseases in India, ...	,,	5
A Treatise on the Blue Epidemic Cholera, by Dr. W. L. McGregor, ...	,,	4
Abstract of General Orders, sold for the benefit of the Lawrence Asylum.		
First Part, from 1841 to 1845, ...	,,	7
Second Part, from 1845 to 1847, with Index to both parts, ...	,,	7
Third Part, from 1847 to 1849, with Index, ...	,,	7
Fourth Part, for 1850-51, with Index, ...	,,	7
Index only,...	,,	3
The Sights of Delhi, (*sold for a Charitable purpose,*)	,,	1
Authorised Pay and Audit Regulations for the Bengal Army, neatly bound,......	,,	8

Translations by *Capt. Hollings.*

Premsagar, ...	Rs.	6
Bytal Pucheesee, ...	,,	5

The orders *to be accompanied* by a Remittance, with 8 annas for packing, if wax cloth be required.

JOB AND LITHOGRAPHIC WORKS

Of every description, can be neatly and expeditiously executed at this Press, where Civil, Military and other Lithographed Forms, and Bound Books, Cheque Books, Dawk Books, Ruled Music Books, and Ruled Music Paper, may always be had, with Lists of Prices.

THE

Published in Monthly Numbers,

ON THE BEGINNING OF EACH MONTH.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

In advance, yearly,....................................	Rs.	16	0
,, half-yearly,..............................	,,	8	0
Each number,..	,,	1	8

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

Per line,..	0	4

☞ *Contract Rates for a Column or half Column, may be ascertained on application to the* Managing Proprietor *of the Dehli Gazette.*

SAUNDERS'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. VI.] APRIL, 1853. [Vol. II.

CONTENTS.



SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. VI.] APRIL, 1853. [VOL. II.

CRIMINAL LAW FOR INDIA.

L. A. W. LAW has always been a bye-word amongst Englishmen; one of those grievances which are tolerated, because their growth is so slow, that we cannot detect the accretion of this or that particular horror, till we find ourselves enveloped, over-shadowed, and involved. Against the English law are directed the great guns of Quarterly Reviews, the unfailing columns of the Daily Press, the light horse of songs and ballads, the flying artillery of popular fiction. It is the same burthen over and over again, from the Dragon of Wantley, (to whom houses and churches were but geese and turkies), to the thicker crop of Glossins, Gammons and Latitats of a more civilized era and a more completely organized Juggernath. And the great national novelist of to-day, himself educated to the legal profession, has had his good-humoured but earnest attack at almost every class of tribunal, from the provincial terrors of his "washup" Justice Nupkins, to the foggy iniquity which, though moribund, doth yet work the pestilence which has passed into a proverb of damage and inconvenience, so that we have been informed by an eminent pugilist, that to have your head under your adversary's left arm-pit, while his "dexter mauley" is engaged in showering blows on your defenceless "conk" is considered by figurative spirits equivalent to being in Chancery.

Hear the brilliant and thoughtful author of "Friends in Council."

"It is to be observed that all satire falls short when aimed against the practices in law. No man can imagine, not Swift himself, things more shameful, absurd and grotesque, than things which do daily take place in the law. *Satire becomes mere narrative.* These evils are not of yesterday, nor of this country, (England) only. I observe that the first Spanish colonists in America write home to the Government,

begging them not to allow *any Lawyers to come to the Colony.*"*

O wise and fortunate Spaniards !

The Briton, proud of anything which he can abuse, has neglected the precaution of the Spanish colonists. Not content with importing his Moloch with him into this country, he long devoted all his attention to making the innocent natives participate in the pleasure of passing through the fire with him. True, we have not succeeded in introducing our civil system into the interior of the country even for our own private use, while that is the only sense in which the Criminal Code, (to give the common law a title it little deserves), has found its way in its integrity into the Mofussil. But for ourselves, at any risk of inconvenience, we *will* have it, and there are not wanting indications, from time to time, of a disposition to pity the natives because they continue to enjoy to a certain extent the primitive simplicity of their own system. The whole subject is one more talked about than understood, but when we find Calcutta lawyers and editors gravely maintaining that the Mussulman system is still in force in the Company's territories, and assuring the European residents of the Mofussil that they, the said residents, prefer travelling a thousand miles on a simple case of assault and battery to having the thing settled, either way, by an English Justice of the Peace in their own station ; we feel disposed to question either the sanity or the honesty of such very one-sided partizans.

The system of Judicature in India is not, God knows, a perfect one. Like most other things of the kind, it grew up by degrees and under constant opposition from the advocates of a different order. But we sometimes fancy that it is not the worse on that account, especially when we find those who have introduced, and who administer it, among the first to admit the necessity of a reform.

We all know that the members of the Civil Service originally filled merely the positions which were till very lately adumbrated by the titles of writer, factor and merchant. Virtuous as these and other inhabitants of the factories were in the virtuous days of the earlier Stuarts, we can feel that they were not altogether able to dispense with some municipal regulations ; and in 1661, the year after the "glorious restoration," etc. etc. it was ordered that Civil and Criminal jurisdiction should be exercised *within the limits of the factories*, "according to the laws of England." *Hoc fonte derivata clades*, (or as a scholastic cotemporary would express it, *hinc illæ lacrymæ*)—this was the beginning of the SUPREME COURT nuisance, which has therefore the advantage of age over the existing system of the country at large : an advantage precisely similar to that possessed by the actions of a boy over those of the same person when arrived at maturity. But do not let the learned Gentlemen of the long robe (or short jacket) at Calcutta, imagine that their sacred rites were even then committed indiscriminately to all the profane, for we find some years later (1676)

' Companions of my Solitude"—pp. 6—7.

an edict, forbidding the custom of training the Civil Service to the use of fire arms. Such a sad case of *cedant arma togæ* we should be loath to admit. As the factories grew, the Mayor administered the revered laws, and all went quietly for a season. That is, the short and simple annals of the poor are not forthcoming to show how many *zenanas* were violated, or how many *bunneas* hanged for professional irregularities, down to near the time of the too-celebrated Nuncomar case.

In the meantime the Civil Servants of the Company had crept into some places of judicial trust, and the same year (1764) which witnessed the battle of Buxar, challenged Clive to another and more doubtful contest, by setting him the task of overcoming corruption in office backed by the irresistible temptations of enormous power and exiguous pay. Corruption was rampant. Next year came the grant of the Dewanny from Shah Alum, by which the Company's Government became lords of the fortunes of the tribes that people Bengal, Orissa and Behar.

In 1772 orders came from Leadenhall Street of a portentous character. Hitherto Calcutta (with the exception of the Mayor's Court), the 24-Pergunnahs, Burdwan and Midnapore had been under Covenanted officers, while the rest of the British possessions had been under a native administration, loosely and imperfectly controlled by European supervision. Now the office of Naib Dewan was done away with, and the internal Government put finally under British Agency.

Clive's efforts had been apparently fruitless, for the cause of the evil lay gnawing at the root. The salary of a Member of Council was still but £250 a year, the rest in proportion. The conqueror of India had been conquered by his own countrymen, and the large heart had been broken, but not in vain. In 1773* the salary of the Councillor was raised to £8,000 per annum, by an Act of Parliament which forbade all private trade. Another Bill followed ten years after, (Pitt's celebrated Bill), by which the pay and position of the service were fixed on the same grounds, (broadly speaking), as those on which they now rest. The contemplated scale of salaries was indeed far higher than it is at present, very far higher, considering the relative values of money; but the liberal principle has been fully acted upon, and the general results wonderfully successful. The absolute pressing inducements to corruption which want once held out to the exiled functionary have been removed, while the dread of losing so excellent a provision for himself and his family has created such a set of counter-inducements that our modern Pro-consuls neither plunder nor peculate, and Government and people are equally advantaged; their interests are indeed identical. The present state of things was finally brought to maturity by the "Regulating Act;" the 33 G. III., LII.; Lord Cornwallis's Regulation XLI. of 1793 and its offspring 37 G. III., CXLII., by which the legislative power of the Company's Government was finally established; since

* The year before Clive finally succumbed to his long-growing mental malady.

which the only two important steps have been the institution (by Lord W. Bentinck in 1829,) of Monthly Jail Deliveries; and the Black Act of 1836, by which last piece of despotism the property of the Briton has been subjected to the Civil Courts, and that ill-used person actually made amenable thus far to Judges who may in extreme cases be natives of India! With this, however, we have here nothing to do except as a sign of the times.

As a refreshing contrast let us look back at our friend the PALLADIUM, and see how it came to its present proud pre-eminence.

Its progress has been more dignified than that of its enterprising young rival, the only change of importance up to the present time having been that in 1773 the Regulating* Act superseded the Mayor's Court by a Supreme Court entrusted with large† but ill-defined jurisdiction. A Chief and three‡ Puisne Judges came out, under whom the Palladium committed stranger freaks than ever. Beginning with hanging the highest native in Bengal on a ten years' old charge of forgery, it desolated the country with its venerable old institutions, and after plumping suddenly into the astonished arms of the Sudder Adawlut of Calcutta, subsided into its present fetish-like position, a kind of hideous but somewhat impotent Scare-crow, Grim-Gribber in the clothes of grand-father Small-weed.

Thus have grown up the two systems, side by side, ever jangling, and the Company's humane policy constantly crippled by the dread presence of the Royal Courts. The latter have been adorned in all periods of their existence by men of the greatest worth, men of whom it would be no hyperbole to say that they would have been a glory to any country, the Jones's, the Chambers, the Ryans, Perrys and Peels. But what could they do in a land where their very presence (in the capacity they filled,) was an anomaly and an obstruction? The utmost use they could be of was to shed over their immediate society the genial atmosphere of London cultivation, and to temper by their philosophic graces the evils of the system they administered.

Of the fitness of British law for this country we all remember the opinion of Mr. Macaulay. We are not likely soon to forget the eloquent passage§ which is now (through the enterprize of Messrs. Longman) in the hands of most readers.

"There are few Englishmen who will not admit that the English law, in spite of modern improvements, is neither so cheap nor so speedy as might be wished. Still, it is a system which has grown up among us. In some points, it has been fashioned to suit our feelings; in others, it has gradually fashioned our feelings to suit itself. Even to its worst evils we are accustomed; and, therefore, though we may complain of them, they do not strike us with the horror and dismay which would be produced by a new grievance of smaller severity. In India the case is widely different.* English law, trans-

* 13 Geo. III. LXIII. Supreme Court of Chief and three other Judges, to be a Court of Oyer and Terminer, and Gaol Delivery, in and for the said town of Calcutta.

† And factory of Fort William in Bengal, and the limits thereof, and the factories subordinate thereto (!)

‡ 37 Geo. III. CXLII. Court to consist of Chief and *two* Judges only.

§ Art. Warren Hastings, pp. 47 48.

planted to that country, has all the vices from which we suffer here; it has them all in a far higher degree; and it has other vices, compared with which the worst vices from which we suffer are trifles. Dilatory here, it is far more dilatory in a land where the help of an interpreter is needed by every judge and by every advocate. Costly here, it is far more costly in a land into which the legal practitioners must be imported from an immense distance. All English labour in India, from the labour of the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, down to that of a groom or a watchmaker, must be paid for at a higher rate than at home. No man will be banished, and banished to the torrid zone, for nothing. The rule holds good with respect to the legal profession. No English barrister will work, fifteen thousand miles from his friends, with the thermometer at ninety-six in the shade, for the emoluments which will content him in chambers that overlook the Thames. Accordingly, the fees at Calcutta are about three times as great as the fees of Westminster Hall; and this, though the people of India are, beyond all comparison, poorer than the people of England. Yet the delay and the expense, grievous as they are, form the smallest part of the evil which English law, imported without modifications into India, could not fail to produce. The strongest feelings of nature, honour, religion, female modesty, rose up against the innovation. Arrest on mesne process was the first step in most civil proceedings; and to a native of rank, arrest was not merely a restraint, but a foul personal indignity. Oaths were required in every stage of every suit; and the feeling of a Quaker about an oath is hardly stronger than that of a respectable native. That the apartments of a woman of quality should be entered by strange men, or that her face should be seen by them, are, in the East, intolerable outrages, outrages which are more dreaded than death, and which can be expiated only by the shedding of blood. To these outrages the most distinguished families of Bengal, Bahar and Orissa, were now exposed. Imagine what the state of our country would be, if a jurisprudence were on a sudden introduced among us, which would be to us what our jurisprudence was to our Asiatic subjects. Imagine what the state of our country would be, if it were enacted that any man, by merely swearing that a debt was due to him, should acquire a right to insult the persons of men of the honourable and sacred callings and of women of the most shrinking delicacy, to horsewhip a general officer, to put a bishop in the stocks, to treat ladies in the way which called forth the blow of Wat Tyler. Something like this was the effect of the attempt which the Supreme Court made to extend its jurisdiction over the whole of the Company's territory."

But to these remarks it may be replied; that the members of the Civil Service are paid on the same high scale as that which regulates the fees of the Court and Bar at the Presidency; and that the money, though not actually given as fees, comes equally from the pockets of the people. But this opens a very different question. It no longer involves the system of the law, but the agency of Government. In the Company's Courts the Bar (such as it is) is composed of natives, and their mediation is not absolutely necessary. In fact we know that in the Courts of greatest access and practice, those of the Magistrates—the people usually conduct their own cases. Faulty as the Company's Courts may be in details, they recognize the great principle only admitted in theory at home—*that individuals are not to be charged with the business of the State.* With whatever success,

the State endeavours to extend protection to all at the expense of all. The question therefore is simply whether it be or be not done in the most efficient manner and the cheapest; which question is not one of law but of politics. We are not of opinion that the time of "India for the Indians" is quite come; and such, moreover, not being the subject of our present remarks, we are not here called upon to argue with those who do hold that opinion. We are here only anxious to show that two systems of law exist, to the great inconvenience of the country; subject to none but geographical limits; for we are even ready to leave the British subject the possession of his Palladium, *if he likes to pay for it;* and that the present Anglo-Indian system of judicature would do well enough with a Code of laws at once adapted to the condition and to the prospects of the country. There lies the present question. The system we wish for must not shock existing ideas, while it yet lays no clog upon progress. Freed from the jargon and chicane of Westminster Hall, it must be also purged from the moral iniquities which may linger round it, from the barbarism of its first founders in Asia; and must only retain the philanthropic spirit of the one country, and the summary simplicity of the other.

We would not however for a moment be understood to defend the whole *details* of the system by which the Company's law is administered. Those who have been fortunate enough to see Mr. Halliday's Minute on Police, one of the ablest State-papers this country has ever produced, may have some idea of the defective state of that branch of the administrative; looking higher, we find the Magistracy itself still infected by the curse of "Seniority." Still there is but one punishment for unfitness, and what is worse, but one road to advancement; still a man may be as incapable as he likes without incurring punishment, the existing one of dismissal from the Service being obviously too severe for constant use; still are dilletantism, mediocrity or effeteness, the qualifications for a seat upon the Bench. While the rural police remain under the power of the village proprietors; while the mofussil amlah are so ill-qualified and ill-paid; while the people are so ill-educated that they *will* offer bribes, and will *not* bestir themselves in their own interests; little can be done for the country. But that little might be done if the members of the Civil Service underwent a more searching examination in law when entering on their duties, and then found that their professional advancement depended solely on their zeal and intelligence. Considering the large price she offers, India is entitled to a first-rate article in the way of a magistracy. We wish she may get it; moreover, the best of the Magistrates have great disadvantages. Not only are they settled in a country where solitude, low spirits, ill-health, and the climate, combine with the extreme untruthfulness of the people to render some of their work impossible, and all of it unpalatable; but they feel that (unless they are adroit and successful professors of the art of "humbug,") they will never get much reputation, either here or at home, as long as

they adhere to their own *line.* Once let them exchange the unsavoury and severe labours of Cutcherry for the elegant *far-niente* of Political employ, and they may rise to be anything, even Governors of Ceylon or Madras; otherwise their only chance is to get up a subject, swell it into a cry, organize public meetings, or if everything else fails, have recourse to the expedient of their friends Briefless and Pilgarlick in the learned professions at home, who recruited their sinking fortunes by writing a book.

Now all this *is* very disheartening to the honest, quiet, sensible man of business, who only wants to do his duty, and get his reward in the sympathy and approbation of his superiors and the public; but let not the Indian Statesman look to *that! Le bonheur vient en dormant*, and so *may* distinction to him, but he must not seek for it, or he will sink hag-ridden to the grave of the disappointed. To a man with a little capital, a little interest, and a good education, such a prospect is not encouraging; let us see what Southey said on the subject, when he, a perfectly pennyless youth, was offered his choice between a civil nomination to India, and "living by his wits" in England.

"A man who *feels*, must be in solitude there. Yet the comfort is, that your wages are certain. So many years of toil, for such a fortune at last. Is a young man wise who devotes the best years of his life to such a speculation, I think not."

Southey thought not, and he refused the appointment. Southey knew he was a clever fellow, (let him alone for that,) but he did not know all that was in him when he wrote the above. Certainly the fate of an average young man, with greater external advantages than his, is not a tempting one. And, perhaps, on the whole, a person with the *mens sana in corpore sano* is just barely justified in accepting a writership. But take away the Covenant, reduce the salaries, diminish the advantages of the Service, and you will of course get a worse, not a better class, which latter we will presume to be the object.

We will suppose the Service then as bad as it can be: our rulers must study to engage its members to zeal and honesty by motives of interest, and must set themselves seriously to enquire, whether nothing is due on their part towards removing difficulties in the path of duty, whether in the field of law or of procedure.

Now, the abstract question of Codification would seem to be of the very simplest. There can scarcely be an individual breathing, who, if he had to enter into a contract, would not choose to have it expressed in the concisest form compatible with use, and confined to one document, rather than let it spread over a variety of deeds, bonds, letters, and verbal understandings. And what is criminal law, but a contract in which society undertakes to confer on each individual protection and social benefits, he on his part engaging to surrender a certain portion of his private and personal freedom of action? And by way of sanction, in the one case as in the other, penal clauses must be introduced.

In England this has long become an admitted axiom. For

many years a commission has been labouring to bring it into practical effect. With what success we are not informed; but looking to the vast chaos of provisions, common, statute and precedental, and to the tenacious conservatism with which, like the Priests at Ephesus, the forensic hierarchy defend the great (though mysterious) Palladium, we may surmise that the progress of the English Law Commissioners is neither easy nor rapid.*

These difficulties, however, as we have hinted above, do not seem to us to beset the attempt at Codification in India. A despotic Government, which now sanctions Mahommedan Law, (the introduction of conquerors as alien as themselves) now supersedes it piecemeal, and now sweeps it away at a blow by the crude digest, (say rather *in*-digest) of Bombay, (Reg. XIV. of 1827:) such a Government cannot, we feel sure, entertain much scruple at the prospect of having to enact a good Code, cautiously framed on admitted principles, and with a view to local usage, by competent and experienced workmen. Yet we have gone on since the Indian Law Commission presented their first† report, through increasing‡ crime and groaning inadequacy, through Black Act agitation, and fifteen years' accumulation of "Constructions;" and have now reached another Charter-discussion, with plainer signs of the enactment of a Code than are to be found in §two Reports a draft on procedure, a flowery vernacular translation, and (within the last few months) an attempt|| at ascertaining the value and intelligibility of the latter work. This last token is of more significance than any of the others, and under the impression that "something is about to be done" we think our readers may like to have an idea of the Code which may be destined to form the basis of a national system of Penal Law.

In this endeavour we are baulked by the very circumstance which is its chief recommendation.

"The Code is great, because it is so small."

To attempt a detailed analysis of a work which is to contain the whole Criminal law in 130 pages would be to compress it to a degree fatal to our hopes. All we can pretend to do must therefore be to take a cursory view of the principles on which it is founded, and then leave the study of the whole to such as may feel an interest in what is likely (with, we hope, some modification) to enable every dweller in the land to know "the rule of civil conduct prescribed by the Supreme Power in the state."

The object of the Codifiers is broadly stated in an able introduction, and that object has been consistently pursued. A middle course has been traced, between the two extremes of servile adherence to existing sys-

* Before quitting the subject of the Magistracy we would direct the reader's attention to a series of articles which have lately appeared in the "*Mofussilite*," and which we have been informed, (we trust correctly) are about to be re-published in a more permanent form.

† A Penal Code, etc. etc. Calcutta, 1837.

‡ See the Statistics in Mr. G. Campbell's work.

§ Report on the Penal Code. Cal. 1846. A second ditto, Cal. 1847. Code of Procedure. Cal. 1848. Mujmooat al Jamayat.

|| Circ, Ord. S. N. A. 1852.

tems and a flashy originality, to which might easily have been sacrificed much of practical usefulness. That the path of the Codifiers has not sometimes trembled on the verge of the latter error we will not altogether deny. But surely fifteen years and an expenditure of about two hundred thousand pounds sterling might have corrected this, and have given us, what this Code is capable of becoming, a Digest of those features of *Natura ad summam producta*, which are to be found in European law, mingled with a due regard to the peculiar wants of this country, and actuated by that wise and liberal tone of thought which have characterized Anglo-Saxon Penal jurisprudence since the days of Livingston, Romilly, Mackintosh and Story.

The first chapter of the book is devoted to "General Explanations," a set of definitions to be borne in mind and generally applied, as often as the ensuing provisions have to be enforced. Such a collection has to fill a place in Indian Law at present very sadly bolstered up by the timid technicalities of the Sudder Courts. Thus for instance the distinction which has so long been the terror of Indian Magistrates, between British subjects and *European* British subjects, one moreover of which the *onus* rests with the Courts, and often paralyzes their energies. Again, in the imaginary case stated in Section 4. A. (call him a Jailer having charge of the body of Z., a prisoner,) neglects to feed Z., and likewise beats him. It appears in evidence that these two causes combined to lead to Z.'s death. The accused (A.) pleads that he was mad at the time, and claims exception under Sec. 67, which says that nothing is an offence which a person does in consequence of being mad or delirious at the time of doing it. On turning to the definitions the Judge finds that the words "to do a thing includes omissions as well as acts, and that where an act and an omission have combined to cause an effect which is an offence, the causing it partly by the Act and the omission is one and the same offence." He therefore will decide that A. has committed "voluntary culpable homicide" (wilful murder,) unless it be proved that he really was out of his mind at the time. These seem commonplace matters, but the statement of them will save a world of unintelligible and contradictory "constructions," constructions too which would have to emanate from the inferior and questionable authority of a judicial body instead of from the Supreme Power of the Legislative Government.

Next come punishments, to which we shall allude presently.

In the chapter which follows ("General Exceptions,") a delicate difficulty presented itself to the Commissioners. Generally speaking, a man who recklessly commits an act which he knows is likely to cause death to others, is treated by them with exactly the same severity as if he had *intended* to cause death; only to introduce the important principle of strict truthfulness into indictments and pleadings, they do not (as is the case in English law) make the somewhat violent presumption, that a man *intends* to do that which he knows his act is likely to cause; but instead, they specifically include him in the same

penalty. Immediately arises, in the opinion of the Commissioners, the necessity of excepting those who take life by means they knew likely to cause death, but yet which they intended in good faith to the patient, such as a surgeon who "loses" a person on whom he has operated for the stone, or a sportsman who shoots his friend in an attempt to rescue him from the grasp of a tiger. And these cases of death caused voluntarily, yet in good faith, they exempt from punishment by specially allowing them to pass where there has been *no intention to cause death*, and where the other party was consenting. Unless indeed he be not in a position to give consent; as an infant, a maniac, a person stunned by a fall. With reference specially to the latter clause it may perhaps be argued that the absence of *intention** is the essence of the innocence; and, where consent is impossible, must still be the only criterion; but inasmuch as the explanation in the Code removes fiction, and furnishes physical tests for the intention as far as such tests are available, it was consistent with the principles of the Commissioners to expand and give certainty to the presumptions and vague moral inferences of the English law. Again, with regard to "Self-defence" the Commissioners really seem to have taken a moderate line; and this part of their labours, which has given themselves the most trouble and the least satisfaction is, not unnaturally among the best pieces of speculative reasoning in the Code. The principle is that no greater force should be justified in the person attacked than is necessary to repel the attack, a principle involving moral considerations, and therefore necessarily likely to give a great deal of trouble to the Judges, though in strict accordance with the Digest of the English Criminal Law framed by Her Majesty's Commissioners. In so far, however, as these moral refinements tend to cramp and bind the Judge, and favour the punishment of innocence, or the acquittal of guilt, (of which none but the Judge can possibly take cognizance, in special cases), we view them as objectionable; and shall briefly recur to the subject hereafter, in connection with the subject of Magisterial discretion.

In the meantime we would suggest that the great difficulty seems to be in the different sorts of people comprehended in this vast Empire, some of whom require to be encouraged to a manly line of defence against gang-robbers and other offenders, who totally defy the present capabilities of the police, while other classes, like the Rajpoots and the Aheers, cannot be too rigidly excluded from every loop-hole which may lead them to an escape, from the consequences of their constant habit of carrying arms, and using them on the slightest provocation. With regard to the exemption from punishment of a master who moderately corrects his slave, as he would undoubtedly be justified in correcting a scholar or a son, it should seem to depend on whether slavery be or be not an insti-

* It may even be said of such cases that the Surgeon, Sportsman, etc. do *not* think their act likely to cause death, inasmuch as without their act death was certain, and to have *omitted* it might have been of the nature of *murder*: if this view be correct, how dangerous these illustrations may become!

tution recognized by law in British India. But as a step towards doing away, with an anomalous and unjust relation between man and man, it may be as well, as the Commissioners propose, that a slave, in a Criminal Court, should have precisely the same position and rights as his master. In the note on this chapter there follows a good deal of special pleading, more applicable to Mr. Macaulay's experience of servants in London, and perhaps his "grooms and bearers in Calcutta," than to the bulk of Indian householders. Not being slaves, servants here only work "because their master makes it worth their while." "There is no third way; a labourer who is actuated neither by the hope of wages nor the fear of stripes will not work at all, Scarcely any labourer would be spurred to constant and vigorous exertion by the dread of a legal process." But we could tell Mr. Macaulay of many abnormal cases, such as large up-country stations, especially in the Hills, where *both* stripes *and* wages are resorted to, and yet where servants will not only not work, but will "strike," and institute confederacies to prevent others taking service with the employer who refuses compliance with their laziness, Had Mr. Macaulay never heard of Regulation VII. of 1819? We believe the Magistrates in the Hills know something too much of this very disagreeable matter. We have in a previous number (S. M., Vol. I. No. VII. p. 433) suggested the establishment of Registration Offices for servants at the large stations both in Hills and Plains; for looking to the native character and the lavish way in which recommendatory chits are given in the last relentful moment of parting with a servant, we cannot say that we think the state of the law or its proposed amendment are either of them sufficient to give the employer a proper controul over his servants.

The only remaining portion of the Code which we have here space to notice is the Chapter of "Punishments."

These are as follows:—

I.—Death.

II.—Transportation.

III.—Imprisonment, rigorous and simple.

IV.—Banishment from the territories of the E. I. Company.

V.—Forfeiture of Property.

VI.—Fine.

Of these IV. and V. are punishments of an extraordinary and purely political nature. A powerful leader of disaffection to the Government may occasionally be prevented from arriving at any overt act of treason by being removed for a season from the sphere of his unpromising exertions; the forfeiture of property is a means of punishing resistance to our arms, which is already very well known under the name of "annexation," to various classes of the "Anglo-Saxon family," and in India on the "*væ victis*" principle may be considered mild enough.

With regard to Death, we venture to record our humble protest against its being retained in this country. It appears to us that those who vindicate the sanctity of human life, (and the one case of wilful murder is the only one in which the preparers of the Code are disposed to sanction capital punishment) are above all men bound to admit that the

taking away of life can only be defended on the ground of its preventing a greater evil. If human life be this sacred thing, it is of course to be protected—not by the elsewhere repudiated *lex talionis*, but by that punishment, be it what it may, which is best calculated to restrain individuals from attempting its destruction: not by a *lex talionis*, because, other things equal, it is an evident absurdity to familiarize men's minds with the spectacle of the very action you are attempting to put down. Now whatever may be said of the moral effect of the executions in England—we doubt whether any one acquainted with the creeds, moral and religious, of the people of this country, will maintain that they are likely to be most, if at all, deterred from murder, by the sight of a hanged murderer, or by the certainty (supposing it existed) that a murderer would be hanged. Will any one, who has witnessed an execution in this country, gainsay the general truthfulness of the following remarks, founded on the report of a native Magistrate in the South of India.

"The people collected by idle curiosity, or by that inclination for spectacles, of any kind, which characterizes Indians, sympathize with the expiring criminal, as a sacrifice to fate purified by the extreme unction of the ruling power;—and the lamentable scene closes with an interchange of civilities between the spectators and the dying culprit."*

What is wanting to this picture we will endeavour to supply. After giving every assistance to the binding of his hands and other preliminaries, the culprit respectfully requests to be allowed to *hang himself* rather than endure the pollution of a low caste touch. Foiled in this wish, he sets all right with a lusty cry of "Ram Ram," and makes his exit, according to temperament, sometimes in apathy, often in high spirits.

And after all there remains a point often urged by the Abolitionists at home, but fraught with a terrible specialty for India. We allude to the exceeding profligacy on the subject of means to an end, which seems common to police and people. As long as these two agree to think no sin of "getting up" a case of murder to suit their own purposes, no wonder the Sudder should dread to have recourse to an irrevocable sentence; which after all, has been executed, who shall say how many times, upon an entirely innocent man.

On the head of transportation there is nothing to be observed. The Code takes the strictest view of the necessity of its being perpetual—for Life. A number of convicts returning from beyond the Black-water would go far, very far, to remove the moral effect of this punishment, at present so much more efficacious than that of death, and therefore used with Sudder Court logic as a mitigation!

On the subject of imprisonment, it is remarked by the authors, that whenever a Code of Prison Discipline shall be brought into operation, which, without shocking the humane feelings of the community may yet be a ter-

* Second Report, p. 169—Mr. A. D. Campbell's opinion.

ror to the most hardened among them, it will be advisable greatly to shorten many of the terms awarded. To this we may add that the reduction of the terms may also not be ineffectual if prison discipline is to be reduced to a system of cocoa, light-literature and dilettante-manufacturing; if matters go on much farther in their present course we shall have to alter the old proverb: it will be *better* to be "lagged for a sheep than a lamb," inasmuch as the fortunate perpetrator of the greater atrocity will be provided with the *agrémens* of life for a longer period than his less daring neighbour.

Coming to Fine we have some masterly and very searching arguments on the propriety of treating the non-payer of a fine "as a debtor, and a debtor not entitled to any peculiar lenity;" and it is recommended that he be imprisoned, with a reserved right still to levy the fine, subject to the English statute of limitations. For six years therefore property concealed or subsequently acquired, by one who has been so fined and imprisoned will remain liable to distraint: the imprisonment being of course only for a short and definite period. So that the criminal debtor is after all better off than the civil debtor, the State more lenient than the individual creditor. We think this provision, on a short examination, will strike the reader as very satisfactory. Under the present system a person has his option* of one of two punishments; and of course takes the one he likes best. If he is a wise man he will choose the tranquil retirement of jail; when he commits a further wrong upon an outraged community by living at their expense during the period of his confinement. We should like to see added to Mr. Macaulay's provision, a clause giving the Magistrate discretion to allot labour, in all these cases, with a further power of imposing in slight cases, a small pecuniary commutation sufficient for the prisoner's "Keep."

Again, the principle is introduced of adding to the public amends extorted from an offender a sort of civil satisfaction to the person who has been the immediate sufferer by his crime. This is a dangerous door to open to the frequenters of Indian Courts; and we are glad to see that Mr. J. W. Maltby, of the Madras Civil Service, has drawn the attention of the framers of the second Report to the precise danger.

Take two cases. First, suppose A. and Z. have a disputed claim to certain property, which is in Z.'s possession. Under the existing system A. would have to lodge a complaint in the Civil

* This very option, by the way, is left in the Code in the very most prejudicial of all forms, viz. in cases of rich men who prefer paying any fine to going to Jail. *These are exactly the people who ought to be sent to Jail*, if Mr. Hardwicke's sentence in the case of Capt. Somerset is to be taken for anything more than a concession to popular prejudice. It should seem that the way to meet such cases would have been opened, if the framers of the Code had never allowed fine (in Criminal Cases) except conjointly with imprisonment; or at any rate had left the Magistrate sufficient discretion to enable him always to refuse giving the alternative. If a wealthy landholder carries off a poor cultivator, keeps him a week in confinement, half-starved, and then perhaps beats or tortures him till he signs some document, it is worse than idle to allow the Magistrate to offer him his option of going to prison, or paying any fine short of absolute ruin. True, it would be a severe punishment which would induce the Zemindar to prefer such an alternative, but *we want a severe punishment*. One such case would probably be the last. The men so sensitive of their own "izzut" would learn to respect that of their lowly brethren.

Court, and go to some expense before he got his rights. But under the proposed rule, he would come boldly into the Magistrate's Cutcherry, bring half a dozen witnesses to prove that Z. robbed him (with or without violence, as the case may be, or his conscience dictate) and in addition to getting back his property, enjoy the sweet satisfaction of seeing his presumptuous opponent road-making in all the splendour of Government bangles.

Or let A. be a pawnbroker, (as the Mathematicians have it), who has appropriated to his own use certain articles deposited in pledge with him. Here is a magnificent opportunity. Let him "make it all right" with the Police, (we believe the thing can be done somehow), and trump up a case of theft against his neighbour, any body; saying that he took the property out of his shop. Here, in addition to the motive at present existing, to get up a false case against an enemy, he has the far stronger temptation of interest to lead him on in the hope that the property of the accused will yield him *at least* the value of the missing article, for which he could never otherwise have accounted to his constituent.

We may be answered that the Magistrates have as it is the *power* of holding the property of criminals convicted of theft, responsible for the purpose of indemnification, But it is only in cases of very singular clearness and altogether peculiar complexion that a wise Magistrate would venture on using this power, and the discretion thus reposed is all we are contending for. It is an old complaint against the Code, and we must say, we think a correct one, that it is too jealous, too chary of discretion, some degree of which must, after all, be left. No Code the world would contain could be framed so as to meet every possible complication, because the changes are endless. It is particularly apparent, the tendency we allude to, in the variety of illustrations with which the Code is studded, all of which are to have the force of law. Nothing can make a law-book more entertaining to the general reader, certainly, than to watch the fluctuating fortunes of A. and Z., the heroes of the Code. A. is one day the master of unbounded wealth, lolling at his ease, while his chariot wheels inconvenience poor Z., a pedestrian cotemporary; turn the page, and you find Z., a powerful man, well-armed, putting A. to death for forcible entry into his tenement. But the perpetual attempt to fetter the judgment of the Magistrate is to the last degree frivolous and vexatious; as a notable instance we may just allude once more to the rules laid down for the treatment of cases of homicide in defence of life and property. A Judge who cannot distinguish between this sort of manslaughter and murder, is a knave or a fool, who will certainly break out some day, chain him as you will.

Such is a brief outline of the Code's general characteristics. A system of pleading and procedure has since been added, of which we have only to remark, that it is a workable amalgamation of the present state of things, which is as much as its framers, as sensible reformers, could wish to have said of their work. It may, however, be right to observe that the distinction between the 1st and 2nd

Class Courts is not altogether as plain as could be wished, one comprising the Courts of Magistrates, and the other those of officers *exercising the full powers of a Magistrate:* and that there is no mention, that we have been able to discover, of either of the important questions of Stamps or of Appeals.

And now, it may be asked, why has nothing as yet been done by the legislature towards availing themselves of these various labours? The apparent indifference must proceed, we should think, either from that lukewarmness on the subject of Criminal Law some times attributed to a Government which pays its salt taxers' myrmidons at a higher rate than its Police Constables; or it must be founded on distrust of the men from whom the Code originally emanated.

To a person unacquainted with the Code, it might appear that the latter feeling was one which might be naturally entertained. The names appended to the Code consist of those of three persons but little known beyond the orbit of local "bigwiggism," headed by that of the well-known literary juggler, who has so recently turned the political history of the great revolution into a brilliant rhetorical romance. At first sight then it might appear that Messrs. T. B. Macaulay, J. M. Macleod, G. W. Anderson, and F. Millet would not be the best men to entrust with the preparation of a Penal Code. The three "big-wigs" were, we may presume, swamped in Mr. Macaulay, and Mr. Macaulay's Indian career is reported to have been principally devoted to the inhabiting a closely-shut up mansion in Chowringhee, whence natives were carefully excluded, and where he employed himself chiefly in writing articles for the "*Edinburgh Review.*"

But such is the power of learning, ability, and the continued mental-discipline which must have been superadded to make the Cambridge scholar of '22, into the spontaneously elected of Edinburgh, in the present Parliament, that he has produced a work which (though ignored by the Board of Control) has been honoured by the approbation of Queen's and Company's Judges, the *imprimatur* of the sagacious and experienced Colonel Sleeman, and the querulous censure of Mr. Norton, the Advocate General of the Madras Supreme Court.

We have all along considered this Code as the work of Mr. Macaulay. We have given above the "moral evidences;" let us add that nothing short of actual inspection of the M. S. S. shall convince us that the pen of G. M. Macleod, or F. Millet, or even the Governor of Ceylon, (whom we probably recognize in G. Anderson, above named,) or that of any one but the author of the contributions on Clive and Warren Hastings, ever produced such sentences as the following:—

"The East India Company was during a long course of years, in theory at least, under two masters. It was subject to the King of England. It was subject also to the Great Mogul. It derived its corporate existence from the British Parliament. It held its territorial possessions by a grant from the Court of Delhie ....A great change has indeed taken place since the grant of the Dewannee of the lower

provinces to the Company, but it has taken place so gradually that, though it would be absurd to deny that the natives of India are now subjects of His Majesty, it would be impossible to point out the particular time when they became so."*

Yes, they are now British subjects, and it is high time their political education were stimulated by their being admitted to equal laws with their white brethren. The Black Act agitation of 1850 had its temporary success. Conscious of weakness in the present state of criminal law, the Indian Government shrank from the responsibility of subjecting English residents to a system which was yet esteemed good enough for the millions to whom our first duty is owing. Believing it to be a great injustice to the people to devote any part of their money to conferring special privileges upon strangers, and a singular disadvantage to the Courts by depriving them of the publicity and ventilation they must necessarily require, we anxiously look forward to the introduction of a plain and sufficient Code of this sort. The opposition to the Black Acts originally was not formidable, proceeding entirely from the classes whose only interest in the question was pecuniary,—viz. the lawyers and trades-people of Calcutta,—while the Mofussil Papers, without an exception, were clamorous *for* the Law. And it is idle to reply that those Papers were the organs of the Civil Service, for in the first place the Civilians are not above 10 per cent of their readers; and secondly, we cannot conceive that any Civilian, who has had any thing whatever to do with the "European British subject," will voluntarily come in contact with that remarkable, unreasonable, and troublesome customer. We repeat our opinion, that if the defective state of the law were amended, and all superfluous form, doubt, and delay unsparingly removed, not an argument would remain for the present divided and perplexed system of judicature; faults of administration there would remain, especially in the Police, but we are very much mistaken if they would long withstand the storms of honest indignation that would assuredly blow upon them from the four corners of Heaven, under the auspices of the self-governing and energetic sons of our "right little, tight little, Island."

* Code. Note C., P. 27.

THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The sun rose upon a sad scene, on the 28th of May, two hundred years ago. The once splendid and luxurious city of Constantinople had been beleaguered by the forces of the son of Amurath for upwards of thirty days. By sea and by land the indefatigable enemies of the Cross strained every nerve and exhausted every artifice that military genius could suggest, to lay low the standard of Christianity, and plant the Crescent in its place. The trembling citizens and the awe-struck garrison looked forth from their tottering walls upon a countless host of warriors, one and all bent on the destruction of the doomed city. The swarthy Turk and the hardy Albanian fought side by side in the ranks of an ambitious Prince and a powerful despot. The half savage Bedouins heard, even in the midst of their lonely deserts, the sounds of war, and hurried to join the ranks of Islam, and satiate their thirst for plunder. Their high-spirited, yet docile steeds, bounded under the weight of their wild riders, and neighed, in answer to the sound of the harsh trumpet, as if war were sport, and battle a festive scene. Every city, every village every desert, from the Euphrates to the Bosphorus, had sent the sons of the soil to swell the army of the invader, and where religious fanaticism had grown cool, the scourge or the sword of the executioner performed its work. Plunder was the reward to every brave soldier in the Turkish army, and the fate of the coward or traitor was torture or death. And against such a foe, Constantinople, the bulwark of Christianity as it was considered, had nothing to oppose but a small garrison of six thousand men. The fears and wavering counsels of the authorities in the city would long ago have purchased life for its inhabitants at the expense of freedom, but happily for the glory of the Roman name, the man who held the sceptre of the East was worthy of the best days of Rome itself. The last Constantine, one of the most noble, if not the noblest of his race, was born to give the last spark of glory to the dying embers of Roman fame.

During the whole of the 28th of May an unusual state of things seemed to prevail throughout the Turkish camp. Before that the attempts of the enemy had never slackened for a moment. The gunboats or galleys of the Ottoman Emperor, which had been brought by the most wonderful and almost incredible exertion of genius and power into the upper harbour, and moored close to the walls of the city, poured forth incessantly their volleys of darts, arrows, and stones, while the heavy batteries that surrounded the walls on the other side kept up an unceasing fire from the heavy guns and engines of destruction. The genius of war had given the knowledge of the use of gun-powder to its worthy sons. But on the day alluded to, the fire of the besiegers was far less constant than before; indeed at times it occasionally ceased, while considerable

commotion was observed in the further part of the enemy's camp in the direction of the Emperor's pavilion. At times when the noise of firing ceased, the sounds of distant music were borne upon the breeze. The wretched inhabitants looked, listened, and wondered. Some with anxious faces and high beating hearts asked if the dreaded foe were tired of the siege, and ventured to indulge a hope that they might yet escape. Others speculated on the cause of this unusual aspect of affairs, and accounted for it by supposing that the Ottoman Emperor was celebrating a marriage or some great anniversary. While more experienced men pointed to the fatal breach already made in their walls, too large, alas! to be repaired, and asked with a sad smile if the enemy were likely to retire, and leave such a breach behind them. The citizens were standing about in groups, discussing their sad prospects, and giving vent to their gloomy fears, or newly-raised hopes; women might be seen at the windows and balconies of the houses, pressing their children to their trembling bosoms, and straining their eyes and ears to catch, if possible, a sign of hope, or to satisfy their curiosity, even if that satisfaction were to be their doom; while ever and anon the steady tramp of a party of foot soldiers marching along the almost deserted streets to relieve their weary comrades at the gates, or on the walls, attracted the attention of the speculating multitude. The time dragged its weary length along, till at the hour of noon a great bustle took place at the eastern gate. The wicket was opened by order of the officer on duty there, and a man in Turkish dress admitted. Not a word was spoken, not a question asked, and the wicket was closed again; but where was the new-comer? he was out of sight in a moment; in breathless haste he rushed along the streets, pushed aside, or threw down every thing that opposed his way, or offered to delay his hurrying footsteps. The astonished foot passengers turned to gaze after him, but again he had turned the corner, and was out of sight. At length he neared the palace. The Emperor's guards drew aside to make way. Not a question was asked him. Unchallenged he hurried past the sentries, rushed rather than ran up the broad marble staircase, bounded along the splendid gallery, nor stopped to admire the noble works of art that flanked the walls (now, alas! covered with dust;) not even the respect due to the Emperor's presence caused him to stand at the threshold of his sanctum. He burst the door rudely open, and threw himself at the Emperor's feet.

He was about to open his long closed lips, but Constantine stopped, as he was pacing impatiently up and down the apartment, and made a sign to him to be silent. He then led the way into an inner apartment, followed by the still breathless messenger, closed the door, and by a sign directed his companion to speak.

He spoke, but his words were brief,—indeed it was with difficulty he spoke at all.

"To-morrow—the assault," was all he said.

"Enough," said Constantine, "now leave me."

And what a sight greeted the messenger as he descended the palace staircase, and appeared at

the gate. It seemed as if the whole of Constantinople had rushed to that one spot, bent on one all-exciting, all-absorbing object of interest—"the news." Like the noise of the surging billow, as it recedes from a cave by the sea-shore, after dashing itself furiously against the pebbly strand, and striving to reach its furthest, it rolls back again into the depth of the ocean, foaming and hissing, and drags with it the loose rounded stones, the murmur of human voices arose from that anxious crowd. In one voice, in one word, in one note, the whole mass demanded the news.

Again the messenger's lips opened, and never did talisman operate more powerfully than the magic words he uttered—"To-morrow—the assault."

In one instant the words were in a thousand mouths, and uttered and repeated by the thousand lips; the crowd gradually separated; some wept, some laughed, but it was the demon laugh of nothing but despair.

And where was the last of the Constantines? He was not seen for full three hours after: for three hours he knelt before the throne of that God from whom alone he could ask succour. He no longer dared to hope, but he scorned to despair, and arose from his knees determined to act the part of a Christian Emperor and a brave soldier, to do his best in defence of his life, his throne, his people, and then to suffer as it pleased the will of God.

That night besiegers and besieged lay down to pass a sleepless interval of a few hours before the dawn of day recalled them to their work of death.

It had been dark about an hour, when a small galley, rowed by a single pair of oars, neared the shore of the Bosphorus. There were two people in the boat, one rowed, while the other sat in the stern, and directed the galley's course. They had chosen a deserted spot to land; it was a small creek, too shallow to allow the approach of any of the Ottoman galleys. Small though they were, the shore was rugged, and the ascent steep, so much so that the Turks, knowing how easily a handful of men might hold the place against a host, had never attempted to effect a landing there. Between the shore and the city walls there was a space of some hundred yards, which was occupied by gardens, once beautiful, now neglected. The strangers moored their boat to the shore, silently but speedily, when one, addressing a few words in a low voice to his companion, stepped lightly on the shore, and climbed, or rather scrambled up, the rocky ascent. He then made his way through the shrubberies and deserted groves of the garden till he approached the city wall; here there was a small door just visible in the massive wall; it was concealed by bushes and shrubs, and though it bore no great appearance of having been for any length of time disused, the shrubs had been allowed to grow over it in such a way as to render it invisible to any one who was unaware of its existence, and of the exact spot in which it was placed. The stranger crept under the leafy boughs of the bushes, and appeared to examine the door attentively. He then returned, and seating himself

on the ground, at the foot of a large tree that grew near the spot, gave himself up to reflection. He was dressed in Turkish costume, but his features had more of the Greek than the Asiatic in them. A rich turban of Indian fabric encircled his head; but round his waist there was nothing but a jewelled sword-belt, the carved Persian scimitar being by his side, and a dagger of Damascus steel rested in an enamelled sheath fixed in the waist-belt. His features were of the Roman cast, his eyes dark and piercing, his complexion was bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind, and the firm appearance of his athletic and muscular frame might speak of martial exercises, or deeds of prowess in the battle field.

The stranger had not to wait long; before he had been there half an hour, he was roused from reverie by the sound of the door beneath the shrubbery opening. He started to his feet, and then remained standing in an attitude of the deepest attention. The next moment the branches of the over-hanging bushes were thrust quietly aside, and a female figure appeared.

"Helena!" said the stranger, in a scarcely audible whisper.

"Justinian!" replied the lady in reply.

"This way," said the youth, still speaking in a whisper, and led the way, followed by the lady, through the dense shrubberies with which the garden was filled; they pushed aside the leaves and branches stealthily and cautiously, and made their way towards the shore, till, on arriving on a more open space, about fifty yards from the city wall, the youth turned and said:

"Here, Helena, I think we may speak in safety; and first let me thank you from my heart for granting me this interview. Hassan, I see, was faithful. Helena, my ——."

He tried to take the lady's hand, but she drew back.

"No, Justinian," she said, "we meet not here as lovers. I came here at your request, in memory of that vow we once made, but I come not as the lady of your love. You must have some great object in thus hazarding your life to obtain an interview with me; what that object is, be quick, and speak; time is precious now, and I know not how long it may be before we are interrupted here."

"What, Helena! have you so soon forgotten those vows that we exchanged here in this very spot but two short years ago? You have long since learned that those calumnies you put faith in were false."

"And have you too, Justinian, forgotten that you have deserted your religion and country, and even drawn your sword against the city of your birth?"

"True, fair lady, I have deserted my country, because my country and my country's laws deserted me, but I have not deserted my religion. I may be called an outcast, but I am not a renegade. Nay, Helena, hear me. My life was plotted against, and almost sacrificed too, to the jealousy of a licentious rival. My name was dishonoured, my character calumniated, my dearest hopes blasted for ever. I sought protection from the laws, they gave me none. I claimed protection from the Emperor. I was spurned from his presence by menaces and blows, and because I

took refuge, in the only refuge offered me, because I consented to receive the bare necessaries of life from a Mussulman Prince, you make me a deserter and a renegade. Is this fair? Ah, Helena, did you really love me as you once said you did, you would find excuse for me."

"True, you had cause to resent the injustice done you, but this does not justify your leaguing yourself with the Moslem to overthrow the bulwark of Christendom. Oh, Justinian, Justinian! I adjure you by the memory of our former love, by the memory of those days when our young and loving hearts beat high in the hope of a happy future; I adjure you by all the most sacred tenets of the faith of your father, by the altar before which we have knelt side by side—renounce your evil course. I know what you would say, that it is too late, but it is not too late. It is too late to look for the happiness we once so fondly dreamed of in this wretched world, but it is not too late to look for it in the world beyond the grave."

"Alas! my Helena, I came here for a far different object than that of thus hearing your sweet voice entreat me to do impossibilities. Do you know it, to-morrow, nay this night, Constantinople is doomed, doomed, and every thing, every being, man, woman and child within its walls? Do not allow yourself to be buoyed up by false hopes; to-morrow the city must fall, and then what will be your fate. Ah, you cannot think of it without shuddering! I have come here to-night to warn you—and not only to warn you, but to entreat, to beseech you to save yourself. I have the means of flight at hand. Come with me; trust yourself to me, and I will convey you beyond reach of harm. If you refuse to-night, I shall be powerless to-morrow, for what arm or what authority can restrain the violence, or curb the passions of licentious savages?"

"Enough, Justinian; I know all; I have thought long and sadly, and prayed long and fervently for strength to submit to the will of God: after all, death must soon come to put an end to all mental sufferings. I have already lost all that can make life dear to me; my beloved parent has gone to her long home; and there is but one thing that will embitter my last moments, it is the thought that you, my once loved Justinian, are leagued with the enemies of our country and religion. Oh that you could, before it was too late, repair that fatal error of your life."

"And my vengeance?"

"Vengeance, against whom?"

"Against the Emperor. Against my country."

"Alas, your country has already suffered, and the Emperor! Constantine, the idol of all hearts, the bravest soldier in all Christendom, one who will ———, but hark, what is that!"

The bushes were thrust aside, and Hassan, the Turkish slave, made his appearance. He addressed his master in language unintelligible to Helena.

"Be quick, my master, there is not a moment to lose; the Emir of Damascus is but a hundred yards from the shore, and has a large force with him; they come to occupy this ground in readiness for to-morrow; you must conceal yourself and this fair lady here;

it is impossible to escape by water now."

Justinian's fears were aroused; it would have been as bad for him to be discovered by the Turks as to be taken by the Greeks. It was no time for discussion; their only safety lay in action. "Follow me," said Helena, as soon as she understood the nature of the danger. "I will save your life, though it be to add another to the numberless enemies of my country."

They heard the Ottoman sailors mooring the galleys to the shore as they reached the secret door from which Helena had emerged; it closed behind them, and they were in temporary safety. A narrow stone staircase with a vaulted roof conducted them into the palace of John Demetrius, the Emperor's Master of the Horse, and Helena's father.

THE night had not far advanced before the Ottoman camp was wrapt in slumber and repose. The motley crowd of warriors had lain down to rest their weary limbs before the morning sun should recall them to their labours. The silence of the night was only broken by the occasional discharge of artillery from the batteries that was kept up at intervals to shew the enemy that the Turkish soldiers were still on the alert. The solitary sentinels paced to and fro along their accustomed beat, and meditated, as they kept watch, on the share of plunder they would receive from the sack of the wealthy city. The encampment of each tribe was formed in a semi-circle around the tent of its chief, who received his orders from the Emperor, and communicated them to his subordinates. The post of honour had been allotted to the Emperor's favorite, Prince Aga Mahomed. His tent was pitched in front of the breach that was destined to be stormed the next morning. But few were admitted to the Emperor's counsels, and none in that enormous host yet knew the plan of attack. It had been kept secret between the Emperor and his Vizir; all felt that a master spirit was guiding and directing the movements of the whole, and none had any feeling save of implicit reliance on their sovereign's ability to carry out the designs of his ambitious mind.

Aga Mahomed was an aged Prince. He had fought under the banners of Amurath, the Emperor's father, and had played with the Emperor himself when a child. He it was who first taught the youthful sovereign the use of arms, and instructed him in martial exercises. And now, though near sixty summers had passed over his head, and his flowing beard was as white as snow, his arms were still able to strike, and his head to guide the counsels of those who came to him for advice. The Prince had dismissed his attendants and lain down on his couch to snatch, if possible, a little slumber, when the sound of a horse's feet approaching the pavilion reached his ear. He started up and seized his arms. At that hour of night who could it be that came to rouse the veteran? The sentries challenged the horseman. "From the Emperor," was the reply: the next minute the foaming steed stood panting at the Prince's tent.

"A summons from the Emperor, my lord," said the messenger, as soon as Aga Mahomed presented himself. "He awaits your arrival in his pavilion."

Day and night a charger stood ready saddled in the Prince's stud. The horse was brought; and as nimbly as if he were a youth, the veteran leapt into his seat. Away, away, rode the chief, followed by the royal messenger. "To the Emperor," was the response given to each sentinel. A solitary light burning in the royal pavilion guided their course through the dark night and the slumbering camp, and in a short time they reined in their steeds at the door of the pavilion.

The Emperor was alone with his Vizir. A handsome candelabrum was suspended from the summit of the tent, and threw its light upon a large map or plan of the city of Constantinople, that lay open on the ground. The Emperor was reclining on a carpet, and looking attentively at the map before him. The Vizir stood at a few paces distant, in a posture of respect.

"Welcome, noble Aga," said Mahomet, as the aged chief presented himself. "I am sorry to have disturbed your rest, but we much need your counsel. What think you, can we trust the young Greek Justinian to lead the advance to-morrow? The breach will be stormed in an hour, or at the most two, and as soon as our troops make good their entrance, we must have some one well acquainted with the intricacies of this enormous city to lead an advance, otherwise the troops will lose themselves, and perhaps fall into some hidden snare."

Aga Mahomed was silent for a short time; a slight trembling in the hand might have been observed as he raised it to stroke down his flowing beard. He was about to utter distasteful words, and that in the presence of a stern and ruthless tyrant. The emotion, however, was scarcely perceptible.

"Alas, sovereign Lord of Islam! your aged slave has lived to mourn over his birth," replied the veteran. "I grieve to say it, but the Greek youth is no longer with me."

"Ha!" cried the Emperor, starting to his feet. "And have you lived to harbour a traitor—a double traitor? Have you dared to disobey my orders? Did I not tell you, false chief, the day you brought the villain here, that he would play this trick upon us? Did I not caution you to beware of him? Did I not command you never to let him go from the precincts of the camp? By the soul of my father Amurath, thy life shall pay the forfeit."

"Most noble sovereign," replied the chief, "your Majesty's slaves have been trained so well under the banners of the Ottoman that they fear not death. My days are already nearly numbered; already is Azrael stretching his dark wings to come to me; your slave's life, most noble son of Amurath, has been hitherto spent in your service; what more remains; if it is your Majesty's pleasure I will die content. Yet, my lord, when the question is asked at the Judgment, who spilt the blood of the aged Aga Mahomed, let not the answer be—Mahomet the second, the son of Amurath. The swords of the Greeks shall accomplish your slave's destruction."

"Ay, truly!" returned the Emperor with a sneer. "Ay,

truly, and thou too wilt play the traitor."

"Thanks, my Lord; thy words have removed the last sting that could make death feared. Aga Mahomed has lived to be called traitor by the Prince he once fondled in his arms: now summon the executioner."

"Traitor! did I call thee traitor!" said Mahomet, pacing rapidly up and down the pavilion. "No, by the Prophet I did not mean to call thee traitor; thou art careless, careless," he repeated, pausing in his hurried walk, and staring fiercely in the chieftain's face. "Careless, I would rather have had my right hand cut off and singed with a hot iron than that I should have been the dupe of a dastard Greek: a thousand pieces of gold for the traitor's head, a thousand pieces of gold shall be the reward I will give for the cur's head, and the fairest province in my empire."

"Will the Emperor of the Universe listen to his slave's words?" replied the undaunted veteran. "I know well the principal streets of the city. I crave the honour of leading the advance; let me be the first to mount the breach; if I fall, your Majesty's anger is avenged; if I succeed in winning my way, I will guide the conquering troops of Islam straight to the palace of the Cæsars, and there, as now my life is in your Majesty's hands, to sacrifice or to spare."

"Be it so," said the Emperor, "and recollect, one thousand pieces of gold for any one who will bring me the young Greek, dead or alive: better alive, and I will feast my eyes on seeing how he bears torture: if a noble, the fairest province in my dominions shall recompense him. Now go; my orders will be conveyed to you to-morrow: when they reach you, mount the breach, and listen, my orders are to kill these Christian dogs. Not one of the buildings is to be touched, but the men and women, they are the slaves of any who may choose to take them."

There was a gathering that night in the palace of the Cæsars, but not such a gathering as there was wont to be. Those walls that had so often listened to the scoffing jest, the ribald song, or the words of flattery and pride, now heard lessons of far other import. The miserable remnant of Constantinople's chivalry, miserable in point of numbers, but strong still in valour and determination, here met to hold counsel for the last time. Grey-headed warriors and noble youths sat side by side in that solemn council chamber, and deliberated for the last time on the means of defence yet within their power. There was but one in all that assembly who dared, in the presence of the Great Constantine, to name the word—surrender; and he was a Romish priest, who had come on a vain mission to seek the reconcilement of the Greek and Latin churches. But the words were scarce out of his mouth ere they were drowned in the universal cry of dissent that arose from the conclave of warriors. Surrender to the Ottoman was synonymous with slavery, and slavery was worse than death. Yet it was the fate of many.

They met not there on that fatal night to discuss the question of surrender, but to settle how they could best meet the tremendous attack that was expected on

the morrow. They had yet another purpose.

Conscious that all hope from human succour was in vain, and anxious perhaps to stimulate to the very utmost, by making use of the stringent feelings that agitate the human breast, the exertions of his subjects for their last struggle, Constantine had ordered that a solemn religious procession, consisting of all the Priests, accompanied by the inmates of the monasteries and convents in the city, should perambulate the streets at dead of night, chaunting the penitential psalms. At the palace the procession was to be joined by all the leaders and officers in the small garrison now reduced to a feeble remnant, and headed by the Emperor in person. It was then to proceed to the Church of St. Sophia, where divine service was to be performed, and the last sacrament of the Church administered, with all the pomp and ceremony that could be shown, and while the prayers of the Church were being offered up for the safety of the city, the Emperor and his band of warriors would consecrate their swords and devote their lives to the deliverance of the bulwark of Christendom.

As the sounds of the solemn chant reached his ears, Constantine broke up the assembly, and repaired to the palace gate. He was followed thither by his nobles.

At first faint and low, gradually increasing in strength, as the procession neared the palace, and at length sounding in full force as it came in sight, the solemn notes of the "Miserere" fell on their ears. First appeared the Priests walking four abreast, headed by the Patriarch in full canonical dress; each priest bore a large torch in his right hand, and their slow and solemn steps kept pace with the notes of the sacred chant: after them came the monks from monasteries, clad each in the dress of his own order; then came the religious virgins in long white dresses, as if it were the first day of their novitiate, and following them came another band of virgins, the beauty and pride of the metropolis of the Eastern Empire, dressed in the deepest mourning, and joining with their sweet voices in the solemn hymn. Constantine at the head of his nobles fell in with the procession as it passed the palace, and followed in the rear.

The immense Church of St. Sophia was thronged that night, and thousand lamps suspended in the capacious dome shed a brilliant light on the sad scene. One might have thought that some high festival was being held, had not the spectacle—the awe-stricken, trembling, weeping multitude—told too truly that misery, not joy, was the cause of their assembling there. The crowd that filled the area of the Church made way for the procession, as it moved slowly and majestically through the living mass. The Patriarch reached the altar and commenced the service: as if it were one man, the whole multitude prostrated themselves upon the ground. The Eucharist was celebrated, and the Patriarch addressed the people, but his voice was lost long before it reached the more distant of his hearers. Resignation to the will of God, and preparation for eternity, was the theme of his discourse. Out of all that multitude there was but one man who seemed firm and

unmoved, and that was Constantine. As soon as the sermon was concluded, he turned to his companions, and thus addressed them:

"We are here, my lords, assembled for the last time; we have met to consecrate our lives for the service of God, and the defence of our country against the infidel Saracen. If Constantinople falls, it is not we alone who suffer. All Christendom is awaiting with anxious looks the fate of our city, for woe betide the day that the ambitious Moslem get footing in Europe. It is not that I doubt your courage that I have thus called you together in this sacred place, it is that courage may be strengthened by devotion, and devotion awakened by despair! We have for long done our best; we have fought as bravely as men can fight, we must now see how far despair can give super-human vigour to our arms. We have a sad prospect before us; death to a Christian soldier has nothing awful in it, but the slavery, a fate even worse than slavery to those nearest and dearest to us, is a prospect that must make our hearts burst asunder to dwell upon. Many of our dearest friends and bravest fellow soldiers have fallen, alas! since we last met, but we are still, though a small remnant, strong in confidence, strong in bravery, strong because we put our trust in God. I see around me all whom I could hope to see; there is one wanting—one who should be here in the ranks of the soldiers of Christendom, but who is, alas! unworthy of the name he bears, a traitor to his country, a renegade to his religion. Just——."

The words were not out of the Emperor's mouth before he was interrupted. Something had occurred to interfere with the solemnity of the scene. All around were standing mute and silent, with open ears and beating hearts, listening to the words of the Emperor, when a youth, in Turkish costume, emerged suddenly from behind one of the large pillars that helped to support the mighty dome of St. Sophia, and pushing his way through the crowd of Priests, Virgins and Nobles that surrounded the altar, presented himself abruptly before Constantine. Many seemed bewildered at the strangeness and suddenness of his appearance, and many drew their shining swords from the scabbard, and muttered the dangerous word "Assassin." But the stranger heeded not; he pressed on, disengaged himself from the eager and uncertain crowd, and threw himself on his knees before the Emperor.

"Hear me, noble Lord," he said; "the last of a long line of Cæsars, Constantine Palæologus. I am Justinian. I have come here at this awful moment to shrive myself and beseech thy pardon. I was treated with injustice, but let that pass; to save my life I left my country, and found that kindness from a stranger and an infidel that my own friends and Christians denied me. God knows I have never deserted my religion, nor drawn my sword against my country. I am not, alas! faultless of having assisted the enemy's counsels in the field, and for this I seek forgiveness. My heart was filled with the recollection of bitter, bitter wrongs, but may God forgive me as I forgive my enemies, and nerve my arms to strike for my country's deliverance."

"Justinian Cantacugene! art thou here?" said Constantine, retreating a step in amazement, and giving way to his feelings for the first time that night.

"Traitor," murmured one of the nobles.

"Renegade," said another.

"Apostate," hissed a third.

But the attention of all was turned at that moment from Justinian to the spot where the Greek maiden stood; there was a sudden commotion, a stir, a hurried whispering. Some one had fainted and fallen, and was being carried out—it was Helena.

"Rise, Justinian," said Constantine, perceiving that the disorder was likely to increase, and anxious to dismiss his officers to their posts. "My lords, let us part,—you all know your posts, and need not be reminded of your duty; let us each do our best, and may God speed us—we can do no more, adieu. Follow me, cousin," he added to Justinian, speaking in a low voice, but loud enough to let the by-standers hear that he still regarded the youth as his relative. "Your post shall be next to our royal person. I have been to blame, but truly a Prince in a corrupt Court, in a corrupt age could more easily remove Mount Atlas than avoid injustice always. You were wronged." He held out his hand, and Justinian pressed it to his lips.

All was horror and confusion in Constantinople that night, except among the brave garrison. The churches, particularly that of St. Sophia, were thronged with fugitives, aged men who could scarce totter along the streets, young mothers with their first-born infants in their arms, and girls who trembled at each fresh sound, and shuddered at the thought of their approaching fate. At the door of the great church Justinian met his slave, and whispering a few words in his ear, turned away and followed in the Emperor's train.

The break of day was the signal for the assault. Like the swell on the ocean after a heavy gale the mighty mass of warriors moved on. As far as the eye could reach, column after column, tribe after tribe appeared, each pressing on the foremost ones as if with the bare force of myriads of human beings Mahomet would sweep the city of Constantinople from the earth. The directing genius of the mighty host was conspicuous among them all; surrounded by ten thousand chosen horsemen as his body-guard and reserve, he rode here and there, commanding the movements of his forces. In the first assault thousands must fall, and the post of honour and distinction was given to the refuse of the army. But they were not unsupported. The Janissaries, with the giant Hassan at their head, urged them on to destruction, and he was the first to reach the breach, and here he fell. Who is that aged warrior that seems to have a charmed life? No darts or arrows strike him. The balls of fire hiss through the air, but touch him not; a thousand missile weapons are pointed at his devoted head, but they pass unheeded by. His dark eye, bedimmed with age, flashes anew at the sight of such a conflict. On he presses on his good war horse that snorts and stamps with impatience to get first. Like a small boat that is tossed to and fro, the sport of the raging billow, the aged warrior

and his foaming steed are swayed from side to side by the pressure of the multitude around. Still, though thick the shower of death's ministers, though balls of Greek fire threaten every instant to overwhelm the host in one mighty conflagration; though the earth seems to shake with the thunder of the batteries that pour death on all before them; though thousands fall with ghastly wounds and bite the ground in their last agonies; though the walls are high and the breach manned with a host of sturdy warriors, and blocked up with a serried rank of shining steel, still on goes that aged veteran, waving his scimitar above his head, and calling out to his followers to close up, in a voice that makes itself heard above the crash of trumpets and the din of war, till his horse's feet approach the breach. "Now Victory or Paradise!" was his cry, and leaping from his horse's back the better to ascend the stony breach on foot, he rushes up the steep ascent. "Victory or Paradise!" is the cry caught up and repeated by ten thousand tongues, and on they press after their valiant chief. But valour cannot accomplish impossibilities; that line of warriors that guard the breach is seven fold deep, and there the bravest of the brave are standing. The tide of Moslem victory is turned against the rock of Christian valour, but recedes only to return with renewed strength.

"Bravely done, by Alla," shouted the son of Amurath. "Move on, move on to the support. Old Aga Mahomed has not forgotten how to wield his sword. Call up the Syrian legion." And away dashed an officer at full speed to send a second host more numerous than the first against the formidable foe. "Ha," cried Mahomet to his next companion, "seest thou that? Old Aga has fallen. How these Christian dogs fight."

Aga Mahomed had fallen, and the Ottomans were driven back. The sword of a fierce Greek soldier was descending upon Aga's neck, death was at hand, and he saw in his mind's eye the houris of Paradise beckoning to him. But the Angel Azrael had not yet come. The edge of the descending weapon was turned off upon another and Aga's life was saved. "The brave Turk is my prisoner," said Justinian; "I will account to the Emperor for him. Noble Prince," he continued, addressing the fallen Saracen, "accept your life as a return for saving mine."

That was no time for thanks; the instant after the attack recommenced with ten-fold vigour. All was tumult and confusion, the Greeks lost ground. One after another the scaling ladders were planted at different parts of the wall, and one after another the Ottomans ascended and the Greeks fell. The leader of the Latin auxiliaries was wounded and retired, his men followed, and the Greeks lost heart. Where then was that voice that could have cheered them on if not to victory, at any rate to a glorious death. Silent, alas! for ever, beneath a heap of slain, lay the body of the last Emperor of Constantinople.

WEEP, ay weep, ye trembling fugitives, there is not time to pray, or is Heaven as deaf to your entreaties as mankind. Press the last burning kiss upon your infants' rosy cheeks, ye wretched

mothers, ere they are torn from your arms, and tossed in demon sport upon the tops of the Moslem lances, and ye wring your hands in despair; if human hearts can burst at the sight of your loved one's suffering, then death will come, sweet as the summer breeze, and ye shall join your little ones in heaven. Tear your hoary locks, ye aged sufferers; life had not many charms for you, but do your eyes start from their sockets as ye see your fair daughters struggling in the arms of Moslem ravishers. Ye were once wont to revel in the luxury of the Queen of the East, and boast of yourselves as Romans; death was too slow of coming, and your hairs have grown grey while you rioted in sensuality and vice. The cries of injured innocence have before now smote all unheeded on your ears, and now ye can hear the voices of your own daughters wailing over their misery. And you, ye trembling maidens, that would yesterday have shrunk away even from the gaze of strangers, why fly along the crowded streets and press into the thronged sanctuary. Your tender feet cannot outstrip the manly Turk; he gains upon you: nay, seize not the altar cloth; Saracens have no respect for Christian mysteries. Your shrieks are of no avail, for tens of thousands are at this moment shrieking too, and now the hated arm is round your waist; your struggles are in vain, the bud of your fair life will never blossom, but droop and die in the miserable luxury of the haram. Press not, proud lady, your burning lips upon your brother's corpse, he is happy, for he is dead, his eyes are closed to the scenes of woe, and his hand cannot strike to deliver you. You have known nothing until now but the pleasures and luxuries of life. Your feet were too noble to touch the ground, your family too great for you to look on this fair world with unveiled eyes; henceforth you will have to try how mean drudgery in the house of your Turkish lord will suit those delicate fingers; had you been younger you might have been his concubine. Nor do you, ye monks, expect to fatten any longer in idleness and ease; ye will have time for devotion though as ye tend the flocks in Tartary. Ha, ha! brave sport this for you, ye grim Saracens. The city is not half sacked yet, though the work of plunder has been going on for hours. The church of St. Sophia is yet full of maidens, maidens as beautiful as the houris of Paradise. Thousands have been carried off, but there are thousands there still. Ye can revel in the charms of beauty and then kill your fair enslavers if ye are jealous. Do ye want slaves, here take your choice. Old men are not worth taking. Kill them and seize their sons. By the beard of the Prophet, but ye have sport to-day. Gold, gold will not be worth the keeping in the Ottoman army for a year to come. Alla! if Paradise is like this, we will make our lives a Ramzan.

That day of woe at last drew to a close. Heaven veiled itself from the spectacle in night, and how was that night spent? No human tongue can tell the misery of the fallen city, and night brought no relief; the greedy Saracen was not yet glutted. Who is that young Turk that presses through the crowded streets sword in hand, looking with fevered

glance at every maiden that he sees dragged by. Not a lover in search of his mistress, or a brother looking for a sister, or a son for his mother : alas! there are thousands thus employed, but employed in vain. See, he stumbles in the dark night, what is it on the ground, only a body, and there are thousands here, but his eye catches a female dress, and he stoops to examine it. A young girl lies before him, not so young, but that she has been a mother, her dress is torn open, and her long dishevelled locks of golden hair are fallen over her face and breast.

So with idle curiosity he lifts it up, and looks upon the once beautiful features. A large gash in her breast is yet dripping with her heart's blood, and crouching down by the corpse of its dead mother is a little child ; its rosy cheeks are bedewed with tears that stream from its blue eyes ; it looks with wondering horror at the crimson stream that flows from its mother's heart. What will be the fate of that child, alone by its murdered mother in that wild scene ? Yet there were thousands like it.

The young Turk gazed for a moment at the features of the dead, lovely even in death, as if they reminded him of some one he had once known ; then taking up the child in his arms, he hurried on. The first house that he reached that had not the appearance of having been sacked, he entered, and ascended the staircase ; the first room he looked into was the same as every where else ; death had been busy with the fair and young, and all was blood, and robbery, and violence, and lust. Wearied out both in mind and body, yet unwilling to delay the all-important work he had in hand, the young Turk looked about for some place where he could deposit the child he had rescued. Every thing had been taken that once belonged to the house, nothing remained to seek now, but the bare walls and the lifeless bodies of its once unhappy owners. One living child amid that scene of death would not be likely to attract notice, and here, if any where, it would be safe. He laid it on the floor, in the corner of the room, and left the house.

Helena had fainted in the church of St. Sophia, from thence she was carried to her home, and laid by tender hands upon her couch. Returning consciousness brought with it the recollection of realities. Her father's house was situated nearly close to the city walls at the further and most retired part of the metropolis, but here the ominous sounds reached her ears—sounds of preparation for the coming storm, and at length it burst upon her. Her father was absent at his post, perhaps slain or taken prisoner. Of her domestics there were none who would remain to run the risk of slavery ; certain death in the streets of the city was almost more tolerable than suspense. The terrific sounds of strife grew every moment louder and louder. To be ignorant of what was passing at such a time was dreadful, yet from whom was she to enquire ? The attendants who had brought her back from the church of St. Sophia had long ago departed, and she was alone in the deserted palace. But there was one thought that comforted her. The man she loved as dearly as

her own life had atoned for his crimes, and was now fighting in his country's cause and her's; how far she might have been instrumental in effecting such a change she stayed not to enquire, though at times the thought flashed across her mind, that had it not been for her, he would at that moment be fighting in the Moslem ranks an apostate, despised by man, and hated by God.

Unable any longer to endure the terrible suspense, she arose, and leaving her apartment, descended the staircase, and was about to make her exit from the palace gate, when she started back at seeing the figure of a Turk standing by the threshold. It was too late for her to retire unobserved, he had seen her, but there was nothing to fear, it was Hassan; his master had whispered in his ear that he was to look after the lady, and not to let her leave his sight if possible.

The inevitable time had come; the breach had been assaulted and was won; the city was being sacked; where was Helena then?

The first Saracen that bent his steps towards the palace of the Master of the Horse in search of plunder was the Prince of Tyre. He was not in quest of gold or such vulgar prey; he wished to carry back to his luxurious home the most beautiful of the Grecian maidens, and guided by instinct, intelligence or chance, he bent his steps towards the palace: he was accompanied by a few of his followers—but as the palace was in a retired spot, the vulgar herd of plunderers had not yet found their way thither. He found the courtyard inside the lofty wall tenanted only by one man, and that was Hassan; but Hassan was a genius, and equal to the emergency of his situation.

"Ha, Caitiff! what dost thou here?" said the Prince, accosting the silent and demure slave.

Hassan answered not, but made a sign to enjoin silence, and pointed to the palace.

"What does the dog mean," said the nobleman, "there must be something here. Speak, sirrah, who lives here and what dost thou here? I'll have thee flayed alive and thy skin stuffed with straw if thou grimmest at me thus;" and so saying he aimed a blow at Hassan's face. Hassan was too nimble for him; he leapt out of the way, and turning a somerset, stood upon his head before the astonished and indignant Prince, with his legs stretched apart in the air.

"Take the dog and hang him," said the Prince to his attendants. Two or three men rushed at him, but long before they could seize him, he had come upon his legs again, and scampering, or rather flying to the opposite end of the courtyard, ascended the wall like a cat, and sat upon the top of it, making grimaces at his disappointed enemies.

"Shoot the demon," cried the irate noble.

A couple of bows and arrows were levelled at the slave, but the arrows fled harmlessly over him, for just as they were discharged, he threw himself from the wall on the opposite side, and remained hanging from it by his hands. No sooner had the arrows passed over his head than he swung himself up again, and began to crow vociferously like a cock.

"Stand there, and see that he does not come down," said the Prince to one of his attendants.

"I will look in and see what there is here; there is something precious inside, as there is so great a curiosity outside;" and with these words he entered the palace.

No place of concealment could avail when once the pursuer was on the scent. He soon became certain that that house contained what he was in search for, and was determined that nothing should prevent his making the discovery of the fair one's hiding place, even if he had to set the palace on fire. He called in his servants to assist him, and told them to leave the juggler on the wall till they came back.

Hassan had done his best to conceal Helena in a secret closet in the most remote part of the palace; but when he saw the determination with which they undertook the search, he had but little hopes of her ultimate escape. As for himself, he was powerless, but by no means without hope of being able eventually to effect her deliverance by some means, which his ingenuity and ever-ready wit would devise when occasion offered. Helena must fall into the hands of her pursuers; all Hassan could do was to preserve her from present injury, and watch for her future deliverance. To accomplish the first, he was determined that the palace should be no longer reserved for the spoil of one man, so hastening to the gateway, he vociferated so loudly, and impressed the wandering Turks (for by this time the conquerors were swarming into every part of the city) so strongly with the idea of there being an immense field for plunderers within the place, that it was soon thronged. Trembling like an aspen leaf, when shaken by the passing breeze, Helena remained crouched down in the furthest corner of the little apartment in which she lay concealed. At times the footsteps seemed to be approaching the door, then they turned away again, and a beam of hope gladdened her sickening heart; but again the steps seemed coming nearer, and again they turned away! Oh, could she escape, could she but remain there to die, death even by starvation would be sweet; or if the palace were to catch fire, how eagerly would she embrace the raging flames. No, Helena, far other fate is reserved for thee. The footsteps of her pursuers sound above her head. They pause; they stamp; a pause, and they converse. Again they stamp; and then, oh horror! they commence to pull up the boards. It is done, and the light streams full upon her shrinking, trembling form.. She hears, sees, feels no more. With eager grasp the pursuer enclasps his victim, and enchanted with his prize, presses towards the door. The way is no longer open; hundreds are rushing into the palace, and thousands throng into the courtyard. The Prince and his servants press their way through the crowd, and gain the street; two go before and two behind; the Prince bears his precious charge between them.

As a tiger springs on his prey, Hassan leaps from the lofty wall; his hands are round the throat of the rearmost of the Prince's attendants, and the next moment he is extended flat on his back. Hassan kneels on his chest, his fingers still clutching the victim's neck, and his eyes glancing fire.

"Speak, who is your master?" he asks, or rather mutters between his closed teeth.

"Wilt thou release me if I tell thee."

"Ay, that I will, release thee bravely! tell, who is thy master?" and his fingers were compressed still tighter.

"The Prince of Tyre," said the man, growing black in the face.

"And whither does he take the lady?"

"Let me go—I have told thee."

"Speak, caitiff," and he contracted the muscles of his hands, till the eyeballs seemed ready to start out of their sockets."

"I know not."

"Then go," said Hassan, releasing one of his hands and drawing a dagger from his girdle; "Go," he repeated, stabbing his victim to the heart. The next minute he had overtaken the Prince, and was following carefully in his wake—he traced him to his tent.

All that day and all that night he searched for Justinian; weary and sick at heart, he at last despaired of ever finding him, till, as he was sauntering along the streets, without any apparent hope or object, a Turkish figure suddenly appeared at the door of a house. It was Justinian; he had deposited the cl [illegible] had rescued in a place of safety, and it was thus he met again with the faithful Hassan.

As soon as morning dawned Aga Mahomed was awakened from a deep slumber by his servant, who told him a friend was awaiting him without. He rose hastily, and desiring the stranger to be admitted instantly, repaired into the outer apartment of his tent to receive him. The stranger was apparently an old man, as old as Aga himself, but no sooner were they alone, than he threw off his disguise, and Justinian stood before him. He received a hearty welcome from the aged Chief, and proceeded to relate his adventures. He had come to his old friend to seek assistance and advice. The latter was readily given, but it required long consultation before they determined how he could give the former. At length Aga Mahomed formed his plans; his steed was brought to the door; he mounted it, and rode forth to seek the Emperor. He found Mahomet surrounded by a band of Mussulman priests and doctors, superintending the conversion of the great Church of St. Sophia into a mosque. The work of cleansing, purifying, destroying and building up was advancing rapidly under the royal inspection.

Aga Mahomed advanced and presented himself. The Emperor received his salute kindly. "Thou hast nobly earned thy life, brave Chief. Indeed the Prophet must have wrought a miracle to save thee in that whirlpool; but hast thou heard aught of the young Greek?"

"His body, noble Lord, lay under a heap of slain."

"How! could'st thou not then get his head?"

"Ah, my Lord, the heap increased to a mountain of slain; never have I seen the shower of death fall so thick; but let my lord think no more of the dead dog, and may I never see the light of the sun again the day I harbour a Greek! My Lord, there was a maiden—a maiden of noble family I saw and claimed. I touched her not, for alas I am too old to feel the charms of beauty, and must wait till I reach Paradise, and have my youth re-

newed. She was the most beautiful virgin my eyes ever fell upon, and if the houris of Paradise are like her, praise to the Prophet. I left my slave to watch at the palace gate where the fair angel lived, and told him, whosoever came, to tell them the Emperor had forbade intrusion there. I returned to bring her to my Lord, and she was gone.

"And who dared take her?"

"The Prince of Tyre."

"Ha! I know him, his counsels have before now savoured of rebellion, and did he know, think'st thou, that this houri was destined for the Emperor's seraglio?"

"Alas! my Lord, it ill befits me to speak words of disrespect in your Majesty's royal ear. He said he cared not for the Emperor; the prey was his, and he would have it."

"Go, faithful Aga, and take a band of Janissaries with thee; bring me the lady, or the miscreant's head. I care not which. Stay, I will give thee a written order to the Prince to deliver up his spoil. The Prince is powerful, it were as well to do the business without giving offence. He will obey my commands, and if I like not the damsel, I will return her unscathed."

Thus armed with the Emperor's written command, and a band of Janissaries, Aga Mahomed was invisible. Fair ladies and beautiful virgins were plentiful there; 500 pieces of gold would procure a purchaser the choice out of a band of weeping captives. By noon that day a covered litter was carried to the royal pavilion. Aga Mahomed and the Janissaries accompanied it. The fair inmate was safely lodged in the Royal tent. The Sultan saw and approved his Aga's choice.

Justinian and Helena fled, accompanied by Hassan. A small island in the Mediterranean, the resort of crowds of trembling fugitives, received the lovers. Their nuptials were celebrated under the blue canopy of heaven, by a priest of the Greek Church, and the gentle murmur of the rippling waves on the sea-shore sang the nuptial hymn.

ALIF.

HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

Accession of Henry III.—Death of Cardinal Lorraine—Coronation and Marriage of the King.—Death of Montbrun.—The Duke of Alençon escapes from Court.—The Duke of Guise defeats the Germans at Doomans.—Truce of Champigny.—The King of Navarre joins the Confederates.—Peace of Monsieur.

The untimely death of Charles IX. once more placed the reins of government in the hands of Catherine de Medicis, and on this occasion she encountered no opposition to her assumption of the vice-regal power. Her first act, therefore, was to despatch a courier to Cracow, to announce the decease of the late monarch, and to urge Henry's immediate return to France. In the meantime she adopted the most prudent measures for assuring the internal peace of the realm. With this view her youngest son, the Duke of Alençon, and the King of Navarre, were removed from Vincennes to the Louvre, where she caused them to be strictly guarded, though every facility was still afforded for the gratification of their sensual appetites. Her next step was to conclude a truce with the inhabitants of La Rochelle for the months of July and August; but her negociations were not equally successful in Languedoc, for her secret instructions to apprehend Marshal Damville having been intercepted by the Protestants, were by them communicated to their recent persecutor. A close union was consequently formed between the members of the reformed religion in that province and the discontented Catholics, denominated *Politiques*, of whom the Marshal was the avowed leader. Had Catherine succeeded in this intrigue, she would have removed from her path all her rivals of the house of Montmorency. The eldest brother was still a prisoner on account of the affair of Shrove-Tuesday, and the other two were fugitives in England and Germany. Her machinations, however, being discovered, Damville was compelled to seek his personal safety by joining the confederates, and in the month of July he published a manifesto, justifying his conduct. About the same time appeared a proclamation from the Prince of Condé, addressed to the Protestants of France, and informing them that he had at last raised an army of Germans, and only waited for a supply of money to march to their aid. An assembly was therefore held at Milhaud, when the necessary funds were unanimously voted, though some difference of opinion prevailed as to the choice of a leader. Some were in favor of the Duke of Alençon, others for Navarre, while a third party declared for the Prince of Condé, and a few even advocated the claims of Marshal Damville and the brave La Noue. The majority, however, agreed to appoint Condé to the chief command, until the King of Navarre should have recovered his liberty. Many

insulting pamphlets were now published against the Machiavellian character of the Regent, and her conduct was subjected to gross vituperation. But Catherine knew when to dissemble her resentment, and treating these libels with silent contempt, she set out for Lyons to await the arrival of the King, taking with her in her own carriage the two illustrious prisoners as hostages for the comparative tranquillity of the kingdom.

The intelligence of the death of Charles IX. reached Cracow about the middle of June, and Henry instantly prepared for his secret departure from among a people not yet sufficiently civilized to appreciate his licentious tastes and pursuits. The Poles were anxious that he should remain to preside over a Diet about to be held on the frontiers of Lithuania, and the better to disguise his intentions he readily acceded to their request. Had he fulfilled his promise, there is every reason to believe that his brother, the Duke of Alençon, would have been elected King of Poland without opposition, and he might thus have escaped many harassing cares and suspicions. But during his whole life Henry almost invariably acted on the impulse of the moment, or in compliance with the evil suggestions of his unworthy favorites. At this time René de Villequier exercised great influence over his inconstant mind, and easily persuaded him to adopt a measure that compromised his dignity, and jeopardised his personal safety. Pomponne Bellicore, Ambassador of Charles IX., having obtained an audience of leave, on the plea that his functions had expired with the life of the late King, started immediately afterwards for Paris, and according to his instructions, ordered relays of horses to be ready on a particular day along the whole line of road. Every thing being thus prepared, Henry stole away from his palace before daybreak on the 19th of June, and hastened with furious speed towards the Imperial dominions. Scarcely had he crossed the frontiers when Count Tanchin, the grand Chamberlain, came up with five hundred horse, with the intention of conducting him back to the Diet he had so grossly deceived and insulted.

But they hesitated to violate the Imperial territories, and the fugitive continued his flight unmolested. So great, however, was the indignation of the Poles, that it was at first feared they would massacre all the French in Cracow, for not a few nobles and adventurers had proceeded thither in the suite of the young King. With some difficulty the newly appointed Ambassador to the Court of Denmark allayed the general discontent, by representing the urgent nature of the circumstances that required the King's immediate presence in France. But Henry himself showed the fallacy of this excuse, for he consumed nearly three months on his journey, and would probably have lingered yet longer on the road, had it not been for his mother's reiterated and pressing instances.

For nearly a whole week he loitered at Vienna, magnificently entertained by the Emperor Maximilian II., and finally conducted by his two sons to the frontiers of the Venetian territories. Here another series of fêtes awaited

him, and so charmed was he with the display of mirrors and crystal in the celebrated establishments of Murano, that he ennobled all the manufacturers. A procession of galleys, headed by the famous Bucentaur, conveyed him thence to Venice, where he stayed nine days, each marked by some peculiar entertainment. During his visit to the Arsenal, while he was engaged in examining the materials of the maritime power of the republic, a galley of the first order was completely equipped and fitted out ready for a cruise. In the same dilatory and luxurious manner he passed through the Duchies of Ferrara, Mantua, and Savoy, and it was not until the 5th of September that he entered his own dominions. Having already lavished all his diamonds, precious stones, and other objects of value on his previous hosts, he bestowed upon the Duke of Savoy, Pignerol, Perouse, and Savignan, notwithstanding the patriotic remonstrances of his wisest counsellors.

At the bridge of Beauvoisin he was met by the Queen-mother, who delivered over to him the two Princes, her prisoners. Henry cordially embraced them and set them at liberty, warning them against the evil suggestions of false friends. Shortly afterwards they took the sacrament with him, and solemnly swore at the altar eternal love and fidelity. On the 6th of September the young King made a triumphal entry into Lyons, accompanied by his mother and the two Princes, and his somewhat lengthened stay was marked by constant festivity. At a meeting of the Privy Council, it was early deliberated whether active measures should at once be adopted for the extirpation of heresy, or whether the Protestants should be allowed the free exercise of their religion, and their gradual conversion effected by neglect and oblivion. The Emperor and the Doge had strongly recommended the latter alternative, and their advice was supported by Christopher de Thou, Achilles Harlay, and other wise and impartial statesmen. But, unhappily, the consciousness of the evil he had wrought them made Henry anticipate their future vengeance, and in this opinion he was confirmed by Catherine and the Guises, who had their own ends to serve. War therefore was resolved upon, and Marshal Bellegarde was appointed to the command of the army in Dauphiny. In consequence, the Protestants took up arms not only in that district, but also in Provence, Languedoc, Guyenne, and Poitou; while Marshal Damville convened an assembly at Montpellier, at which were present his brothers Thoré and Meru, his brother-in-law Count Ventadour, his nephew Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscount Turenne, and several other disaffected noblemen of character and influence.

From Lyons, where he had become irremediably addicted to pleasure, the King proceeded to Avignon, and there exhibited a new phase of his strangely checquered disposition. He was particularly struck by the ostentatious devotion of a sect called the Flagellants, who paraded the streets arrayed in sackcloth of diverse colours, black, blue, and white, and inflicted on themselves many

severe blows with a scourge that hung by their side.*

His naturally weak mind, still further enervated by his recent excesses, was filled with such admiration of their sanctity, that, by the advice of his Confessor, Father Edmond Auger, a Jesuit, he introduced their order into the capital of his dominions, and, to the infinite disgust of all soberminded persons, enrolled himself among their members—an example that was speedily imitated by his courtiers and sycophants.

Towards the close of the year, Elizabeth's Envoy, Roger North, arrived to congratulate the King on his accession to the throne, and to solicit an edict in favor of his Protestant subjects. He was also secretly instructed to intercede for Montmorency and Cossé, who were still kept in confinement, but in this he was unsuccessful. Diana, the natural but legitimized daughter of Henry II., had already thrown herself at the King's feet, and with tears besought the pardon of her husband, Francis de Montmorency.†

Fully aware of Henry's affection for his half-sister, the Cardinal of Lorraine and other timeserving courtiers pretended to take a lively interest in the success of her petition, and the King accordingly promised to institute an early inquiry into the matter. But there the affair rested for the present. The English Envoy, however, proved more fortunate in negociating a matrimonial alliance between his royal mistress and the Duke of Alençon, and Henry would probably have welcomed, with equal readiness, any project that tended to remove his brother to a distance from France. With this view he despatched Pibrac to Poland, to endeavour to obtain for him the crown of that warlike Kingdom, but the Poles were not disposed to accept another scion of the house of Valois.

In one of the nocturnal processions of the lately introduced order of Flagellants, the Cardinal of Lorraine had been seized with a severe cold, attended with a violent fever, which affected his brain, and induced death on the 23rd of December. All writers agree in commending his rare endowments both of mind and body, his keen and penetrating judgment, his manly eloquence, which served to enhance the learning he really possessed, and his dignified and princely demeanour.‡ But on the other hand, his darling passion was the aggrandizement of his own family. To this all things were deemed subservient. Unrestrained by any principle but

* In the beginning of the 15th century, Italy was infested by bands of vagabonds, having their face enveloped in a sort of sack, with merely holes cut for seeing and breathing. They styled themselves White Penitents, and under the mask of religion plundered the pilgrims who at that period flocked into Italy from all parts of the civilized world. But the Flagellants took their rise from a yet earlier date. About the middle of the 13th century a pious hermit threatened a certain city in Italy with the wrath of Heaven, unless, like Nineveh, it turned from its evil ways. The inhabitants listened to the warning voice, and, clothed in sackcloth and armed with formidable scourges, proceeded through the streets, inflicting on themselves the severest chastisement. In Hungary this practice was occasionally adopted as a preservative from the plague, and numerous bands of Flagellants at different times traversed the various countries of Europe, naked to the waist, and streaming with blood. They affirmed that after this baptism of blood, they might sin with impunity, and they availed themselves so fully of this convenient privilege, that they rendered themselves obnoxious to the civil power, and were rigorously suppressed.

† Diana of Angoulême was the daughter of a Piedmontese lady named Phillippa Due, who took the veil after giving birth to this infant.

‡ Maimbourg somewhat quaintly remarks that he was possessed of "much more learning than could be expected from a person of his high birth."

that of expediency, he often appeared vacillating and undecided not only in political, but in religious matters. In order to gain the co-operation of the German Princes he at one time affected to adopt the Augsburg confession of faith; but finding that he was thus raising up powerful enemies at home, he unscrupulously renounced the new doctrines, declaring—and perhaps with truth—that he had never abandoned the religion of his forefathers. In his private disposition he was haughty, vindictive, and impatient of contradiction, so that it is not surprising that he should have been an object of hatred and suspicion to all parties, for no dependence could be placed on his most solemn assurance farther than it favored his own interests. As was usual in those days in the case of all public men, his death was supposed to have been accelerated by poison, but of this no satisfactory evidence has ever been adduced.

The death of this ambitious prelate removed the only obstacle to the King's union with his near relative Louisa, daughter of Count de Vaudemont, and niece of the Duke of Lorraine. Henry had been attached to her before his elevation to the throne of Poland. But during the life of the Cardinal he abstained from making her an offer of his hand. Indeed, he had even gone so far as to open a negociation for an alliance with the Princess Elizabeth, sister to the King of Sweden, though it is not impossible that this may have been mainly done, to conceal from the watchful eyes of his mother the disgraceful intrigue he is said to have carried on with the Princess of Condé, and which terminated in the untimely death of that unfortunate lady. He had long been fascinated by the personal charms and accomplishments of the Princess, and his passion was the more inflamed by her firm and conscientious opposition to his wishes. He therefore determined to espouse her, for he apprehended but little difficulty in procuring her divorce from a heretic. How far the lady was accessory to this scheme is unknown; but Catherine became aware of the proposal, and fearing to lose her influence over her son, she wrote to the Prince of Condé, advising him to remove his wife from the Court. Condé, however, had too much confidence in her honour and affection to withdraw her from a post whence she was able to furnish him with the earliest and most important intelligence. Henry nevertheless persevered in his resolution to invalidate the Princess' marriage with a heretic, and we are assured that he had nearly completed his arrangements to this effect, when her sudden death frustrated all his designs.* In such a case it is not surprising that the employment of poison should be suspected, or that it should be attributed to the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis.

The historian De Thou concludes his narrative of the events of this year, by relating some remarkable phenomena that had taken place. An immense whale had been cast ashore on the Isle of Thanet; clouds had seemed to smoke; the sky appeared in flames; and a young girl in the

* Mary of Cleves, Princess of Condé, died October 30th, 1574.

neighbourhood of London was possessed with an evil spirit. And yet the judgment and sound sense of this writer are unimpeachable.

Marshal Bellegarde, soon after taking command of the army in Dauphiny, had laid siege to Livron, but his force proved unequal to the enterprise, and so little progress did he make, that the King judged his personal presence was necessary. But the brave though feeble garrison addressed him from the walls in taunting language, stigmatising him as the murderer of their brethren, and defying his minions to contend even with their women. As there appeared no hope of overcoming their resistance, Henry was constrained to raise the siege, giving out as an excuse that he required the troops to grace his coronation. This ceremony took place at Rheims on the 15th of February, and the observers of signs and omens remarked, that the crown twice nearly fell from his head, and he himself complained that it hurt him. On the following day he was united to the Princess Louisa de Vaudemont. Though the treasury was exhausted, and the people already over-burdened with taxes, there was no diminution in the festivals, tournaments, and other modes of rejoicing incidental to such occasions. Never was there a monarch more ignorant of the value of money. Though he himself was frequently so destitute as to be unable to pay the smallest amount, he nevertheless continued to lavish immense sums on his unworthy favorites, and in voluptuous entertainments.

It was the end of March before he entered Paris, whither he was obliged to repair in order to meet the Huguenot deputies. Their demands, however, were deemed exorbitant, and finding that nothing could for the moment be obtained by negociation, they speedily returned to their constituents, leaving two of their number to watch a favorable opportunity for pursuing their object. Nor were the arms of the Protestants attended with better fortune. The brave Montbrun, after obtaining several successes over the King's troops in Dauphiny, commanded by Gordes, allowed himself to be hemmed in between a mountain and a river; and in this position he was attacked, his followers dispersed, and himself taken prisoner, his leg having also been broken by his horse falling, and rolling over upon him. Notwithstanding the vehement remonstrances of Condé, Damville, and other nobles, the Parliament of Grenoble refused to regard him in other light than as a rebel and a traitor, and as such he was condemned to death, which he underwent with characteristic dignity and composure. A desolating war prevailed also in Aquitaine and Poitou with varying fortune, but resulting in the devastation of the country, and in the ruin of its wretched inhabitants. A royal edict indeed was published in the early part of September, commanding the insurgents to lay down their arms and return to their respective homes, on pain of incurring the King's severe displeasure: but idle threats were little calculated to impose on men who, during so many campaigns, had become inured to all the dangers and hardships of actual warfare.

The Court meanwhile was the

scene of the most degrading jealousies, suspicions, and even outrages. Several circumstances combined to cause Henry to suspect his brother of designing to attempt his life, and the restless and ambitious character of Alençon gave additional strength to the slightest incidents. The King of Navarre is said at this time to have possessed the King's confidence, as far as he ever reposed it in any one, and it is an agreeable duty to remark that he availed himself of it, to lessen the enmity between the two brothers. The intriguing and unamiable disposition of Alençon had rendered him odious to the whole Court, and it is probable that, but for the well known courage and determination of his inseparable satellite Bussy d'Amboise, he would frequently have incurred much personal danger. An attempt was actually made to murder the latter, and several shots were fired at him one evening as he left the Louvre. The King was believed to have been the instigator of this crime, and we are positively assured that a deed of yet deeper atrocity was meditated by Henry. It was reported that Marshal Damville was dead, whereupon orders were given to strangle Montmorency and Cossé in their prison; and to avert suspicion, the Court Physician, Miron, announced that Montmorency had been seized with a fit of apoplexy. Fortunately Gilles de Souvré, to whom was intrusted the execution of the order, found means to delay from day to day, until news arrived of Damville's recovery from an illness that was suspected to have originated in poison, administered with the King's consent, if not by his positive command.

The late attempt on his favorite Bussy d'Amboise; the King's refusal to bestow on him the office of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom; and his own turbulent disposition, determined the Duke of Alençon to make his escape from Court. This he effected with some difficulty, and arrived at Preux before daybreak of the 15th of Sept. His first act was to publish a manifesto, enumerating his many real and financial grievances, and the insults and injuries to which he had been subjected; in common with many other faithful and loyal subjects; and demanding the convocation of the States-General and a National Council, in order to secure for ever the peace and welfare of the nation. The Duke of Nevers, who had been despatched in pursuit of the fugitive, having failed to overtake him, the King, by advice of his Council, released the two Marshals, Montmorency and Cossé, and on the 10th of October a general amnesty was offered to all who at once submitted and withdrew to their homes. The Duke of Alençon was speedily joined by Turenne, La Noue, and other leading men among the Huguenots, and the Prince of Condé, merely reserving to himself the command of the foreign forces, readily consented to acknowledge him as chief of the Protestant cause—though he stipulated that no peace should be concluded without his consent, or that did not secure to him the Government of the three bishoprics, Toul, Metz, and Verdun. Such was the disinterestedness of even the zealous Condé! He was now, however, on the frontiers

of France, at the head of above 25,000 men, besides the advanced guard under Thoré, who had already invaded Champagne. But the Germans soon became mutinous for want of their pay, and to induce them to keep together, Thoré was compelled to allow them to plunder the villages and lay waste the open country, to the utter subversion of all discipline and true soldierly feeling. In this demoralized state of his troops, he was overtaken by the Duke of Guise near the little town of Doomans, and forced to engage at great disadvantage. The action was indeed severely contested, but the Germans were at length completely routed, and Thoré, with a few followers, escaped with great difficulty across the Marne. Guise himself received a severe wound on the face, which obtained for him the surname of *Le Balafré*.

Alençon, meanwhile, had proceeded to Berry, and thence to Champigny in Poitou, where he was at last overtaken by the Queen-mother, accompanied by Marshals Montmorency and Cossé, and attended by a goodly bevy of damsels, by whose charms she hoped to soften the stony-hearts of the austerest Huguenots. The effeminacy and unpopularity of the King rendered it a matter of the utmost importance to detach Alençon from the confederates, whatever were the terms he might demand—the execution of the promised conditions depending on future considerations. A truce for six months was therefore concluded on the 22nd of November, and leaving the Duke of Montpensier and Montmorency as a check upon her son, Catherine returned to Paris to attend the meeting of the deputies, well pleased with the result of her negociations. And yet nothing could be apparently more advantageous than the terms accorded to the rebels. The King agreed to pay 160,000 crowns to the Germans, provided that they did not cross the Rhine, and to surrender to the Huguenots, as pledges of his sincere desire to conclude a lasting peace, the towns of Niort, Saumur, Angoulême, Bourges, La Charité, and Mezières: the same to be restored to him, however, on the expiration of the truce. The Duke of Alençon was further allowed the privilege of a body-guard, and deputies of the Huguenots were to repair to Paris in January to arrange the terms of a definite peace. But neither party regarded this armistice other than as a means to gain time. The governors of Bourges and Angoulême resolutely refused to yield up their places to Alençon's officers, and Catherine, secretly delighted with their conduct, gave in exchange the very inferior fortresses of Cognac and St. Jean d'Angely: nor was it long, on the other hand, before Condé and his Germans crossed the Rhine, and advanced towards the French territories. Alençon, judging it expedient to explain his motives for signing a truce at the very commencement of hostilities, sent envoys to La Rochelle to show the uselessness of foreign auxiliaries, until they had raised sufficient funds to pay them at least in part. Both parties were equally embarrassed for want of money. The city of Paris, though preëminent for its wealth and bigotry, refused to make any advances for the payment of the

Swiss troops raised by the King for the war against the heretics; and it was not until Henry threatened to march them into Paris, that the authorities could be prevailed upon to grant 200,000 crowns for the discharge of their arrears. The state of the entire kingdom was at this time truly deplorable. While commerce with foreign nations could hardly be said to exist, internal trade was utterly ruined and prostrated. Even the land remained uncultivated, and an ignorant, bigotted and brutal populace formed a fitting instrument in the hands of designing men, who little heeded by what means they attained their selfish ends. The clergy, who might have exercised a healthy influence over the rude, uneducated peasantry, was immersed in luxury and licentiousness, and oftentimes too unlettered to understand the service they mechanically performed. The Magistrates were corrupt and venal, and, regardless of justice, administered the laws according to the rank or liberality of those who appeared before them. Ascending with the social scale, in the highest circles were found the most abandoned profligacy, the greatest recklessness of life, the most ungoverned passions, and the most perfect hypocrisy, for a fervent and unhesitating zeal for religion was the prevailing fashion, and under the fair mask of devotion the most odious vices were indulged, the foulest crimes committed.*

In the beginning of January, 1576, the Duke of Alençon addressed a letter to the Parliament of Paris, in which he professed the most dutiful reverence for the King's person and authority, a profound respect for the wisdom and impartiality of the Parliament, and a warm love of his country, whose misfortunes he sincerely deplored, and the more so, that his enemies had compelled him to augment them by introducing foreign troops into the kingdom. In conclusion, he solicited the intercession of that powerful body, to obtain the redress of the grievances of which he complained, and the accordance of the demands he considered himself justified in making. But this paper was never submitted to the consideration of the Parliament, for the President, Christopher de Thou, carried it to the King, together with one addressed to himself. Henry eulogised his prudence and fidelity, and commanded the suppression of both letters. Alençon's emissaries, however, took care to distribute numerous copies of them throughout the city. For some time past the King of Navarre had been guarded with the utmost watchfulness, for it was feared that he too might escape and join the mal-contents. The newly acquired popularity of the King's brother, the inconstancy of his consort Margaret, and the representations of the few faithful friends who remained to him, had indeed already inspired him with a resolution to this effect. To prevent the new restrictions on his liberty from arousing his resentment, hopes were held out that the office of Lieutenant-Ge-

* In the course of this year the Poles elected for their sovereign Stephen Bathori, an Hungarian Prince. The Dowager Queen Elizabeth, relict of the late King, finding herself treated with indifference and neglect, returned into Germany. And to gratify the Queen, the Duchy of Bar was conferred upon the Duke of Lorraine.

neral of the kingdom would soon be bestowed upon him. Navarre affected to believe implicitly in this fallacious promise, though he well knew that the appointment in question was reserved as a last resource to allure Alençon from the ranks of the confederates. He therefore continued to indulge in his usual recreations as if he were perfectly content to flutter away the remainder of his days amid the vices and follies of the Court. On the 20th of February he went to Senlis, as if to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and availing himself of a favorable opportunity, escaped from his attendants, accompanied only by the celebrated d'Aubigné,—so often the hero of his own tale—Armaghac, Jonquières, La Valette, afterwards the Duke of Epernon, and a few other gentlemen. Crossing the Seine below Poissy and the Loire at Saumur, he arrived next day at Alençon, and thence hastened into his own government of Guyenne, where many places opened their gates to him, imagining that he came in the King's name.

Meanwhile the German auxiliaries under Condé and Prince Casimir, second son of the Elector Palatine, were steadily approaching the frontiers of Burgundy, notwithstanding the King's urgent and repeated solicitations to await the conclusion of a satisfactory and lasting peace. The Duke of Guise being unable to appear in the field in consequence of his recent wound, the command of the royalist forces devolved on his brother the Duke of Mayenne, a prudent but timid officer. Unable to cope with the Reiters* in pitched battle, he contented himself with harassing them on their march, taking care to post himself under the guns of fortified towns, or in positions of great natural strength.

In this manner Condé slowly advanced to Moulins, where he transferred the command to the Duke of Alençon early in March. Thirty thousand fighting men, with four large and sixteen small cannon—a formidable park of artillery in those days—were here passed in review, and the Protestant leaders, being joined by Navarre and Damville, agreed to offer the King certain conditions of peace, which amounted to the entire dismemberment of the kingdom. Alençon claimed for himself nothing less than viceregal authority: Navarre demanded the government of Guyenne, the aid of the King's troops to recover his hereditary dominions from Spain, and the payment of his wife's dowry: while Condé required the government of Picardy, with the unrestricted possession of Boulogne. Such terms could not possibly be entertained; but as all parties were really desirous of peace, some modifications were gradually introduced, and on the 6th of May was concluded the peace of Monsieur—for such even at that period was the designation of the King's brother.

This, the fifth Edict of Pacification, was apparently the most

* The French termed all the German cavalry *Reiters*, and their infantry *Lansquenets*. The pistols of the German horsemen proved more than a match for the lances of the French cavaliers. Besides, the latter being mostly gentlemen, were anxious to distinguish themselves by their individual prowess, and consequently dashed on in line, while the Reiters charged in formidable squadrons that broke through or trampled down all before them.

favorable that the Protestants had yet obtained. All past acts of rebellion were not only pardoned but declared praiseworthy, as having been solely undertaken to promote the welfare of the nation; and the King even expressed his regret and displeasure for the excesses and violence that had been perpetrated in Paris and elsewhere, on the 24th, and following days of August, 1572. The full and unlimited exercise of their religion was accorded to the Huguenots, except within a circle of two leagues around Paris. They were authorized to establish schools, to celebrate marriages, to hold Synods, and to administer the Sacrament publicly, and were declared eligible to offices of judicature and finance. To secure the impartial administration of justice, they were promised in the different Courts mixed commissions of both religions, or *Chambres-Miparties* as they were called. They were further to be placed in possession of eight towns, by way of security for the due fulfilment of these very favorable conditions; namely, Beaucaire, Aiguesmortes, Perigueux, Mas de Verdun, Niou, Serres, Issoire, and Seine la Grande Tour. The attainders of Coligny, Montgommery, La Mole and others, were reversed, and Marshals Montmorency and Cossé were pronounced innocent of the charges alleged against them. To Alençon was assigned the princely apanage of Berry, Tourraine, and Anjou, with an annual pension of one hundred thousand crowns, to enable him to form a great and happy union—evidently alluding to the project of marriage with the Queen of England, who would thus have obtained ready access into the very heart of the kingdom. The government of Picardy, with the absolute possession of Peronne, was ceded to the Prince of Condé. To Prince Casimir was promised the principality of Château-Thierry, with a pension of 14,000 crowns a year, and the payment of all arrears due to his Germans. It was also agreed that to the Prince of Orange should be restored whatever property belonged to him in France, and that the States-General should be held within six months. Terms so favorable to their enemies naturally excited the indignation of the zealous Catholics, and yet under existing circumstances no measure could be more politic. By paying in part the enormous sum due to the Germans, and by depositing some precious stones as pledges for the gradual discharge of their demands in full, Henry succeeded in getting rid of his most formidable enemies.*

He then proceeded to sow the seeds of distrust among the Protestant leaders, by showing preference to one or two, to the disadvantage of the others. Thus Alençon received every thing that had been promised to him, and henceforth was styled Duke of Anjou. But for the Huguenots nothing whatever was done, and

* It is questionable whether modern money-lenders would be satisfied with the security occasionally offered and accepted in those times. In the autumn of 1575 much scandal had been created by the disappearance of the true Cross, and it was generally suspected that it had been sent into Italy as pledge for a large sum of money. The devout were somewhat reassured by a subsequent declaration of the King that he had prepared a new Crucifix, containing a large portion of the real Cross, to which they were invited to address their supplications during the Easter festival of 1576.

they discovered, when too late, that they had been completely outwitted, and that their reliance on the specious professions of the King and his mother had only served to offer them as defenceless victims to the bigotry and hatred of their persecutors. Not only were they molested on their way to and from places of public worship, but they had reason to anticipate more serious consequences, when they learned that the King had applied to the Pope for permission to alienate Church property to a large amount. This step could not fail to fill their minds with anxiety, for it was thus that Charles IX. prepared for the massacre of the St. Bartholomew. One incident will serve to illustrate the state of apprehension in which they constantly lived. On one occasion the Cardinal of Bourbon, preceded by his Crozier and attended by his canons, entered a Protestant place of worship at Rouen. The congregation, uneasy at his presence, gradually melted away, and left him in undisputed possession. When this came to the ears of the imbecile monarch, he laughed heartily, and said he wished they were always as easily dispersed, even were it necessary to add the holy-water basin to the Crozier. They gained indeed a certain degree of moral strength by Navarre's abjuration of the Roman Catholic religion, and solemn declaration that he had only professed it from personal constraint and fear of death. But if his Protestant convictions had all along remained unchanged and unshaken, it would have been more consistent on his part, had he at once returned to his old faith immediately on his escape from Court, instead of allowing nearly three months to elapse before he deemed it expedient to make a public recantation of his errors. It is much to be feared that jealousy of the growing popularity of his cousin, the Prince of Condé, had more to do with his new confession of faith than any very deeply-rooted principles of religion. The sincerity of a man, who could thrice change his form of worship under the pressure of circumstances, and to suit the exigencies of the case, may well be regarded with some degree of suspicion. His worldly wisdom, however, was not without its reward. The Huguenots unanimously elected him their chief, with Condé for his Lieutenant-General, and the inhabitants of La Rochelle gladly welcomed him to their city, though they refused admittance to some of his followers, who had distinguished themselves by their active participation in the horrors and guilt of the St. Bartholomew. Navarre had sufficient good sense to be satisfied with the reality and substance of power, without entering into frivolous disputes about the form and shadow.* His moderation and equity speedily concili-

* A stratagem of the Mayor having recovered La Rochelle from the English in 1372, the townspeople immediately sent deputies to the uncles and guardians of Charles VI. to acquaint them with their success, but stipulating, as the reward and condition of their fidelity and obedience, that never—by marriage, donation, or apanage—should their city be alienated from the direct domain of the crown, and that no citadel should be erected to overawe the town. The Princes, unable to decide so important a matter on their own responsibility, referred the deputies to the King, who unhesitatingly accorded the privileges they demanded, as well as the right of possessing a Mint, together with exemption from all taxes not levied with their consent. On the return home of these envoys, the citadel was rased to the ground. These injudicious privileges combined with its commercial prosperity, to which they no doubt greatly contributed, rendered La Rochelle a very hot bed of republican notions, until Cardinal Richelieu wisely destroyed the anomaly of an *imperium in imperio*.

ated the good will of all parties, and he had sufficient influence with the people of La Rochelle to induce them to allow the free celebration of the Mass.

But of all the parties to the Peace of Monsieur, Condé was the most unfortunate. The province of Picardy, the government of which he had long coveted, was essentially Catholic, and every attempt on his part to take possession excited the most active opposition. In reply to his remonstrances and complaints, the Queen-mother offered him in exchange the towns of Cognac and St. Jean d'Angely. But as various excuses were made for delaying to place them in his hands, he finally lost patience, and seized upon them by force, together with some other places in Saintonge. The pretensions of Condé to the government of Picardy indirectly conduced to the formation of the League, and led to consequences fatal to himself and to his party, and disastrous to the whole nation.

(To be Continued.)

AN INDIAN DAY.

MORNING.

The lowly dwelling lark to greet the morn,
On eager pinion had to Heaven upsprung,
And the glad welcome of the daybreak rung
From many a wild bird's pipe and insect horn;
And as the East, with ever brightening ray,
Foretold the rapid advent of the day,
The impure jackal with a stealthy pace,
Like a "spied spy," retreated from its face,
And brutes obscene, that prowl and prey by night,
Fled from the scrutinizing eye of light.
The Orient sky
Anon a glowing crimson blush discloses,
Such as ne'er offered Irak's glorious roses
To Poet's eye,
And on each mountain slope,
And the tall dull blue bosom of the stream,
The genial tint rests like the smile of Hope
On young Affection's dream:
Still brighter grew the sky, and rays of gold,
Diverging from the mountain's farther side,
Seemed like resplendent pathways meant to guide,
The soaring soul to Heaven.
And now, behold,

As springs a lordly lion on his prey,
So o'er the eastern summits rose the sun,
And reigned at once sole monarch : one by one,
The mists and vapours melted fast away,
And as they faded glowed with myriad hues,
Like those that tint the dying Dolphin's scales,
Then vanished from the sight, and left the vales
Gleaming like courtly robes with diamond dews :
Then the calm surface of the wide spread stream
Glistened as polished silver; every hill
Gilded as Mecca's minarets, and still
As on its lucid wave the morning beam
Obliquely shone, the dimpled ocean smiled
As in a happy vision doth a child,
And as the spirit breathing early breeze
Made music in the thickly foliaged trees,
The dew-washed leaflets glistened in the light,
As Fortune's phases change,—now dark, now bright.

NOON.

It was midday, the Sun now vertical
Ripened the pearls beneath the tepid wave :
Faintly stole o'er the forest the light breeze
And made no music; for the languid trees
Seemed drooping in the stream their boughs to lave :
No sound was heard, save when the mournful call
Of lovely stockdove sought her absent mate :
And the translucent sapphire of the sky
Quivered with brilliancy, and ocean's breast,
One sheet of sun-light, tortured the scared eye,
That nothing found whereon to rest,
Save where the Banyan, in umbrageous state,
Outspread its dark green foliage far and wide;
Its offspring trunks beneath the solemn shade
Forming a vast and mazy colonnade;
And the most giant earth-born on the plain,
Stands like old Egypt's many-pillared fane;
And there, beneath, its shelter, by the side
Of a small brook that trilled through its recesses,
A wearied Indian might be seen reposing,
While his last murmuring whisper, before closing
His eyes in sleep, the grateful shelter blesses.

EVENING.

'Twas Eve, and in the horizon of the West,
The Sun's broad disk was resting on the Sea,
And his last radiance, ere he sank to rest,
Crimsoned the fans of the Palmyra tree ;

Waving upon the shore with graceful motion,
In the light wind that seemed the breath of ocean,
While from the bosom of the other trees
Was born light music to the wooing breeze;
A quiet mournfulness was in that lay,
It seemed as though the leafy woods, among
A choir of Dryads, in the distance sung
A solemn requiem for the dying day.
The Sun had well nigh set, but brightly shone
The gilded summit of each mountain peak,
A moment more, and only one thin streak
Of gold rests on the ocean's utmost verge;
A moment rests, then sinks into the surge,
And to another sphere the day hath gone:
Then purple clouds, the Heralds of the night,
Above the place where the Sun set were rolled,
Evolving as they spread their fringe of gold,
Imaging piles of many windowed stories,
Pillars and domes of every form and hue,
Well might the Hindoo poet deem those glories,
A glimpse of Indra's halls, a moment given to view.

NIGHT.

'Twas night, and in a violet-coloured sky,
So pure, so clear in its profundity,
The crescent moon, the forest tops above,
Sailed like a silver boat, wherein might glide
The king of Genies to his Peri love;
The Stars with which the Heaven was myriad eyed,
Beaming like marriage lamps, his course to guide,
Nor only in the sky their golden glow
Was vivid, but on earth 'twas multiplied,
Reflected on the mirror broad below,
Where noiselessly and smooth, the river's waters flow,
And every thing around was hushed and still,
All cares at rest, all mean things out of sight,
The blighted tree, the barren rugged hill,
Softened to beauty by the spell of night,
Best friend of Nature, that with kindly veil
Shrouds all things that exceed and all that fail,
And only gives, unrivalled, to our eyes,
The irrefragable glory of the skies.

JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO THE SNOWY RANGE, FROM ALMORAH.

On the 15th May last year I left Almorah, with W— of the Engineers, and M— of the Goorkha Corps, to visit Lohooghat, Petoragurh, Munsharee, and the Snowy Range. Breakfasted on the top of Banduee Davy, which is 6,726 feet above the sea. On reaching the ascent, a magnificent view is obtained of the Snowy Range, and the mountains covered with thick foliage, and beautiful forests of oak, rhododendrum and fir. Reached Dhole about four, when the scenery greatly improved; but a storm obscured the view for some time: we were five hours on the road, which is a good one. At Dhole we put up in a small hut, and made ourselves as comfortable as the rain and cold wind would let us. We started on the 16th at ½ past 5 A. M., and reached Pyoo Panee half way, where we breakfasted under some fine trees near a spring. The road was very good, and through forests, so that the scenery is magnificent: we were 3 hours on the road. Left for Dheei, 15½ miles, at 2 P. M.; road good, but the ascent to the Bungalow very steep, and takes 30 minutes to accomplish: The bungalow is beautifully situated on the top of the mountain, which is 6,854 feet high, and commands a most extensive and fine view of the snow. The country around is cultivated and studded with deodar trees and firs. Had some good shooting here; bagged some woodcocks, pheasants and chikore: we were 2½ hours en route. On the 17th started at ½ past 5 A. M., and breakfasted under a beautiful tope of deodars at Patee Jeharee; 2½ hours on the road. The scenery and country over which we travelled was most lovely, being a succession of small undulating hills, clothed with firs and deodars; two slight ascents presenting features of English Park scenery: road excellent. The bungalow at Phuka is situated in a valley highly cultivated, 5,962 feet above the sea: it rained a good deal during the day. Next morning, the 18th, started at ½ past 5; two slight ascents when we enter the valley of Bissen, which presented a most luxuriant spread of cultivation. The road through it is very level and good; it runs under Kotul Ghurry; Fort Hastings built on an isolated hill 6,321 feet high, is three miles from Petoragurh, the outpost, where a part of the Goorkha corps are stationed. Captain G— met us about a mile from cantonments and asked us to stay with him during our stay; the cantonment is beautifully situated on a spread of table land, slightly sloping to a small nullah, but extremely sheltered by mountains on all sides, which are finely wooded, and add much to the beauty of the spot; the lines are built on the slopes of a slight ridge, the officers' houses in the rear: they were all empty, as the station is about to be given up; but at one time it was the head-quarters of the Kumaon battalion, and a detachment of artillery were likewise stationed here. Water is plentiful, but grain scarce. The

next day we went out in search of a bear, who had severely injured a man in the morning; found the den with three young ones, but Mrs. Bruin was out. Went again at daylight on the 19th in search of Mrs. B., but not to be found, so we started on the 20th at 5 A. M. for Durgurreh, 10½ miles: the road was good, and over very high mountains; the view of the Snowy Range magnificent; one slight ascent, and a steep descent just before reaching the bungalow: three hours on the road; capital Gooral shooting on the hill above and below the bungalow, which is 4,876 feet above the sea. Left for Kurta Goney next morning at 5 A. M., 8 miles: the road to the Surjoo river is one steep descent of 2,882 feet, in a distance of five miles; the craggy and dark channel is crossed by a suspension bridge of 180 yards space; from thence the ascent to Mekuntee Goney bungalow is almost perpendicular, being an elevation of 2,225 feet in a distance of three miles, which we walked in one hour and a half. The scenery was very wild, and the kuds almost perpendicular and dark, covered with firs and different sorts of trees, mingled with huge abrupt rocks. Gooral are to be found, but the exertion required hunting for them, is almost above human endurance, and only to be attempted by the strongest sportsmen: heat at the bungalow today greater than we have yet felt since leaving Almorah.

Sunday, 25th May.—Started for Petoragurh, 10 miles; road good. Petoragurh is situated in a large open valley, 5,386 feet above the level of the sea, and about 16 miles from the Kallee river, which is the boundary between our Provinces and Dotee. At Jula Ghat the river is crossed by an iron suspension bridge, 180 feet space, built jointly by the Nepal and our own Government. The defences in the cantonment are a fortified house, built on the top of a hill, and a small fort, which, and the ground around, it completely commands. We staid with Captain D—, who occupies one of the best built houses in the Province; it was built by Colonel Speke, when he was second in command of the late 2nd Nusseeree Battalion. We halted on the 24th, and started next morning for our next encamping ground, 11 miles; the road for the first six miles runs along the valley, and is very good to the foot of the Dhay mountains, the highest point of which is 8,168 feet above the level of the sea. The path which runs over a spur of it is very precipitous and difficult, only to be travelled on foot: in many places the road is formed of regularly built steps, so narrow as to be dangerous for ponies. The mountain is thickly wooded, and the scenery wild and magnificent: after gaining the summit the road runs along the side of the hill to Sutgur, a distance of three miles; we were encamped on a small pretty knoll, about ¼ a mile from the village, where we found some huts which had been built for the Assistant Commissioner, and occupied them in preference to our tents, which we found very hot; in the evening we brought in a kakur, and a couple of gooral. Supplies are to be had here, and the Civil authorities are very attentive; we were 3 hours and 20 minutes on the road. Halted on the 26th for shooting; managed to knock

over a kakur; the game very wild; in the evening a heavy hail-storm came on; the hailstones were the size of pigeon's eggs. Up early on the morning of the 27th; the road for the first six miles is a succession of steep descents through a heavy forest jungle, to the Churumgur river, which we found running very rapid in consequence of the hail and rain storm of the previous evening, which has done much destruction to the crops and the road. The nuddee is crossed by a sanjar. M.'s poney, instead of crossing the bridge, took to the water and was nearly carried down. From hence to Sang-dee-kee-kan, our encamping ground, four miles, is one steep ascent, over a very bad and dangerous path; half way up the mountain M.'s poney, which had only a few minutes before escaped being drowned, rolled down a fearful precipice, and was dashed to death, leading one almost to believe in Napoleon's faith in destiny. The men whom we sent to look for the unfortunate beast, told us that she was found quite dead; her entrails had all burst out, all her legs broken, and her head and neck hanging to her body, by a strip of skin; she must have fallen a distance of 1000 feet, and some of the bounds made in her sudden descent were at least 40 feet, and fearful to witness. We found that the Chuprassie, who had gone on the day before, had prepared a rude hut, and collected a change of coolies; we were 3¼ hours on the road. On the 28th to Deenenath, 8½ miles; road good. The march this morning a very easy one, the road running along the crest of the hills nearly the whole distance, with scarcely any ascent or descent; slight rain at first starting. On arriving at the encamping ground, found the huts which had been erected for the Assistant Commissioner standing, so occupied them; rain and thunder during the day; relieved the coolies; supplies procurable. Next day to Burkunda, 15 miles, four miles beyond Seenee; the march this day was very fatiguing, over a difficult path, and high abrupt hills and deep glens, quite impassable for ponies. Accordingly sent all our animals the lower road, which runs along the banks of a nuddee, which increased the distance three miles, the heat in the valley intense. Arrived at the encamping ground at ½ past 10 A. M., quite done up, having been 5½ hours on the road; heavy rain about 3 P. M. Here commences the Bootear country.

30th May—To Koheir, 9 miles, or Shelmussee in Webb's map; ascend the hill immediately at starting; ascending and descending to the Boojgurrah river at Hooputee, took three quarters of an hour; the descent is very steep; from hence the road, which is very good the whole way, runs along the channel of the river. The stream is neither deep or large, but must be fearfully rapid in the rains; it takes its rise near the Hoon range of mountains, and flows into the Ramgunga, close to Nachanee. We were 8¼ hours on the road; found the grass hut in which we put up cool and pleasant. There is a short cut which coolies always take, leaving Hooputee to the West, thus saving three or four miles, but the pathway is too narrow for ponies. Started next morning at daybreak for Soumree, 15 miles: we found it a small hamlet of eight houses; were five hours on the way: the road for the first

mile runs along the valley, and then one steep ascent to the top of the pass, which took us 3½ hours to walk up: we however breakfasted half way up the mountain, where a stream runs across the road, and on a spot thickly and beautifully wooded with the largest cypress and horse-chesnut trees I have ever beheld. This mountain appeared covered with these trees, and they have attained a size both as to bulk and height, I could never have imagined. The girth of some, which particularly attracted my attention, could not have been less, I should say, than 18 feet. After breakfast continued our trip, and gained the summit of the pass, 10,000 feet, in one hour. The view to the South West was sublime, and we appeared to soar above and overlook all the mountains between ourselves and the plains. On descending, the Snowy Range suddenly burst upon our eyes through the thick foliage, with a most charming effect; appearing from their apparent proximity, as if our fatiguing and tedious journey in search of the regions of eternal snow, the frosty and inhospitable Himalaya would soon terminate: from the top of the mountain it took us two hours to reach Tushee; the road was good and shady. The view from the hut which we occupied, of the Snowy Range, and of the mountains in the vicinity, crested with snow, with the "Sooree," a rush of mud and snow, foaming and roaring some 1,000 feet below, is grand and magnificent to a degree, and can scarcely be imagined, much less described. This view alone is ample recompense for all our troubles and fatigues. Here we received the English papers of the 5th of April; a wonderful example of man's dominate power over the wondrous works of Nature! The snow which had covered the top of the mountain when we arrived, had almost entirely disappeared from thence in the evening.

Tuesday, 1st June.—Gorputtea near Munsharee, 8 miles; road excellent, (excepting for about a mile, which is very rugged and difficult) running along the North East slope of the Hoon mountain; the view of the Snowy Range, the nearest portion of which called the Panchchulahs, is very distinct and beautiful; the Sooree here runs below the same as yesterday; this river takes its rise in the snows and glaciers near Millum, and runs with fearful velocity between that place and Munsharee, the fall being from 340 to 350 feet a mile, and at some places 800 feet; many lives are annually lost in crossing this river to and from Millum, consequent to the sudden thaw of the snow, and the insecurity of the temporary bridges. Arrived at our encampment about half-past eight, and received a cordial welcome from Mr. B., who had just returned from a visit to Millum and the Jawur pass above it, which he ascended to the height of 14,000 feet, when he was obliged to return by a snow storm. His account of Jawur and of his journey was interesting, but the difficulties and fatigues, with the insecurity under foot and over head, which he describes as necessary to be experienced in a journey to Millum, have deterred me from proceeding on in that direction. This district is the Autumn and Spring camp of the Jawur Bhotias, and has been purchased by them since the British

rule commenced in these parts. Bejaswur on the Surjoo, and a village on the Ramgunga, the name of which I do not remember, are their winter quarters.

At the close of the fair at the latter place, in the end of March, they commence their purchase of grain for the upper country, and flocks of sheep are occupied during this period in carrying their purchases to the grand depôt at Munsharee. In May and June, when the upper country becomes accessible, the sheep are again employed in transporting the grain from the Lower to the Upper depôts, Millum, Luspeer, and Jewar. In July, August and September, the Bhotias proceed to to the marts in Thibet, and exchange their grain for salt, borax, wool, with which they return in October to Munsharee and the lower country, and dispose of them to the Almorah and Lowland Merchants in exchange for the productions of the plains. In May, the Almorah merchants are to be found selling cloths and European articles to the Bhotias, and again in October, to secure the first pick of the honies, borax, salt, and other Thibet productions. These commercial dealings between imports and exports are carried on by bonds, which are liquidated in the following season. They are industrious, enterprising, honest people, and unlike merchants of other countries, are the carriers as well as the traders of their merchandise; they are very jealous of other traders entering their market, and use every means to prevent it, and save a monopoly for themselves. These are a strong athletic race, far exceeding the natives of Kumaon in size and stature, and possess great good humour and patience, but in their habits they are filthy and dirty, never washing even their hands or face except on occasions of religious ceremonies. The religion of the Bhotias has been greatly influenced by their peculiar situation and pursuits. Subjected to a government which, as regarded the infringements of its religious tenets, was ever intolerant, continued intercourse with the Hindoos has compelled them to conform to the prejudices of that sect, and led to a gradual adoption of many of its superstitions, while the annual communications maintained with Thibet, keep alive the belief of their forefathers; consequently they may now be regarded as Pantheists, paying equal adoration at every temple, whether erected by the followers of Brahma, of Buddah, or of the Lama. Personal appearance, language, custom, tradition and religion, all unite in assigning the origin of this people to the adjoining province of Thibet.

In the institution of marriage, the inclination and will of the female appear to have greater weight, than is common in the East, both in regard to the formation of such engagements, and in the subsequent domestic management. Contracts are formed at an early age, but the marriage ceremony is not commonly concluded till the parties arrive at maturity, and should the female, in the interim, make choice for herself, the previous contract is compromised by the payment of a sum of money. The Bhotias universally burn their dead; the ceremony is performed in the month of (Katick) November only; the bodies of those who die in-

termediately, are committed temporarily to the earth, and at the appointed season, the remains are exhumed and burnt. In the evening we witnessed several descriptions of Bhotea dances. These consist of about 20 men drawn up in a circle, holding each other by the upper or muscular part of the arm, forming a strong chain, revolving round by a side-long measured step, to the time and accompaniment of two drums and their own voices; another differed from the above by a second set of men placing themselves on the shoulders of those below, and dancing or rather moving in the same measured slow time; and a third, the stick dance, a fourth the sword dance, which is very similar to the dance of the Affghans as described by Conolly; these merry parties generally terminate in riot and drunkenness. The dress of these men consisted of a loose robe and trowsers, with a skull cap, all of strong coarse woollen stuff made of the goat's hair, and when about to travel on the snow they wear woollen boots reaching to the knee, of various colors.

2nd June.—W. and M. started early this morning into Jawur, in the sanguine hope of shooting a bural or wild goat; these animals are only to be found in the snow, and on the loftiest parts of the Himalayas, which makes the search for them very fatiguing. Their size is that of the largest Welch ram, color grey, with black points, hair thick and wiry, horns large and heavy, and curled as in the common ram. It is reported these animals ultimately fall victims to the weight of their horns, which render them incapable of moving. I visited two of the Bhotia villages, each consisting of about twenty houses; these are generally very commodious and of two stories, substantially built of stone, with sloping roofs of slate; the carving of the wooden verandahs is remarkably pretty and well executed, and gives the houses a well finished, neat appearance; these were pleasantly shaded by walnuts and cherries, horse-chesnut, mountain ash, and a kind of olive tree, with the red and white dog rose flowering below them. Most of the houses had the antlers of the gerow, and horns of the bhirul nailed over their doors; the hill called Munsharee is of considerable extent, and a ridge of very gradual slope rising from the Goree, showing a fine and surprising spread of cultivation. Along its face are scattered numerous small hamlets, the spring and autumn homes of the Bhotia, of which Jeelut is considered the chief. Thermometer to day 76.

We halted on the 3rd; weather was cloudy and hot; heavy showers of rain at noon; went to look for a tiger, which the servants brought us word had been frequently heard roaring close above camp; we were however unsuccessful, and got wet through. Halted on the 4th; heavy showers of rain during the night and morning; the Snowy Range and tops of the neighbouring mountains enveloped in clouds, which partially dispersed about noon. At five went down to see the river, the road just made a steep descent all the way, distance four and a half miles; the river Goree is about six feet wide, very rocky, and flows with fearful velocity at this season, whirling and dashing amongst huge rocks,

a sheet of foam and spray with a roaring voice appalling to the stoutest nerve. In consequence of the melting of the snow, water cold and of a greenish mud color. I was one hour going, and the same time returning; heavy clouds again collecting, with distant thunder and lightning indicating the setting in of the rains; thermometer 72. Halted next day, the 5th; rain during the day, heavy clouds with showers: thermometer 66. Halted also on the 6th, and on the 7th, W. and M. returned, quite delighted with their trip, and everything that they saw. They could not get on beyond Luspa, where they halted for a day's shooting; saw fourteen bural, four tar, two white bears, and one black; the latter they killed, but one of the others, as well as a bural and a tar, though wounded, could not be followed; they both complained of the severe fatigue they underwent, but notwithstanding considered themselves amply rewarded by the sublime scenery of the snowy peaks and the wonders of the Goree and its natural snow bridges.

Thursday 8th.—In consequence of rain during the night and early in the morning, did not start from Munsharee till past 5 A. M.; the road passes over two spaces of the Kalee Moondee mountain; the summit of the first range, called the Batoola Pass, we gained in one hour; the descent of this spur is very steep, and the road bad, stony, and slippery, and took us half an hour; from hence the road runs with another slight rise and fall to the water-fall at Ayapanee, where we breakfasted, having been two hours and eleven minutes on the road. This cascade is composed of three small falls of various sizes, the height of the greatest certainly not more than forty feet; the stream of water is not great, but very silvery and pretty; this was not a pleasant place for breakfasting, as there is little shade, but as there was no other spot with water within some miles, necessity obliged us to select it. The cypress trees at this spot are very large and tall, and extremely beautiful; this fall is the source of the Booghgurrah river, which we met on our march to Koliar. Proceeded after breakfast, and in half an hour gained the crest of the second range, another spur from the Kalee Moondee, running south, and the highest of all. Remained at the top to rest nearly an hour; the view is very extensive, including the whole of the Hoon range, which unites with the Kalee Moondee; descended in 40 minutes to the horse-chesnut trees, three miles from Girwan. In looking back upon the large mountain we had passed over, which is from 11 to 12,000 feet above the sea, the view was sublime and majestic. Amongst the forest of oak, horse-chesnuts, pine, silver firs, cypresses, sycamores, and rhododendrums were visible the trace of a recent land slip, which had carried down huge masses of stone, and uprooted large pine trees in its destructive course; the road all the way execrable. From Girwan turned off the road through the jungles to visit the waterfall near Birthee; heat most oppressive; the water issues from the rocky mountains at least one hundred feet high, through a small channel, and falling on a rock about six feet below, is broken into a feathery spray, and

from thence runs down the smooth rocky face of the hill in a crystal stream, a distance of ninety feet into a small basin below, and becomes a running stream. B. says a very large body of water is cast down in the rains, covering the whole face of the rock some twenty or thirty feet, whereas now the fall is not wider than twelve feet. In the jungle opposite to the fall we remained for shade and shelter from the heat, which was very severe till half-past 3 P. M. The acacias in the jungle were in blossom, the finest and most beautiful I have seen, but the annoyance we experienced from the musquitoes, and a large ravenous fly similar to the horse-fly, was most troublesome; the bite of these animals is very painful, and causes a great swelling, leaving a red spot on the skin, similar to that of a leech accompanied by much irritation; these animals were a perfect pest. So we resumed our journey at half-past three; path down the water course to the Jackowlee river, which we crossed; this nuddee divides Bhote from Dhanpore, the Pergunnah we are entering. Near this, at Lallbugger, the road turns off to Almorah. Reached Rautee over a bad country road at half-past 5, completely done up by the heat and length of march. Rautee consists of a few hamlets, sprinkled along the slope of the hill. About half way up from the Nuddee is the principal one, near which is our encampment; supplies and coolies in readiness. On the way received a packet of letters, including English ones; decided on remaining here to breakfast, to relieve the servants after the day's long fag; thunder, clouds, and a few drops of rain in the evening; the cultivation is very extensive and general on the slopes of the hills between Leek and Rautee.

These mountains must prove highly interesting to the geologist and botanist, presenting as great a variety of soil, as of trees and shrubs, valleys fertile and abundant in flowers, among which the most fragrant were the violet and the humble peony. This wonderful portion of the earth is now coming under scientific examination, the effects of which must sooner or later be felt.

Wednesday 9th.—Near Lukkee, thermometer at 2 P. M. under a tree seventy-six. Started at 10 A. M., reached the Ramgunga at at half-past 5 P. M.; the road very bad, and runs over a very high mountain, the descent of which is for some distance a steep one, through a dense forest of oaks, &c. then over an open space, with beautiful shrubbery of young trees to the west, with a land slip which had dammed up the Nuddee below. The heat had hitherto been suffocating, and close, but here we experienced the cool refreshing effect of a distant thunder storm, which was delicious; the road down to the Ramgunga was very bad and abrupt: crossed the river over a bridge which had been prepared for the Assistant Commissioner; from the river the ascent is uncommonly steep, with scarcely any road; the climb up is most fatiguing, and after making the greatest exertions for upwards of half an hour, found I had only accomplished half the task. I almost despaired of ever reaching the top, and when I did so, after one hour's incessant climbing, thought my heart and temples would burst, and my thighs

and arms never recover their usual feeling; my companions did not appear to suffer to the same degree. The road then ran round the side of the hill for four miles to Lukkee, near which we had ordered our servants to encamp, but hearing that the plague (Maha-Maree) was prevailing there, they took on our things 2½ miles beyond, and encamped on the banks of a small nullah. We were overtaken by the shades of evening, so that we lighted torches, and arrived in camp by ten minutes to 8 P. M., after a long and the most laborious journey I have ever undertaken: all the party were completely knocked up. It commenced to rain about 12 o'clock, and continued during the night; and the whole of next day we were hid in clouds, mist and rain, with every prospect of the rains setting in, and our being kept here some days. The flies and insects almost drove us mad; my feet, legs and hands, one mass of irritation and swelling; passed the day in playing whist; a hot tiffin, dinner and toddy; got rid of our enemies, the blood-sucking flies, by keeping up a fire continually burning, which also added to our comfort. Woke at 5 A. M. on the 11th; a fine clear moon; hastened to escape from this place of plague, pestilence, and tigers, (one of the latter had been killed a few days previously;) started at half-past five, and after climbing for one hour and eighty-five minutes a continued steep ascent, gained the summit of the Chuppeesade Pass. I felt the pain in my thighs and arms, and the beating of my heart very much, though not so much; nor was I so fatigued as I was in climbing that detested hill from the Ramgunga on Wednesday last. The view of the snow peaks and mountains, from the clearness of the atmosphere, was beautifully distinct, and apparently not more than fourteen miles distant; the neighbouring hills were one mass of grassy slopes and thick foliage; on the west side of this hill were a few stone huts, inhabited by the Dhanpore Kussah, and their fine flocks of sheep; from hence down the hill to the breakfasting camp took us fifty-four minutes. This is a pretty spot; an open grassy piece of ground of about quarter of a mile in circumference, with a small stream of water running through it, and sheltered on every side by high, thickly wooded hills: this was Mr. Fraser's favorite encamping ground, whenever public business required his presence in Dhanpore; from hence we reached the Sargur in 56 minutes, and from thence our camp at Soopee in 29 minutes; occupied a very good house, instead of the usual chopper; arrived at 25 minutes past 11; very hot, having been on the move 3 hours 54 minutes. Here, in consequence of the threatening state of the weather, W. and myself determined to return to Almorah. M. and B. to proceed on to Pindree, which is only two marches on, and then run into Soopee with all the speed possible; separated, and had a fair division of supplies; it was cloudy, with frequent showers of rain. W. and myself started at quarter to 5 A. M., and proceeded by a most execrable cross-road for the first four miles to Looing, which we reached in one hour and forty minutes; here we got into the fine made Pindree road, which is in capital order, and runs along the right bank of the Surjoo; passed a sulphur spring and reached Kup

Kote, our encamping ground at 25 minutes past 9; remained at Looing 20 minutes; waiting for our ponies: total time of travelling 4¼ hours; the road from the bridge leading to Munssur is a fine smooth turf, and can be galloped over nearly the whole day: beds came up at 12 o'clock. Heat very great; the village here consists of nine or ten substantially built houses, situated on the right bank of the Surjoo. I bathed in the evening, and found the water cool.

Sunday 13*th*.—Started at 4; fine moonlight, but very warm; road continues along the right bank of the Surjoo river, and was shady, until within three miles of Bugaswur, where the valley opens and becomes extensive. The course of the river was in most places very narrow, the channel rocky and deep, the scenery throughout very beautiful and romantic: road capital. We were 3-40 minutes on the journey, which was 16 miles; good fishing here: enjoyed a swim in the evening.

After a hot, uncomfortable night, started about 4 A. M. on the 14th, and reached Sanklur, our breakfasting camp, in four hours; the road is excellent all the way; the first ascent which commences shortly after leaving the river is very long, and in some places rather steep; a great portion of the descent is over a flight of stone steps, built by some Almorah Bunniah, to facilitate the communication between Almorah and Bugaswur; the latter is considered a holy place, or Praug, and at the point where the Goomtee unites with the Surjoo, a holy temple is erected; it has of late years become a place of some commercial consequence, and is resorted to during the fair in February, both by the Lowland Almorah and Bhotia merchants, where their commercial dealings are carried on. Our table was laid under the shade of some Deodar trees, and about half a mile from the village: not nearly so hot as we found it in the bungalow yesterday. W. started at half-past twelve, but as I did not like exposing myself to the sun, I determined to remain till the evening; sent forward my pony to the foot of the first hill, which was said to be four miles off, that he might be cool and fresh. I started at 2 P. M., and on arriving at the spot where I expected to find my pony, discovered that the syce had taken him on the Haval Baugh road; detained in consequence three quarter of an hour. The road up to this point ran along a small water course through a small cultivated valley; the ascent is a steep one, but short, over a well-wooded hill; from it to Almorah the road is excellent, passing along the sides of hills with a gradual slight ascent to Kalee Muth, from thence to Almorah, a gradual descent over excellent road. I arrived at home about half-past seven, most happy to terminate a journey, during which I have undergone more fatigue and labor than I ever remember to have experienced before; four hours on the road, distance from Bugaswur twenty-six miles, the country and scenery throughout very beautiful; the fir tree generally prevailing. I remained at Almorah throughout the rains; and a party having been made up to visit the glacis at Pindree, I, notwithstanding suffering from illness, joined the party, which

consisted of two officers of the 44th Regiment N. I. We started at 4½ P. M. on the 2nd October; the road lay over Kalee Muth, and along the side of the hill, prettily and lightly wooded with firs; we ascended then rather a steep hill, just before descending into the valley of Satraobe; on this hill we were benighted, after crossing the stream ankle deep five times, arrived at our tents at 8 P. M. I was so done up, and felt so unwell, that I tumbled into bed without any dinner; here we found A., who had come on from Haval Baugh, and who had agreed to form one of our party. Up at 6 A. M., quite refreshed and well; breakfasted and started about nine; two ascents, one of which was up a regular flight of stone steps; found the sun very hot; we were four hours on the road arriving here, Bugaswur, about 1 P. M.

4th Oct.—To Kup Kote; up early; fog and mist so thick, as not to be able to see across the river Surjoo; breakfasted at seven, and sent off our traps at 9 A. M.; here we got some capital fishing, trouts, mahseer, &c.; started ourselves at 2 P. M. and did not arrive till six: the distance is sixteen miles; the road lies along the banks of the river the whole way: *this march is always hot.* On the 5th to Soonmy, ten miles. Heavy mist as yesterday; went out shooting before breakfast; brought in four brace of black partridges; breakfasted, and sent off servants and things as yesterday; followed ourselves at 2 P. M.; arrived at five; road level, continues along the river; is much cut up since I past it in June. About four miles pass the bridge where the road turns off to Munsharee; very hot in the valley, our tents were pitched half a mile above the village, where we experienced a difference of at least 10 degrees in temperature between this place and Kalkota. A cold night; up next morning at 7, started immediately after for Kathee, thirteen miles; ascend immediately on leaving camp, and continue ascending for three hours; road occasionally up perpendicular stone steps. On the top of the hill, good minal and pheasant shooting; I shot three of the former from the top of the pass. A magnificent view of the Snowy Range breaks upon you; and here we rested, enjoying the scenery and fine cold breezes for an hour. Descended the western side of the hill through a dense forest of khursoo, oaks, firs, cypress, yews and bamboos, and near the bottom, over some pretty grassy slopes, and then we ascended again for a short distance, though steep, and round along the side of the hill for about two miles, to encamping ground just above the Pindur at Kathee; rain in the evening and very cold. Snow within two miles; red pheasants (Loongee) snared by the natives of the high hills above camp: six hours on the road.

On the seventh to Dewalla, seven miles; fine clear morning, Snowy Range beautifully clear, and apparently not above four miles distant; breakfasted and started again. The road ascends up the left bank of the Pindur, through a magnificent thick forest of chesnuts, firs, oaks, cypresses and bamboos; waterfalls to be seen on both sides of the valley at every mile; pass through beds of wild strawberry, the fruit better flavored and larger than any yet met; also fine large blackberry bushes in

fruit, and nut trees; cross the river over the temporary bridges three times; took shelter in a cave from the rain, which lasted two hours. This is a dismal, wild spot, without inhabitants, surrounded with high mountains crested with snow. Our tent was pitched on a small angular level spot, with two rivers meeting at point just below it; the night was miserably cold and damp; next morning started after breakfast; the road continues up the Pindur one gradual rise up to the glaciers, a good road; saw two different herds of wild goats, (thar,) on the rugged mountains on the opposite side of the river; we opened a heavy fire on them from our rifles, but the distance was too great to be effectual; minal pheasants to be found in the jungle just above the road, which is composed of rhododendrum, cypress and birch-wood. Weather cloudy; snow began to fall just as we reached Myrtowlee, our encamping ground on the left bank of the Pindur, at 2 P. M., and continued for two hours. About five started off with our guide, Ram Singh, to visit the glaciers; the first is about three-quarters of a mile from the encamping ground, and has the appearance of *terra firmâ*, being amalgamated with stones and mud, the debris from the mountains, from time immemorial, and it is not till dug into that one discovers it to be ice. Advancing higher up, the glaciers become clear and green, and covered with snow, and continue to rise pile above pile, undulating like the waves of a stormy sea in every magic variety of shape and hue, until they blend themselves with Nundee Davie to the left, and Mundee Kote to the right, the two highest peaks of the Snowy Range. Pinduree is a valley of about three miles long and one wide, at an elevation of 13,000 feet, surrounded by a barrier of snowy mountains from 25 to 18,000 feet high, gradually becoming a sea of ice, which is annually extending and rising, will some day become on a level with the awe-inspiring mountains which gave it birth; unless indeed the heat of summer dissolves the snow and ice formed during winter. It is useless attempting to describe the grandeur and majesty of the scenery of the Pindur; it is of that sublime and awful nature, which can never be conceived, but once seen, can never be forgotten. From the top of the glacier to where the Pindur issues cannot be less than eight hundred feet. The cold this night was greater than I ever remember, though I had four blankets and a boat-cloak over me; it must have been freezing at night, for the ground was hard, and covered with ice three inches thick. At 7 A. M., a lovely clear morning, and the view of the glaciers and Snowy Range was perfectly dazzling: there being no villages nearer than Kuthee, supplies of every description for ourselves and our servants have to be carried on from thence; we started on the 7th, under a promise that the grain for servants should be sent after us, but none having come, and our people being without food, we were obliged to return one march to Kuthee, which we easily accomplished in six hours, as the road is a gradual and easy descent the whole way. We halted the 10th; next day started after breakfast. H. and A. struck through the jungle immediately up the hill to the east, for the purpose of shooting,

and continued along the top of the range till they met the road. I went the regular road, and walking, gained the top of the pass in two-and-half hours; from thence to camp at Looing took me two hours descent the whole way. On the 12th, after breakfast, parted from A. and H. Started at 9; found the sun excessively hot; arrived at Kup Kote at half-past one P. M. On the 13th to Bugaswur; started at 2 P. M.; cloudy weather, with occasional slight showers, which made the march pleasantly cool. Arrived at 6; found my bed and traps laid out in the upper story of the Munsharee Putwaree's house.

On the 14th up early; the heavy mist as usual in the valley; started at half-past six, and arrived at 11 A. M.; no coolies in attendance; breakfasted and off again at 2 P. M.; walked nearly the whole way and relished the exercise, arrived at Almorah about 6 P. M., having enjoyed my trip exceedingly.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE CHANNEL;

OR, FRANCE AND ENGLAND AS THEY ARE AND HAVE BEEN.

(Concluded.)

"- - - - - - - I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys who swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth."

SHAKSPERE.

"——— Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

BUTLER.

EVERY one has heard or read of the infant at whose christening all the fairies of the neighbourhood were duly summoned to attend. The marvellous guests arrived bearing with them gifts of no less marvellous virtue. By one the infant was endowed with some trait of physical distinction. By another it was endowed with some attribute of mental beauty. One gave it length of days. Another gave it kindness of heart. To a third it was indebted for grace of manner. To a fourth it was indebted for richness of intellect. One alone had something to impart which was certain to contain no blessing. One stranger had suddenly appeared to mar the parent's happiness by gifts of evil omen. The fairy who had been excepted from the general summons, proceeded to wreak his revenge upon the fated child, by casting we know not what spell of evil over the brightness of its future prospects. The curse, whatever it may have been, was one which rendered all former gifts as fatal, or at best as worthless, as they might otherwise have proved great and inestimable. It was something which would serve to poison the whole current of its victim's future, something which should make his life a continued failure, turning his finest talents into new sources of personal suffering, and pressing his finest virtues into the service of his worst defects. Some such defect it is which has left so marked a trail upon every page of French history, the brightest as well as the most chequered: some such influence it is which has ever checked and thwarted the innate ambition of a people peculiarly fitted in other respects

NOTE.—Since the above was written a change for the better has begun to brighten the face of our political prospects. Instead of the 'thimble-rig ministry' who opened the present session, we have got a cabinet of great promise, though rather composite structure. Coalitions have seldom succeeded, but the present is of a kind entirely different from any we have hitherto seen. The conditions of its formation are peculiarly hopeful. It comprises nearly all the talents and no mean share of the virtues available in our political circles. It represents we think a new epoch in our political history, the commencement of a sounder and nobler system of legislative practice than those which have heretofore been foisted upon the nation by the admirers of Family Compacts on the one hand, or the plotters of Holy Alliances on the other. We shall be much disappointed if our new ministers prove unequal to an emergency which their united abilities are so amply qualified to deal with.

to adorn the highest and most conspicuous place in the annals of civilised societies.

Varium et mutabile semper' is the appropriate motto for French humanity. Women, children, even weathercocks are less changeable than our Gallic neighbours. Soberness of aim and steadiness of purpose form no part of their philosophy. Their great ambition is to make a noise, no matter by what means, at what conjunctures, or at whose expense. Beyond this, perhaps in some measure by reason of this, no signs of any consistent purpose can be discovered in their general conduct. The only principle by which that conduct becomes at all intelligible in other respects, is the principle on which Fortune was said to dispense her favors, and by which the infant is impelled to laugh or cry at particular moments without any visible cause. France is perpetually changing her mind. She obeys the whim of the moment as truly as the weathercock obeys the wind of the moment. And her impetuous spirit aggravates the evil engendered by her want of self-support. The toys for which she hankered are gotten only to be cast aside. The passion of one moment is pulled to pieces in the next. That which succeeds it meets with a similar fate. Her conduct, like that of her own great emperor, runs always in extremes. Her moods are as variable as her conduct. She is never contented with the good in hand. She is never moderate in the pursuit of good in prospect. Her freedom rages into the wildest license or subsides into the blindest servility. Her religion flies off at a tangent from the blasphemy which worships a painted image, to the blasphemy which sets up for worship a painted harlot. Her moral philosophers speak sometimes with the voice of angels, sometimes with the voice of beasts. She cut off the head of one monarch, who had done his best to satisfy her lawful demands. She flung herself without reserve into the arms of a ruler who trampled on her dearest rights as ruthlessly as she had erewhile trampled on those of others. She got weary of the splendid pageants, which glazed over the tyrannical deeds of her warlike emperor Napoleon. She got weary of the solid benefits accruing from the peaceful sway of her whilom favorite Louis Philippe. She had no words to express her reverence for the Voltaires and Diderots who lit up the darkness of her political bondage. She had nothing but death in store for the Malesherbes and Condorcets, who graced the dawn of her political freedom. At one moment she was all for deifying women whose only virtue lay in their looks or their accomplishments. At the next she was all for sending the best and loveliest of her daughters to the guillotine. Anything how trivial soever will turn her from the pursuit of substantial good. Nothing how serious soever will avail to warn her betimes from the road to eventual suffering.

With a difference of degree there is much in what we know of French character to remind us incontinently of what we know of the character of ancient Athens. Both are fashioned after the same type of human

excellence; a type undoubtedly beautiful, but not the beautifulest of all; a type remarkable for its intellectual graces, but hardly less remarkable for the faultiness of its moral construction. In both we discover the same curious blending of strong and feeble traits, the same forms of spiritual loveliness rising from the same depths of moral impurity, the same marked antithesis between the aims of one moment and the caprices of the next, the same perpetual conflict between aspirations which touch the heavens and tendencies which lick the dust. In both we have the same play of intellectual fancy, the same turn for speculative inquiry, the same warmth of sensuous enjoyment, the same eye for æsthetic beauty, combined with the same weakness of moral vision, the same lack of religious earnestness, the same inaptitude for ordinary business or sustained exertion. For that depth of feeling which pervades the utterances of our own glorious bards, we need hardly look in the poetry of either nation. It is not to be found in the pages of Euripides. It is not to be found in the pages of Lamartine. French Tragedy has none of it. Even Sophocles, for all his exquisite beauties of style and treatment, cannot in this respect be allowed to hold the candle to English Byron or German Goëthe. For that genial sympathy with all parts of human nature, that clear practical insight into all phases of human character, that reverent clinging for its own sake to whatever traces of moral beauty lurk anywhere in natures the most unlovely, which gives our Shakspeares and Dickenses a lasting title to the moral empire they are wielding now, we can find but little room in the hearts of either nation. But in the genius which deals with outer semblances, in the sparkling liveliness of their mother-wit, in force and picturesqueness of mere word-painting, they have no rival in the nations of any age. As works of art there are no speeches to be compared with the philippics of Demosthenes, no sermons to be compared with the master-pieces of the French pulpit. The artistic beauties of Pascal and Chateaubriand are only to be paralleled in the writings of Plato and Isocrates. The rich boisterous humor of Rabelais or Scarron is as like that of Aristophanes as it differs from the humor of our Swifts and Congreves. The same excellences and the same defects will be found to characterise the social progress of either nation. Quick in catching the general outline but blind to the secret principles of important truths, strong in praiseworthy aims but ever weak in practical appliances, both have continually sacrificed the good in hand for the mere prospect of a greater good beyond their present reach. In striving to better their social condition both have repeatedly taken the very best means to ensure its becoming worse. Both have repeatedly shewn how easily the blessing in prospect could be turned into the curse in possession; how easily King Log could be manufactured into King Stork, or King Stork be again displaced by King Log. With all their zeal for political freedom and national greatness, they have been driven by the very excess of that zeal to kneel for mercy at the feet of domestic

tyrants, or kneel for deliverance at the feet of foreign conquerors. The early excesses of the first French revolution are still reaping their natural fruit in the tyranny of the present Usurper, just as the madness of popular license in the days of Cleon reaped its natural fruit in the excess of popular suffering under the ruthless sway of a Demetrius or a Cassander. In all the political changes which have befallen either nation we are pretty certain to find the same arrogance of high intellect, working with the same weakness of moral principle to produce results which ordinary nations would have had the honesty to decline provoking, or the wisdom practically to turn aside. The very brightness of their intellectual fame serves only to light up with yet fearfuller meaning the mischief kindled by their strange lack of ordinary prudence and sound morality. It is the old story brought out in deeper colors. The 'flowerets of Eden' are before us in rich profusion, but 'the trail of the serpent is over them all.'

It is pitiful to see splendid talents allied to such egregious defects. Still more pitiful is it to see the mischief which talents so allied may entail on those who come under their influence. In the case of nations as well as men, such talents serve as wandering lights and false beacons to lure weaker souls to the ruin their own unaided faculties would have taught them to avoid. The effects of bad example are notorious enough. They are peculiarly fatal when high talents, great power, and commanding station are all on the side of those who set the example. The fame and the power of Athens under Pericles swelled the array of her allies with many who would otherwise have stood neutral, or followed their natural bent by espousing the side of Sparta. The result was such as they might have foreseen. Athens survived the contest, but the hopes of her allies were crushed for ever. The influence and the arts of Rome turned the free states and cities of ancient Italy into the active instruments of their own subjection. In modern Italy as in ancient Greece the lesser states and cities have seldom failed to emulate the larger in the frequency of their political changes, the bitterness of their party hatreds, and the blood-stained excesses by which either party has marked its return to power. France has been the occasion of much bitter schooling to the nations who have obeyed her counsel, invoked her aid, or copied her example. Her influence has entailed the writing of some dark pages in the histories of Spain and Ireland. It tempted Switzerland to forego the blessings of constitutional freedom for the curses of revolutionary lawlessness and foreign invasion. It tempted Holland to throw off her old friendships for an alliance which ended in crippling her national resources and reducing her to a province of Napoleon's empire. It has rendered the year 1848 peculiarly conspicuous in the annals of revolution. The movement by which France in that year threw down for no very urgent reason the dynasty she had erected eighteen years before, was the signal for like movements elsewhere. The rage for revolution spread like wild-fire. More than half Europe was straightway in a blaze.

France had asserted her own freedom. In proclaiming the deed she had also hinted her readiness to aid other countries in asserting theirs. Several of those countries took the hint and proceeded to follow the example after their own fashion. The cry of Liberty and Equality resounded with different meaning from different parts of Europe at once. It came more or less audibly from Hungary, from Vienna, from a corner of Ireland, from nearly the whole breadth of Italy. Pio Nono fled from Rome. King Ferdinand was quaking in his shoes at Naples. The Austrian Capital was in the hands of a victorious populace. Hungary was rid for a time of her Austrian oppressors. Smith O'Brien was beating up recruits for his expedition against the Dublin police. Charles Albert was leading the soldiers of Piedmont to fight the battle of Italian freedom against all assailants. At such a moment France could have done much for the cause she professed so loudly to support. She did worse than nothing at all. Without a word, it seems, of remonstrance on her part, Russia was allowed to aid Austrian zeal and Hungarian treachery in working out the schemes of Metternich and his perjured master. Without a token of French abhorrence King Ferdinand was allowed to violate his most sacred oaths, and wreak his vengeance in the basest and cruelest shapes upon the subjects with whom he had been erewhile too glad to treat on any reasonable terms. And, what was pitifulest of all to see, a French general and a French army were sent to undo the best efforts of Roman patriotism, to recover the Papal city for its ousted ruler, and to rear anew the fabric of priestly despotism in the streets which still rang with shouts of heart-felt admiration for the noble doctrines and inspiriting appeals of a Mazzini. One after another the triumphs of popular freedom were swept away by the tide of a re-actionary movement which sunk its hapless victims under the weight of a bondage yet more hopeless and intolerable than ever. It was not long before France herself was to experience the fulness of that suffering which she had made no effort to avert from others. She escaped from the jaws of one deadly crisis only to be dragged the faster into the widening eddies of another. From dark dreams of red republican violence she has awakened to the dark realities of imperial tyranny. It is even matter for question whether the evils she might have suffered under the terrorism of a Louis Blanc or a Ledru Rollin, could have surpassed in magnitude the evils she is suffering now under the terrorism of Napoleon the Little. The effect of her situation in either case could only be to enhance the sufferings of all those nations who should be weak enough to follow her example, or too weak to withstand the efforts of her rulers to reduce them to the same condition with herself. In the one case we have seen it tending to undo the ties of constitutional freedom. In the other case we see it tending to draw yet tighter the chains of arbitrary power.

Very different on the whole has been the moral influence of her fortunate rival on the politics of modern Europe. Our system of internal polity has been the envy or the model of all those nations

who are in the way of seeing how smoothly it works at home. The steadiness of our commercial progress, the discreetness of our political conduct, the general firmness of our social prospects, have all served to disgust or astonish, to perplex or stimulate, the minds of surrounding nations. Our national character stands high with all who are capable of appreciating its genuine merits. Our love of peace and social order, producing patience under trifling evils and moderation in redressing serious ones—our love of justice and fair dealing, which revolts against all exercise of arbitrary power for ends however worthy, and refuses to convict the guilty by any process tending to involve the innocent—our respect for social decencies and prescriptive rights, which forbids all wanton interference with private conduct, and punishes all wanton breaches of private faith and all wanton assaults on private character—our love of practical freedom as far as that freedom trenches on no principle of public or private duty—our strong religious tendencies, kept from running into gross excesses by the practical clearness of our common sense—have all contributed to win for England the approval, if not always the love, of those nations with whom she has lived on terms of sufficient intimacy. Nor has the general course of her foreign policy belied the general tenor of her domestic life. With all its undoubted faults that policy has not been one which Englishmen at this day should feel ashamed to look back upon. Its effects have not been such as Englishmen should take a pleasure in wishing generally undone. Its worst blunders may generally be ascribed to good intentions ignorantly carried out. Its better features are such as no nation less thoroughly great and true-hearted could have displayed.

It would be difficult to point to any great principle of human conduct which France has honestly striven to enforce by her own example. She was employed in persecuting her Huguenot subjects at the very moment she was rendering her best aid for political purposes to the cause of German Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War. She exhorted Poland to assert her ancient freedom, while her own armies were engaged in despoiling other nations of the freedom they still enjoyed. She can talk of popular rights and civil liberties even from under the footstool of the man who has just succeeded in crushing them at home, and who seeks at this moment to crush them elsewhere. Except in the reign of Charles the Second, a reign as disgraceful to England as it was worthy of her unprincipled Monarch, our modern history is remarkably free from such blots as these. It is not too much to say that our external policy has redounded on the whole to our own credit, no less than it has redounded to the good of others. While France has constantly belied her overt principles, England has been as constantly true to hers. And those principles have not been principles of mere expediency, of self-interest, or of self-glory. When Cromwell was setting the example of religious tolerance at home, he did not forget to enforce that example elsewhere. One significant word of his availed to silence the boastings

of the Vatican, and gave the persecuted Vaudois some little respite from the flames and tortures of Sardinian bigotry. When French ambition threatened to absorb the Netherlands, England at once took up the weaker cause, and sent her general, the future hero of Blenheim, to drive the aggressor back to her proper limits. Instead of annihilating another's liberties 'la Grande Nation' was erelong trembling for her own. When Britain on the other hand has interfered in the affairs of others, she has seldom done so without just or answerable cause. Her mission among the peoples has been to cheer, to succour, to re-establish; not to terrify, to weaken, to overthrow. Her blood has been shed like water, her money has been scattered like dust, in defence of nations fighting for their liberties against domestic plunderers, or fighting for their lives against foreign cut-throats. At one time her soldiers are rescuing her old enemy Spain from the clutch of Imperial France. At another time her sailors are winning the victory, which struck off the last fetters of Turkish despotism from the land of Leonidas and Miltiades. Her arms and subsidies strengthened the weak and nerved the timid of her European neighbours to meet the onsets of French enthusiasm, and roll back the tide of French conquest from the far corners of Europe to the gates of Paris. Her bold speeches and menacing front did more than aught else to deter the Courts of Petersburg and Vienna from carrying out their plans of violence against those who had shielded the Hungarian patriots from the last severities of Austrian malice. She would have done something even for Poland, but there was none to back her words. She would have softened the fate of Hungary, had French influence not been wanting to the cause for which France was bound in honor to have used her strongest entreaties, if not something more. There may be something to lament, there is certainly nothing to reprobate in a policy which has gained for others the substantial rewards of labors to which England has ever contributed the largest if not the only share. The wisdom of that policy may sometimes be called in question. We may take leave to deplore the mischief it has sometimes occasioned, or to grumble at the burdens it has eventually entailed. Some of us may think that Spain was hardly worth the delivering, and that Russia should have been left to settle her own terms with Napoleon. We may think that England was something too arrogant in the tone she adopted towards the latter, something too lavish in the bribes with which she plied the former. But the general spirit of that policy remains as far beyond censure as its results are far beyond recal. It has been generous if not always wise, humane if not always remunerative, sound in principle, if not always just in practice.

Not that censure is altogether wanting for this and other good points of our national character. To our own Brights and Cobdens a warlike policy is always a reprehensible one. We have seen Kossuth and Batthyani stigmatized as mere rebels, and the fall of Hungary in the attempt to vindicate her national rights hailed as a just judgment for her re-

bellion against the paternal rule of Austria. We have seen British statesmen run down the press of England for daring to speak the truth about Louis Napoleon. We still hear protectionist orators declaring that England has been utterly ruined by the policy which has thinned her workhouses and filled the mouths of her poor with bread. We have our bigots who stop the way of social advancement, and withhold the means of moral instruction from the millions whose ignorance their spiritual pastors have hitherto failed to enlighten. We have our democrats who find nothing but rottenness in the things that are, and clamor for a state of things which could only be effected by turning society fairly upside down. And we have our neighbours across the channel, who take particular pains to lower our self-conceit by the strange notions they are apt to circulate regarding points of character which are generally thought to furnish its best apology.

Midas had the gift of turning whatever he touched into gold. French writers are endowed with a gift no less peculiar. They test whatever they see abroad by the light of a vanity which sees nothing but universal perfection at home. With them everything French is necessarily great and glorious, everything English consequently poor or petty. Whatever they say of England is continually meant to be said in her disparagement. Whatever they say of France is certain to convey some tribute to her exceeding merits. The best points of English character are degraded into positive defects. The worst points of French character are ennobled into superlative beauties. The English are a nation of vile shopkeepers. The French are a nation of perfect heroes. England's mission, if she have such a thing, is simply to feed and clothe all nations. That of France is to enlighten and regenerate all. John Bull is a poor creature, with a soul for cottons and calicoes, and a heart whose beatings keep time with the strokes of business doing on 'Change. He has grown rich by dint of his perseverance, and powerful by dint of his great riches. His cold temperament has kept him from egregious errors, while his practical shrewdness has enabled him to make the most of his opportunities. But of fine talents, noble ideas, enlarged policy, he is and cannot but be wholly destitute. His only gods are his money-bags. His only pleasures are those of the counting-house. His only ambition is to become a millionaire.

Quite another sort of person to their thinking is Jacques Bonhomme. His humanity answers to no ordinary type. Nothing low or common-place was allowed to enter into the stuff which formed it. He is a genius of the purest water, a hero of the most transcendant stamp. His intellect is more than human—it is almost divine. Scorning the narrow sphere of duller natures it soars into boundless space and revels in the mysteries of worlds beyond our ken; stooping ever and anon to impart some new discovery to the world below, or to solve with a passing effort the questions which had long been puzzling the minds of ordinary men. His great soul

turns disgustfully from the cares of ordinary life to hug the consciousness of its vocation for higher destinies than measuring tape or counting dollars. He has no heart for the things which satisfy grosser appetites, no eye for the obstacles which harass worldlier minds. Like Camilla scouring the plain he flies along the course of his election, with an impetuosity which stops at nothing and a swiftness which distances all pursuit. His chief ambition is to be great and glorious, and to shew others the shortest way to become as great and glorious as himself. In so striving he has but small deference to show for the rules of mere conventional morality. He cares but little how far his actions may shock the feelings or trench upon the fancied rights of others. He has higher matters to think of than these. His rules of conduct are founded on grand principles, and to follow out those principles to their natural issue is the point for which he is peculiarly concerned. Whatever seems to obstruct that issue must be quietly disposed of or peremptorily waved aside. It is no business of his to study the convenience or respect the prejudices of his weaker neighbours. The work he set himself to do must be done at all hazards. He came to enlighten the world by his example, not to square his conduct with the rules and notions hitherto obtaining in the world.

There is much truth in the contrast which Messrs. Thiers, Guizot, and a host of inferior writers have taken such pride in drawing to the above effect. But the truth unfortunately is all in favor of the side they have meant to disparage. Their glowing eulogies on 'la belle France' are but so many unconscious tributes to the worth of common-place England. Their glowing tirades against 'faithless Albion' are but so many unconscious satires on the follies of heroic France. The case they have suggested against their own country is as striking as their failure to make out a decent case against ours. No lawyer could have damaged his client's cause more fatally than they have damaged the character of a client so near and dear to them as France unquestionably is. Out of their own mouth she stands convicted of the very inferiority they sought to prove against her rival. National enthusiasm or national jealousy has carried them much too far. It is because French character is peculiarly weak where English character is peculiarly strong; because France has wandered out of the beaten track which England has taken care to follow, the one obeying her own erratic impulses, while the other was keeping close to the dictates of common sense and common honesty; because France has revelled in vain dreams and striven to enforce unprofitable doctrines, while England has made the most of passing realities to advance her own welfare without trespassing on the rights or neglecting the claims of others,—it is for these and such like raesons that England has achieved a pitch of national greatness which her brilliant rival may envy but cannot parallel. With all her great pretensions and fine qualities the latter is essentially the weaker of the two in respect of moral character, as she has proved the laggard of the two in the race of civilised prosperity. The moral

weakness has entailed the political failure as certainly as England's strength in the one respect accounts for her superiority in the other. This may be a hard truth to our friends across the Channel. But it is one which cannot bear disputing. Even French eloquence has only served to illustrate the sequence which French vanity has perpetually striven to disprove. Its very efforts to mystify our conceptions of a simple fact serve only to bring out the fact itself in colors yet brighter and more distinct than ever.

In nations as well as individuals want of sound moral principle is a flaw of character, for which no amount of extrinsic beauties can perfectly atone. It is peculiarly fatal to the well-doing of nations not wholly perfect in other elements of national strength. Such a flaw with effect so fatal keeps ever eating into the national life of France. It aggravates her petty faults: it poisons the sources of her noblest deeds. Times out of number has it rendered her the odium or the laughing-stock, the terror or the pity, of surrounding nations. It has turned her boastfulness into a wretched lie, her pursuit of glory into a fearful crime. It clouds the lustre of her greatest victories: it accounts for the heaviness of her worst sufferings. Its effects are exemplified alike in the policy of Henri Quatre and the policy of Henri Quinze, in the diplomatic achievements of Richelieu and the warlike achievements of Bonaparte, in the social aspect of France under Robespierre, and the social aspect of France under Louis Napoleon. The fearful orgies which deluged republican France with the blood of her best and bravest, presented but a darker phase of that fearful license which had erewhile turned her palaces into brothels, and spread through all her fields and cities the breath of a moral plague whose virulence could only be stayed by a social crisis as wasting as the original disease. The same lack of conscientious scruple which led Louis Philippe to derange and his enemies to destroy the Constitution of 1830, strengthened the hands of socialist conspirators in 1848, and fired the train of a Bonapartist conspiracy in 1851. The same vice of character which made Napoleon the curse of Europe and the idol of his own countrymen, paralysed the hands of those who feared the treason, and inspired the voices of those who confirmed the triumph of his unscrupulous nephew. The lax morality which is seldom to be found below the surface of English society, and disgraces the public career of very few English statesmen, forms the besetting sin of French statecraft, and enters into the very life-blood of French society. Political integrity is as rare a virtue in France as political profligacy is a rare defect in England. What the Disraelis and O'Connors are to the general run of English statesmen, the Cavaignacs and Lamartines are to the general run of French statesmen. If the general tone of a nation's literature expresses the general tone of its social morality, in this respect also England must rank as far above France as Shakespere ranks above Corneille, or Dickens ranks above Eugene Sue. Our favorite writers are not those who have started the wildest theories

of social reform, pandered to the wildest cravings of popular license, or employed their eloquence in confounding the eternal principles of right and wrong. Our popular statesmen are not those who have employed their influence in obstructing the course of peaceful legislation at home, or employed their talents in promoting schemes of aggressive policy abroad. We may appreciate the honest purpose of a Carlyle. We cannot tolerate the mischievous absurdities of a Proudhon. We respect the statesman who yields with a good grace to the force of public opinion. We have nothing but contempt for the statesman who changes his principles as often as he changes his coat.

There is a certain close connexion, an intelligible harmony, wherever we have the means of tracing it, between the events of yesterday and those of to-day. The political profligacy of many years past produced the explosion from which France is just now suffering, as clearly as the moral profligacy of the age preceding her first revolution produced the evils which marked its subsequent course. Seventeen years of power, not always rightly wielded, had sufficed to strip the monarch of 1830 of all the popularity with which he had started on his kingly way. An emeute as partial as it was sudden dragged the whilom favorite from his throne, and converted that throne into the chair of a provisional government. A republic was proclaimed by the general voice of the fickle Parisians. The strange medley of poets and philosophers, socialists and red-republicans, who formed the new executive, went merrily to the work of making laws for their enfranchised countrymen. But it was found easier to pull down than to build up. France had no great confidence in her new ministers. The new ministers were all at issue among themselves. With few exceptions they were men of little note or else of little character. On the latter score indeed there was not much to choose, between them and the ministers who had done the State such doubtful service under Louis Philippe. If public morality had ebbed low before, Ledru Rollin and Blanqui were not the men to raise it now Lamartine might succeed in swaying the mobs of Paris with his eloquent speeches. But he could not succeed in making his colleagues agree to forego their private interests for the good of their common country. With all his fine talents such statesmanship as he could boast was hardly the fittest for such a time. With all his fine sentiments he was just as French as any of them in his views of foreign policy. He did his best however to save the State on more than one occasion from the violence of open enemies and the treachery of his own colleagues. Still the public business went on but slowly. Patriotism was quite at a discount with the factious spirits who ruled the political circles of Paris. Hardly had the new ministry resigned its powers into the hands of the National Assembly, when the alarming outbreak of June called forth the best energies of Cavaignac in defence of a constitution which seemed like to die before it had fairly begun to live. When he had thoroughly quelled the storm, this honest old soldier had the virtue, rare for a Frenchman, to render back to the hands which

gave it him the authority he had employed to such good purpose. Next followed the canvassing for a President. The preference therein given to the adventurer of Boulogne and Strasbourg over the man who had just saved his country from a mortal crisis, served at least to shew how madly the idea of their great Emperor was still cherished by the vast majority of the French people. The new President took his seat and the oaths of fealty to the young Republic. How much he cared for such pledges was not long of shewing itself. French Fraternity was illustrated by the sending of an army to subvert the new-found liberties of the Roman State. French Liberty was maintained by a course of steady encroachment on the rights of the subject, on the freedom of the Press, on the supremacy of the National Council. In his speeches to the people, in his modes of dealing with his Senate and Ministers, the nephew of a French Emperor was continually forgetting the modesty of a French citizen. In England his pretensions would have been simply ridiculed. No such certainty awaited them in France. It was easier for Frenchmen to foresee their issue than to avert it by lawful means. There was no bond of mutual confidence between the nation and its representatives. Respect for the laws was a sentiment unknown to the one. Sense of duty was a motive little understood by the others. The cat was dangerous, but there was no way of 'belling' him fairly in mid career. The mice had no faith in each other's sincerity, while they had too much faith in the forbearance of their common enemy. What followed was natural enough. While his opponents were trying to save the State by means not wholly constitutional, M. Bonaparte was maturing a conspiracy which involved all France in the ruin his opponents had only half foreseen. The *coup d'état* of the 2nd December 1851, shewed how justly he had reckoned his chances, and how easily a nation lacking the true essentials of moral greatness could be plundered of its social liberties by a ruler wicked enough to trample on all considerations of good faith and common decency; and cunning enough to seize the right moment for consummating his unholy designs. Once more a relentless despotism was erecting its trophies in the land of Cavaignac and Beranger. Once more the evil spirit was settling in its old abode, to renew with augmented zeal the mischief it had wrought so often before.

To turn from such a picture to its English companion is to escape from the glare of a heated ballroom into the cool fresh morning air of heaven. If England be a nation of shop-keepers, it is not a nation of unwise or immoral ones. There may be higher pursuits than that of shop-keeping. Love of glory may possibly be accounted in itself a finer instinct than love of money. A nation of philosophers would be a finer thing to contemplate than a nation of cotton-spinners. But the question of actual merit turns on no comparison of worldly pursuits or isolated features. We are not to consider what sort of work a man has set himself to do, but *how* he has done the work he set himself to do. We are to consider not how high this virtue or how low

that vice may stand in the code of abstract morality, but what virtues or what vices are fairly traceable in the general tenor of a man's actual deeds. There is a love of money as far removed from vice as there is a love of glory far removed from virtue. A moral cotton-spinner may rank in the scale of nature higher than an immoral philosopher. "An honest man"—says Burns—

...... "tho' e'er so poor,
Is king of men for a' that;"

and an honest shop-keeper, though e'er so rich, is always a sounder, though perhaps a less showy piece of mortality, than the vain pretender whose life has been a continued failure, or the brilliant profligate whose life has been a continued marvel. Heroism without probity is rather a feeble counterfeit after all. A house built on sand is hardly so baseless a fabric, as splendid talents or high ambition lacking a fair substratum of good sense and right principle. A ship without its rudder is not more thoroughly at the mercy of wind and current, than such talents and such ambition are at the mercy of every influence which besets their passage through the great sea of life. Our English shop-keepers have at least the rudder, whatever else they may be thought to lack. But for that rudder England might at this moment be tearing her oaken sides through the breakers of Chartist fanaticism, or sinking bodily in the depths of aristocratic misrule.

For her course has not been one of unvaried happiness. She has enjoyed her share of the trials which other nations have been fated to undergo. The storms which have wrought such mischief elsewhere have blown around her also with equal imminence if not with equal effect. She has had to wrestle with all those forms of danger which have influenced the lot of her weaker rivals; with seasons of domestic suffering or political discord, of partial derangement or national convulsion; with the evils resulting from external chances, or the evils resulting from internal misrule. She has had her moments of imminent crisis as well as her hours of increasing gloom. There have been times, when her crew have mutinied against their masters or engaged in deadly conflict among themselves. There have been times, when unskilful pilots have brought her into needless danger. There have been times when skilful pilots have been tempted to let go the wheel in despair. But the 'oak and three-fold brass' of her native temperament have enabled her to stand out the trial in rather a noble manner on the whole. The good sense or right feeling of her people has generally stepped in to forefend the crisis or to mitigate the catastrophe. Our revolutions have not been steeped in blood or stultified by their own atrocities. Our civil wars have not been altogether wars to the knife. Our political changes have not been so many alternations between the extremes of lawless democracy on the one hand, and the extremes of lawless despotism on the other. The weakness or the faults of our public servants have not been the signal for a crusade against the whole machinery of public business. Our reformation of existing grievances has not been founded on the total abolition of existing systems. Even in moments of fierce excitement, under

circumstances of unwonted provocation, Englishmen as a body have never forgotten to respect the laws, and force others to respect them also. Amid the extravagances of party feeling, English statesmen have seldom lost all sight of their duty as English citizens and their character as English gentlemen. The loyalty of our middle and upper classes has invariably arrayed itself against the factious violence of unthinking mobs, acting under the factious guidance of weak enthusiasts or unprincipled demagogues. An Englishman loves his freedom, but he loves his country yet more. If he has rights which need asserting, he feels that the State has rights which need respecting first of all. His ideas of practical government have little to do with his opinions touching Lord John Russell or Mr. Disraeli. His faith is centered in the machinery, not in the men who work it. The latter to him are things comparatively indifferent. Their good conduct may tend to quicken, their bad conduct cannot impair, his faith in the intrinsic virtues of the former. A strong government, if you can find it for him, he certainly prefers. But just as certainly does he consider a weak government better than none at all. If the one may do the State most useful service, he feels that the other can do it no serious harm. He had rather make over the nation's fortunes to the ostensible control of such men as Lord Derby, than risk the chance of seeing them transferred in sad reality to the guardianship of a Cleon or a Dionysius. He is not for anticipating by violent means the good which must surely flow upon him through a safer and more righteous channel, if he will only consent to wait a little longer. The voice of a populace or a faction has no music for English ears. But the voice of the people has spoken ever too wisely to speak in vain.

It took years of tyranny and wrong-doing on the part of our first Charles and his creatures, to rouse the nation into open and determined rebellion against its hereditary oppressor. It took years of gross misgovernment under his worthless son, and deeds of surpassing violence under his priest-ridden nephew, to blot out from English hearts the last traces of respect for a dynasty which had brought nothing but shame and sorrow upon the realm of Elizabeth. It was only when the nation had to choose between hopeless bondage and speedy rescue, between certain ruin and possible salvation, that William of Orange was allowed to bring his Dutchmen upon the scene, and accept the crown of England upon the terms dictated by her popular leaders. From that time the progress of our civil freedom has been sure and peaceful, if not very swift. We have had our foreign wars and domestic troubles; but we have had no more revolutions, as a Frenchman would understand the word. We have had no ebullitions of popular feeling crowned by abnormal changes in our political system. What we have since accomplished in the way of reform has been accomplished by none but Parliamentary means. From time to time the voice of the nation has spoken out through its representatives, and the latter have been wise enough to listen

sooner or later to its demands. Grievances which have elsewhere been shouted from barricades or quelled by the bayonet, have been settled among ourselves by the slow but certain movement of the popular mind, working on the good sense and patriotic feeling of our legislative assemblies. While France was fighting through her armed mobs and organized emeutes for the expulsion of her Bourbon rulers; England was fighting through her press and Parliament, for the rights of her Roman Catholic subjects and the extension of her elective franchise. A long course of firm but fearful agitation ended in the downfall of that mischievous policy which had long shackled the freedom of English trade without raising the prospects of English agriculture. Our worst riots have scarcely deranged the course of public business for a moment. Our chartist conspiracies have been as easily suppressed as they were feebly supported. A few policemen blasted the mad designs of Smith O'Brien. In France an emeute blooms at a moment's warning into a revolution. In England it seldom blooms into anything at all. For all practical purposes we might imagine that the great chartist meeting of the tenth of April had taken place nine days too late. The Irish demonstration at Tara led to nothing more serious than the trial of a few demagogues for seditious practices. In France it would certainly have exploded in a terrorism like that of Robespierre, or a bastard republic like that of which Napoleon was first Consul, or that which his nephew has just turned into an empire.

That very practicalism which our neighbours are fond of casting in our teeth, is in reality to be counted among our highest merits. It is to our material progress what sound principle is to our spiritual being. Without the one our reason would continually walk astray. Without the other our moral sense would lie perpetually fallow and unproductive. If the one may inspire us with high designs, the other must light us to their consummation. The hand to execute is just as necessary as the heart to dictate. The philosopher who forgets to eat his dinner may be a noble example of abstraction from earthly things. The philosopher who forgets to work for the dinner he has not, is little better than a fool. It would be better for our neighbours across the channel, if they could only learn to work half as diligently as ourselves. It is for want of this very practicalism that France has continually failed to carry out the objects of her boasted mission. It is this which has made her deeds continually lag after her professions; as want of principle has made them both at continual variance with the rules of a purer morality. French idealism is a beautiful thing on the whole in its proper place. It has given France a name for scientific invention such as no other nation perhaps can parallel. It has enriched her galleries with paintings of remarkable design, and her shops with fabrics of remarkable beauty. It has given her literature an air of grace, forcefulness, and originality, which ours cannot be said to exhibit in anything like the same degree. Her writers can nearly all write well, as far as style at least is concerned. Her

political writers can reason with admirable clearness on abstract truths, or questions of abstract importance. These are great excellencies, but they are accompanied by great practical defects. With all its beauties French literature wants that healthy tone and just keeping, that honest strength and true practical scope, which a nation's literature should have. With all her fame for speculative science, France is far behind us in the practical application of her scientific materials. Her manufacturing industry cannot pretend to vie with ours for a moment. If France has more of artificial elegance, she has infinitely less of genuine comfort to show in her private houses, than we have. In practical politics she has made no way at all. The best of her political writers have made but indifferent statesmen in the day of trial. With all her varied political experience she has yet to learn the simplest rudiments of political practice. With all her dreams of political perfection she has yet to find out the way of making herself even as great, prosperous, and self-improving as the rival she has been so ready to decry.

Fine pretensions leading to beggarly performance have long made French boasting even more proverbial than French bravery. With the best intentions France has continually belied her actual promises. Her happiest efforts have very seldom succeeded in hitting their ostensible mark. From first to last her history has been little better than one long Gasconade. Unstable as water, she has failed to excel, and failed the more notably for having aimed at an excellence so far beyond her. The wings of her soaring have been wings of wax. Her flights have consequently been mere rehearsals of the fate of Icarus. If her children have talked wisely, they have seldom acted well. If they have pointed out to others the way they should go, they have seldom gone that way themselves. We hear the eloquence of a Bacon, but we are fain to recognise the misdeeds of a Bacon also. Want of true practical wisdom has ever prevented France from turning her better impulses to their worthiest account. It is not by fine talking that England has fared on the whole so well. Her work has not been done by fits and starts. Step by step she has worked out the problem of national greatness without reference to the foregone conclusions of her political theorists. Step by step she has built up a political system less beautiful but far more durable than any which have lived their day across the channel. Her claims upon the world's approval rest on something more tangible than government speeches or parliamentary debates. She has better fruit to shew for her past labors than the lying proclamations of a successful usurper or the blasphemous conceits of his admiring myrmidons. Where France has reaped the consequences of her exceeding rashness, England has shown her the benefits resulting from wise delay. Where France has been loudest in advocating wholesome truths, England has been the first to carry them to a practical issue. The former contented herself with proclaiming the wickedness of human slavery. The latter at once proceeded to emancipate her slaves.

The one is continually ranting about the rights of labor. The other is gradually removing those taxes which prevent the laborer from enjoying in full perfection the only rights which can fairly be considered his. The one talks of fraternising with the friends of freedom abroad. The other keeps ever widening the base and strengthening the ties of practical freedom at home. France shook off the trammels of her old régime only to get drunk with crime under the Terrorism and sick with suffering under the Empire; to cry out for legitimacy in 1814, and be tricked into a Republic in 1848; to escape soon after with bare life from the clutches of a socialist re-action, and be juggled into accepting the return of a Bonapartist dynasty in 1852. After many years of intestine struggle and repeated encroachments on her national rights, England also shook off the yoke of her English Bourbons as a thing no longer to be borne. But she shook off nothing more. Her social foundations remained unshaken. She only entered with renewed health and firmer confidence on the work of improving that political system which all the tyranny of her Stuarts had failed materially to impair, and the substance of which her children have preserved inviolate to the present hour. Her quiet, clear-seeing energy has enabled her to set the world an example of practical freedom and easy government, such as France in her happiest moments has altogether failed to parallel.

Of those happier moments the present is certainly not one. A more touching satire on human weakness than that which France has just now to offer, could hardly be conceived. If dreams are rightly interpreted by their contraries, hers have indeed been fulfilled with a vengeance. The contrast between her late assumption and her present failure would be superlatively ridiculous, if the subject were not too great for mere ridicule. Hope has never indulged in flights more glorious than those which erewhile inspired the tongue and pen of her poet-minister Lamartine. Despair has seldom brooded over a reality so pitiful as that which has since inspired the lurid eloquence of her poet-exile Victor Hugo. What M. de Tocqueville half foresaw, has really come to pass. His countrymen have gotten their democracy such as it is. But it is not exactly that which they had boasted of getting a little while before. The form of the thing is there: the substance of it is altogether wanting. Their condition at this moment is pretty much the same as the condition of Athens under her Thirty tyrants. Their liberty has become the liberty to choose between a tyranny confirmed by popular suffrage and a tyranny established by arbitrary force. Their equality consists in the levelling of all ranks and classes to a state of helpless dependence on the will of a common autocrat. Their fraternity consists in the right to share with their neighbours the bliss of compulsory obedience to the sway of triumphant despotisms. Instead of rising together to the level of a common freedom, they have fallen together to the level of a common slavery. To call their present condition that of freemen would be merely to re-echo the

mocking figments of their present ruler. It is no more like genuine freedom, than the orange water of Dickens' 'Marchioness' tasted like genuine wine. Its truest parallel is to be found in those eastern despotisms where all classes lie equally below the level of political action, and have equal chances of furnishing the tools or the victims of their common master. In less than a twelvemonth France has witnessed the extinction or the violation of nearly all those rights which form the very basis of her social freedom. She has seen her children massacred without warning in the public streets, or hurried off by thousands without form of trial to the pestilent swamps of Cayenne. She has seen the rights of property set at wanton defiance in the plunder of a family whose only crime lay in the abundance of its worldly goods. She has seen the rights of the subject deliberately invaded by every process of arbitrary force, or official surveillance. Her best citizens are living in disgrace or exile. Her public functionaries have been violently displaced or unscrupulously tampered with. All freedom of speech or action has virtually been done away in a country where the press is ruled by official censors and the people are haunted by official spies. Blasphemy is allowed to walk the land as long as its ravings betray the warmth of Bonapartist enthusiasm. Good sense and calm reason are dragged to prison or forced to seek shelter in other lands, if they dare to question, however temperately, the extent of the good accruing from Bonapartist rule. To talk of popular suffrage and social freedom under such circumstances, is to talk of that which has no more real existence in France than true honor had in the breast of Francis the First, or true patriotism has in the breast of Louis Napoleon.

And for such an issue France has really no one but herself to blame. The weakness of which her false friends have taken advantage, has been the weakness of her own encouraging. The sins or the follies of her own children have continually brought her into new danger. All classes of her people have in turn been wanting to her defence or arrayed against her real interests. A house divided against itself cannot stand. Had the old French nobility boldly faced the shock, or endeavoured fairly to guide the course of popular feeling, it might have survived to control or avert the dissensions by which France has since been torn. Had Louis Philippe been more scrupulous or less vacillating, his body might now be lying in the tomb of his royal forefathers. Had Napoleon's ambition taken a worthier turn, his nephew might not be burning to wash out the disgrace of Waterloo. Less attention to politics and more devotion to their own affairs would have made the French bourgeoisie more powerful to overawe and less lukewarm to withstand sedition. In the fate which has overtaken the press of France a retributive justice has been curiously at work. To a body which had furnished ministers by the dozen for Louis Philippe, and political leaders for the revolution which overthrew him, not a vestige of its whilom power is remaining now. For it too had mistaken its lawful vocation, and striven to extend its

influence by unworthy means. Recognising knowledge as a source of power, it employed the former to agitate and inflame the popular mind, and abused the latter for the purposes of selfish ambition and the fomenting of those conspiracies among which it fell. Its own misdeeds had cut away the ground from underneath it.

But it is idle to speculate on what might have been. That France is destined for something better than to form the battlefield of two opposite principles, we may do well to believe. Her present crisis cannot last very long. Unless the new Emperor reverses his course of policy, his new dynasty has small chance of living after him, even if it succeed in living as long as himself. His hold on the popular affection is at best precarious. His present policy must render it still more so. France must soon weary of a government which treats her to vain shows and claptrap speeches, in exchange for the rights of which she has been plundered, and the burdens which she can ill afford to bear. Her Bonapartism is only to be swallowed in occasional doses. The reäction must inevitably come, but whether for good or evil it would be hard to say. It may be merely the signal for an exchange of evils; or it may be the commencement of a struggle leading to some permanent change for the better. It may be that experience will at length have taught France the lesson she has failed to extract from former sufferings; that repeated failure in other directions will at length have pointed out the road to future success; that continued battling with dangers of her own provoking will at length have cooled her rage for encounters from which she has reaped but little glory and less happiness. Or we fear it may be that all her past experience both late and early will have proved alike in vain; that new whims and new perplexities will succeed the old in perpetual circle; and that France will hardly have got near the true secret of political progress a hundred years hence, than she has got near that secret now. Nations cannot renew their natures as individuals renew their skins, once in seven years. The same general cast of character which marks a particular nation in one century, is pretty sure to mark it just as visibly in the next. The France which falls down to worship Napoleon the Third is strangely identical with the France which fell down to worship her 'Grand Monarque.' We fear that French extravagance will mock the promptings of French enthusiasm for many sad years to come. Frenchmen as a body have never yet succeeded in behaving for any space like ordinary mortals. And until they have learnt to *think* more like ordinary mortals, until they have cast aside nearly all their present nationality, they must continue as a body to do the deeds of extraordinary madmen. Nothing short of a miracle, we fear, will ever teach them to look at naked realities with the naked eye, and shew by their own practice how well they can appreciate the real difference between the steady blaze of patient courage and the fitful sparklings of headlong Quixotism.

What makes us fearful for our neighbours makes us hopeful for

ourselves. That nations, like individuals, have not been exempt from the common doom of all created things, we have but too many instances to prove. Whether all are equally liable to that doom, is a question which none of us can decide. It may be that some unwonted convulsion will tumble down the dynasties of modern Europe, as a like convulsion first entailed their rise upon the shattered dynasties of a bygone age. It may be that England too will some day be numbered among the kingdoms that were. The ruins of her great metropolis may serve to arouse the wonder of future ages, as those of Rome and Athens have aroused the wonder of our own. The treachery of her own children may possibly cut short the thread of her national existence, or break down the barriers of her national freedom. Such things have occured too often elsewhere to make their recurrence impossible among ourselves also. But we cannot look upon them as things which are very likely to befal ourselves also. We cannot as yet detect in our present condition the sure symptoms of our future decline. We have no reason as yet to suspect that England has reached that pinnacle of earthly greatness which rewards a nation's past endeavours with the comfortable assurance of its approaching doom. We have no reason to fear that the next step in her forward progress will only be the first step in her downward course. Her past history quite forbids the notion. There is nothing in her present attitude to warrant the croakings in which men of large prejudice or saturnine views are continually indulging. If there be a few circumstances which seem to confirm, there are many more which utterly gainsay such dark conclusions. If we have matter for passing annoyance we have no valid grounds for settled disquietude. The storms which ruffle the surface of our political affairs, have but little power to disturb the depths of our domestic harmony. There may be weakness and strife without, but there is peace and confidence within the fabric of our social polity. Unskilful pilots may have taken the wheel, but there are plenty of wise heads and honest hearts to keep them from going very far astray. Downing Street may cringe and truckle to the will of foreign despots; but England, speaking through her Press, disowns the policy of her feeble ministers, and gives significant warning of her readiness to thwart the intentions of their hateful allies. Protectionist statesmen may do their best to retard the progress of reforms already projected; but England with one voice dares them to think of compassing the revival of grievances already repealed. Her people on the whole are enjoying a degree of material prosperity such as few countries even less populous than ours can pretend to equal, and a degree of practical freedom which many an American statesman might wish to see more general at home. Her Press is doing its duty on the whole with a boldness and consistency worthy of the nation whose wants it supplies and whose voice it professedly interprets. The work of popular instruction progresses more and more hopefully every day. The spirit of commercial enterprise has become more active as the burdens on native industry

have become fewer. While our fleets are traversing the world with the products of our looms and workshops, our schools and popular institutes are diffusing through the masses at home that sound moral instruction which forms the best safeguard of popular freedom against the efforts of party prejudice on the one hand, and the violence of intriguing demagogues on the other.

Even for the mass of proletarian crime and misery which fills our gaols and workhouses, there is some hope of improvement now. While emigration is removing its thousands to become better or happier citizens of other lands, science and philanthropy have begun to work in concert at the task of bettering the lot and raising the morals of the myriads who remain at home. We have begun to discover that the truest charity is that which begins at home, and that a Christian Government can devote its energies to no worthier end than the deliverance of its own subjects from the slough of ignorance and poverty, in which they had hitherto been left to crawl and perish unnoticed, if not unknown.

Such things as these are clearly no matter for tears or dismal croakings. And the thought of what England has done at other times encourages the hope conceived at the sight of what she is doing now. We cannot believe that Englishmen have deteriorated as they have become more civilised. The spirit of our fathers must still be that which breathes in their children of the present day. England's heart is still sound within her; for it is the old Saxon blood which still courses through every vein of it. She has not yet forgotten her old traditions, not yet learned to disown the deeds and sentiments of her youth. Her Blakes and Hampdens, her Wickliffes and Cromwells still live anew in the thoughts and habits of their modern countrymen. Duty, courage, love of freedom, love of justice, have not yet become empty names. Good sense and stubborn energy still hold their joint dominion over English minds. A higher worship than that of gold still has its votaries in the stronghold of early Protestantism. Continued peace and prosperity have not subdued our spirits or weakened our arms. Selfishness has yet to become the vice of English character. As it was with the Roman of old, so it is with the Englishman of our day. His first thoughts are for his country, whatever else he may think of afterwards. England is the *Amaryllis* for whom he toils, for whom he traffics, for whom he fights. It is to advance her destinies that he seeks to advance his own. It is to increase the total of her greatness that he goes forth to gather laurels or to gather gold. If he glories in the name of Englishman, he remembers that he has also to sustain his character as an Englishman. His proud bearing is the expression of conscious strength, not the assumption of unconscious littleness. In all the elements of moral greatness England is really stronger than ever. Her outward civilization surpasses that of any former age or nation, as far as the genius of a Bacon transcends the genius of a Phidias. The monuments of a modern science seem to stand on a basis infinitely more lasting than the achievements of

ancient art. England has a great mission before her still. There is much excellent work for her to take in hand, if she pleases. The glory of her future may differ somewhat from the glory of her past. But it should differ only for the better. She has only to keep true to her nobler instincts, to cleave faithfully to her best traditions, and she may yet for many ages to come

> "..........flourish great and free,
> The pride and envy of them all."

Even if her day of suffering or extinction should eventually arrive, she will thus be enabled to 'wrap herself in her virtue,' and fall with dignity if fall she must.

L. T.

LINES.

Farewell ! alas ! 'tis vain to try
  With smiles of seeming gladness,
From Thought's rude myrmidons to fly,
  Or stem the rush of sadness.
In vain with loving arts I seek,
  Love's deepest pangs to smother :
In vain the words of joyaunce speak,
  My brother, oh ! my brother.

'Tis well to talk of lighter things,
  Shake hands with air unheeding :
But sharper yet such mockery stings
  The heart already bleeding.
For quivering lip and glistening eye,
  Betoken feelings other,
Than linger in a cold 'Good Bye,'
  My brother, oh ! my brother.

I long to bow my neck on thine,
  To clasp thy fingers newly,
To shew by every speechless sign,
  I love thee—oh ! how truly !
But now thy face is turned away ;
  Thou'rt laughing with another,
And part we so—perhaps for aye—
  My brother, oh ! my brother ?

Good Bye ! How dully rings the strain
  Of formal salutation,
On hearts that swell through every vein,
  With Love's true inspiration !
Good Bye ! May naught of human ill
  Youth's hallowed memories smother,—
One look ! Enough—thou lovest me still,
  My brother, oh ! my brother !

T.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY FIRST ARRIVAL IN INDIA.

It is not so many years ago, but I can well remember every little incident connected with my first arrival. I well remember the first anchoring in green water at the Sand Heads, after sailing for so many weary weeks through nothing but deep blue. It was night when we anchored, and the officers of the vessel had been in the "tops" by turns for some hours before that night closed in, endeavouring to make out the mast of a pilot vessel. They were, however, unsuccessful, and it was not until we had been at anchor some time that the first blue light from the pilot station was descried from the deck. I well remember the expression of satisfaction with which it was hailed, as we wished each other good-night in the cuddy and retired, as we hoped, to rest. But sleep that night was altogether out of the question—it was a calm quiet night in the cold weather. What with the noises on deck amongst the watch, and the noise between deck from some two hundred troops and their families, together with the anticipations of the morrow; it was very little sleep I got that night: and there were many more on board in the same predicament. It was a long, long night. I tossed and tumbled in my cot, and longed for day, but before it had well dawned, I was drest and up on deck drinking hot coffee with the officer of the watch. As day dawned a trim pilot vessel was seen spanking through the sea towards us, and others were visible in various directions around us: land too was said to be in sight from the main-top, but to my inexperienced eye the same smooth green sea was all that was visible, and I envied the sailors the facility with which they discovered, or said they discovered, the much-longed-for land. As the morning advanced, and the sun began to brighten the eastern horizon, several mat sails hove in sight, and soon after, a steamer was seen in the distance, evidently making towards us. Before I had time to "make her out" a boat was launched from the pilot brig now close on our bows—and the pilot was on board.

I well remember the excitement caused by the arrival of the pilot, the anxiety with which some of the old Qui Hies, who by this time had made their appearance on deck, seized the latest newspapers and devoured their contents,—all except those whose avocation had accustomed them to such scenes, were too much excited to go below to breakfast, or if they went, they hurried down by twos and threes, and notwithstanding the temptations of fresh bread and butter from the pilot brig, soon rushed up again half choking to clutch hold of a spy glass and look for land! I well remember the captain—whose anxiety for some hours prior to the time we cast anchor, had been intense, now seated comfortably at the breakfast table, eating heartily of the fresh provisions, and declaring his mind at ease, and his responsibility over; and I remember above all things scalding my mouth with some tea in my hurry to gulp it down, and

hurrying on deck again to see the steam Tug take us in tow. Many of my fellow-passengers being on deck by that time, we quizzed the strange head dresses of the pale and sickly passengers on board the little steamer for the benefit of their health. We voted the captain a jolly John Bull looking fellow, and were highly amused at the song of the lascars as they tugged and hauled, with well assumed perseverance but little profit, at the heavy hausers. At length we were fairly steamed away.

About 10 A. M. the low land of Saugor island became visible from the deck—then a palm tree, as we designated the cocoa nuts, hove in sight—then more became visible in dark clusters, until at last—in the course of half an hour—they ceased to interest us. A row-boat was now seen far ahead of us, its long paddles rising abruptly out of the water at intervals, and giving us the idea of a huge sea spider coming towards us: then appeared more row boats, and long low craft with mat sails, which we were assured were Burmese boats—but at length all our attention was directed towards a large ship in tow of a steamer fast approaching, which, from the distinguishing flag at the mast head, was recognised as belonging to the same owners as our own. Of course our pilot steered as near as practicable to get within hail of the stranger, and then a conversation ensued between the two pilots about high and low water, which to us was utterly incomprehensible.

I well remember the land-marks along the low shore, and the traditions attached to each; how one was said to mark the spot where some great sportsman had been killed and eaten by an enormous tiger, far greater as a tiger than he as a sportsman; whilst another was the boundary of some desert land untrodden by human foot, but most sumptuously garnished with every wild animal that ever trod the forests—the first straw hut—the first bright green plantain tree flourishing near it—the first cow—dog—and the first human figure on the shore, all of which came in for their share of interest by turns.

Presently we saw a Brahminee Bull, a real live Indian Bull in its natural state, quietly grazing on the shore, the fac-simile of the sleek animal we all remembered to have gazed on admiringly at the Zoological Gardens: then came more cows, more men and women, and a whole colony of dark juveniles, as innocent of all clothing as the God of Love himself is generally represented.

I well remember how the ladies pronounced them "interesting little creatures," and longed to see them and talk with them. Presently a boat was seen coming towards us, in which there stood a tall white figure, and we had scarcely time to discover that he was a genuine Oriental in clean white muslin, when the boat was alongside, and a huge basket of fruit and vegetables preceded by the native was taken on board. The native salaamed gracefully, and became an object of considerable interest on the poop, but the Captain and Officers treated him very abruptly. How the ladies were presented with Indian fruit, plantains and pumplenoses and how they laughed at the names! Then the crew of the row-boat came on board and bartered their rice,

straw hats, and trumpery chowries for "last shillings" and pocket knives. There was so much to do, and so much to see, that the dressing bell rang before anybody was ready to dress, and the captain's champagne, which it was given out was that day to be drank *ad libitum*, stood a fair chance of escaping as fortunately as the breakfast. Oh! there was so much to see, so much to do.

Dinner got over somehow; I well remember the first rosy tints of an Indian sunset on the Hoogley, the beautiful clear sky and the glowing west in all its grandeur. How strange the birds were perched in the rigging unmolested, or flying astern in circles to catch the refuse of the table. As the evening came on, the pilot on board the steamer hailed the pilot on board the vessel; they agreed—the vessel was cast off for the night, she paddled away some distance from the ship as if she scorned the connection, and the heavy chain rattled once more through the hause-hole.

There is not much in a calm evening on the Hoogley to interest old Indians, but it is different with new-comers, and I well remember all that happened on that particular evening. The sky was almost cloudless, the evening calm, and in the west a few fleecy clouds, with the rich tints of the sinking sun reflected on them, shone most gorgeously, while eastward, the veil of night, pierced here and there by an early star, was drawing on. We were all on deck, for a red boat, with a number painted in large characters on the bows, and a large flag in the stern, was making from a turn of the river, direct for the ship. This was the Post boat. It was a pleasant sight to see the anxious faces of those who expected letters from relations and friends, while others, who like myself expected none at all, wore an unconcerned look, and seemed wholly taken up with the boat and its sable crew. I well remember hearing the long dismal howl and scream of the first jackal, the distant whine and bark of the pariah dog, and seeing the far away fires of the jungle burners, sending up their bright glare and lighting the objects around; all of which formed subject for comment and wonder.

The next morning it was amusing to witness the metamorphosis the fact of our being near the end of our journey had effected. The ladies—God bless them—had lain aside their sea-going drapery, dresses which we had all seen daily for the last four months were not at their usual posts in the cuddy at breakfast time, and some of the fair creatures were so smart that they could not resist congratulating each other on their appearance, a fact that spoke for itself. As for the gentlemen, mustachios innumerable were that morning consigned to the deep. Whiskers were oiled and trimmed, and one old Indian, whose hair had been nearly snowy white all the voyage, astonished us by making his appearance with it bright red! As the morning advanced, however, it wore a purple hue, and by mid-day had settled down to a rusty brown, very fascinating no doubt in the old gentleman's opinion, and very amusing to those about him.

I well remember the painful attentions of the cuddy servants, who had been singularly inattentive all the voyage, the enquiries after tin-lined boxes, trunks, and portmanteaus, which as a matter

of course, were at the bottom of the hold, the hurry, bustle, and scramble for telescopes, as the white houses of Garden Reach, and the swarm of neatly-painted and brass-railed beauliahs that came alongside, as the ship swung round with the strong tide in the muddy water of the Hoogley off the City of Palaces.

I well remember the anxiety depicted on all faces, when we were about to go ashore—many, when the time came, were sorry to part from friends, and leave their old floating home, which, though it had tossed and tumbled them about, had brought them to a safe harbour at last. It was amusing to see and hear the soldiers as they remarked upon what they saw, all so novel and so wonderful; and when the shore was at length reached, it was no less amusing to witness the awkward attempts of soldier's wives, European female servants and male fellow passengers, to get gracefully into their palkees; whilst some preferred a walk through the streets with a huge red umbrella held over them.

I had a letter of introduction to a junior partner in one of the Houses of Agency in Calcutta, and he had, with great care for my comfort, sent a conveyance and a bearer, who spoke English, to conduct me to his house. I well remember being struck with the magnificence of the mansion, the number of servants, and the well spread "tiffin" awaiting my arrival. I had another letter of introduction to a Mr. Brownlaw, a very deaf gentleman, who held a high appointment in the Custom House; but as I had no desire to expose myself to the heat and glare, I sent it through the Post Office, and the next morning received a reply in the shape of an invitation to dinner for the same evening. My friend drove me through Fort William and round the principal thoroughfares that morning, after which I returned to his house and hired a Palkee for the rest of the day, in order to go comfortably in Oriental style to the dinner party in the evening.

I was soon drest, and made my way down stairs to the portico, where my conveyance was waiting. I had "mugged up" for the occasion, and told the bearers to take me to "Brownlaw sahib's, juldee:" for it was getting late. We went down several narrow lanes, strongly impregnated with a flavour of sour milk and rancid butter—very unlikely places in which to find a good dinner, as I remember thinking. We turned and twisted about, now to the right, now to the left, came suddenly on the Strand, and got nearly knocked to pieces by carriages returning from a late drive, or, like my palanquin, conveying illustrious personages to late dinner parties. We went off the Strand, turned into another narrow lane, crossed a wide, well-watered road, and turned abruptly into a small compound surrounded with iron railings, and having two gateways. I was set down under the portico, and my arrival noised abroad, and myself nearly deafened by a wretched native banging a large gong close to my ear, with a heavy mallet. I enquired of him if Brownlaw sahib lived there, and feeling satisfied that his reply was in the affirmative, walked up a well-lighted staircase into a spacious drawing-room equally well-lighted, where I found myself quite alone. Shortly after I had taken my seat in a luxuri-

ously *un*-easy chair, there was a rumbling noise of a carriage below, two heavy blows on the gong, and a lady and gentleman in full evening costume entered the room. Of course they were strangers to me, so I merely rose and took up a book from the table. Soon after this another carriage arrived, and three blows on the gong announced the entrance of two young ladies and a gentleman. Bang-bang-bang-bang went the mallet again, and four more guests entered, and so on a continual rumbling of carriages, shouting of syces, and hammering of the gong, until some twenty-five or thirty people had assembled, all perfect strangers to me. What struck me as very odd was the total absence of all red coats, with exception of my own; for I had heard that the society in India was composed of at least half military men, and here was a party of five and twenty persons, apparently all Civilians! very odd!—I was also much puzzled to determine which was the host and hostess, and when dinner would be announced, and how. Altogether I felt very much out of my element, and heartily wished myself well away from the house. Suddenly there was a rustling of silk, and a good looking stout lady tolerably well, though as it struck me somewhat over-dressed, entered the apartment in a great hurry, with both hands extended, and apologised to the assembled company for being so late, but attributing it to a sad accident that had befallen her on her drive home, by which an unfortunate native youth had been run over by the carriage, and nearly killed. Immediately following the lady there came a prim punchy gentleman in a stiff white stock, very much reminding me of Charles the waiter at the "Union;" except that he had sleek black hair, and a very blue upper lip and chin, with the same colored line extending upwards on both sides of his face and marking the ground where his whiskers would have grown, had he not perseveringly checked their redundancy. He shook hands with most people, seemed polite to the ladies, but looked at my red jacket, much as I should have expected a mad bull to look at it, had one at that moment entered the apartment. Presently the stout lady before mentioned, whom I found to be the hostess, went and whispered in the sleek-man's ear, and he immediately walked up to me, and politely enquired my name.

"Jones," replied I, "Ensign Jones, of the Bengal Infantry, not yet posted; brought a letter of introduction from your friend Browne, of Battersea: to which I believe I am indebted for the honor of my present invitation."

"Dear me!" said the gentleman, rubbing his hands and looking very confused. I'm afraid there is some mistake here. I thought as much my dear," continued he, turning to the hostess. "Really, Mr. Jones, I beg pardon for my rudeness, it must have been very awkward for you; but really now, *will* you do us the honor of joining our party?"

"I have come for the express purpose," said I, decidedly!

"Yes," replied he, "but I really think you have made a mistake; you've come to the wrong house; been misled—or miscarried perhaps, I should say," said he, in a parenthesis, "by those stupid bearers. The fact is, you were not invited at all to *this* party."

"Not invited!" exclaimed I, horror-struck at thinking I had probably mistaken the night. "Why, I received the note this morning from Mr. Brownlaw, and I believe I have it now in my pocket."

"Ah! that's the mistake, that's where it is," said my friend, "Mr. Brown*law* invited you, my name is Brown*way!* you probably forgot, being a new arrival, to impress upon the native mind the difference between *laws* and *ways*," continued he, smiling at his own brilliancy; "but never mind, Mr. Jones, my name is Brownway, allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Brownway, and to beg of you to join our party to-night, as you are already too late for Mr. Brownlaw's, who lives at the other end of Chowringhee, and it would take you at least an hour to get there in a palkee."

I thanked him, but declined the honor, scarcely knowing what I said or did in my state of confusion; but I have a distinct recollection of bowing myself backwards out of the room, and unfortunately backing myself into the capacious stomach of the old khansamah, who was coming in to announce that dinner was on the table. He went backwards, head over heels, down stairs, and I followed him as fast as I could, and jumped over his prostrate form at the bottom of the stairs as I heard the scarcely suppressed tittering laughter of the ladies and gentlemen I had left behind me. It is unnecessary to state that I did not go to Mr. Brownlaws that evening, for when I reached my palkee, I found that the bearers had gone "*to eat their dinner*," and I should therefore have had to walk every step of a road I knew just about as much of as of the great wall in China. After wandering about, and losing myself several times, I fell in with a ticca palkee, and got safely conducted to "Spence's," whence I was easily sent home.

It turned out that the gentleman whose hospitality I had so unexpectedly challenged was a respectable second-rate merchant of Calcutta, famous for his dinners, confectionery, and superior wines, so that I missed getting a good dinner. I dined the next night with my deaf friend in the Customs, to whom I recited, through an ear-trumpet very like his own hookah snake, my adventures of the previous evening, much to his amusement: and though now an old Qui Hi, I have a vivid recollection of everything that passed on my first arrival in India, but more particularly what passed that night in the house of Mr. Brownway, merchant of Calcutta.

G.

LINES FROM SADI.

I.

In Saná's town, a darling child,
From me was snatched away;
In hopeless grief, in phrenzy wild,
I passed the weary day.

II.

I wept and said, "Each lovely form,
Like Yusaf's full of grace;
Each picture, bright whose beauty warm,
We hold in our embrace.

III.

Ere Fate permits the bud to bloom,
The Grave devours its prey,
(That monster to escape from whom,
No Yúnas finds the way.)

IV.

We hoped, that fanned by gentle breath,
'Twould like the Cypress tower;
But soon the scorching wind of death
Destroyed the tender flower.

V.

So many rose-buds, hid from view,
Rest in this garden wide;
No wonder, if the rose's hue,
We find on every side.

VI.

Shame, aged sinner! best it were,
Thy life should pass away;
When infants, spotless, pure, and fair,
Thus wither in a day.

VII.

Maddened by grief, I threw me down,
The cold earth to embrace;
I cast aside the stones that crown
My darling's resting place.

VIII.

I gazed within that narrow grave,
So dismal and so drear;
My fainting spirit ceased to rave,
My soul was numbed with fear.

IX.

When my heart's pulses had begun,
Their throbbing to resume,
Methought I heard my little son,
Address me from the tomb.

X.

" And dost thou fear," he seemed to say,
" Death's dark obscurity?
Be wise in time, and bright as day
Thy sepulchre shall be.

XI.

My Father! dark though be the tomb,
And murky as the night;
Thou mayest obtain, to chase its gloom,
Virtue's resplendent light!"

XII.

I think not, that, the tiller's hand,
Which shakes with fever now,
Will reap a harvest from the land,
It had not strength to plough.

XIII.

On the untended, graftless date,
No juicy fruit will grow:
Empty must be *their* garner's state,
Who erst forgot to sow.

XIV.

Sadi! cast *now* the precious seed,
Blest recompence 'twill bring;
By them, with joy is homeward borne,
The Summer's fruit, the Autumn's corn,
Who labored in the Spring.

ALI.



Selections and Translations.

FABLIAUX.

The Two Lovers.*

In the olden time there happened an adventure to two young persons in Normandy, who mutually loved each other, and died in consequence. The Bretons made a Lay on the subject, and named it that of the Two Lovers. In Neustria, which we now call Normandy, there is a wonderfully high hill, on the summit of which repose the remains of the two children. Near this mountain the King of the Pistrians built a city, and gave it the name of Pistre, and it remains to our own times.† This King had a daughter, a fair and courteous damsel, who greatly consoled him for the loss of his Queen. Many persons however blamed him, and his own subjects took it ill that he did not give her in marriage to some Prince. When he heard the people thus speak, much was he grieved and distressed. So he began to consider how he could bring it about that no one should sue for his daughter. Then far and wide he caused to be proclaimed, that whosoever would have her, must first carry her in his arms to the top of the hill that overlooked the city, without once pausing by the way. As soon as the news was spread abroad, and known throughout the country, very many presented themselves, but not one succeeded. Those who strove the hardest reached half-way up the hill, but there they stopped, and no farther could they advance. Thus after a time the enterprise was given up, and no one sought the damsel in marriage. Now in that country there lived a youth, (in the original "un Damisal," a corruption of "domicellus," or young lord,) the son of a Count, fair and gentle. And he determined to achieve the adventure, and surpass all the others. So he frequently visited the King and resided at his Court, and he came to love the maiden, and oft-times he prayed her to listen to his suit. And because he was valiant and courteous, and highly esteemed of her father, she loved him in return. Together they often spoke of their love, but they carefully sought to conceal it from others. Much they suffered from suspense, but the youth deemed it better to endure a while, than to be in too great haste and fail altogether. So great however was his affliction, that once he found out his mistress, and laid open his sorrows, and urgently pressed her to go away with him; for, if he asked her of her father, he well knew that he would not give her to him, unless he carried her in his arms to the sum-

* Le Lai des Deux Amants. In 242 lines. By Marie de France. The Priory *Des Deux Amants* is situated on the summit of a steep and lofty hill in Normandy, rising to the height of 350 feet above the level of the Seine, and commanding one of the most extensive views in the Kingdom.

† *Pitre* is situated on the Seine, about three leagues above Rouen.

mit of the hill. "My friend," she replied, "I know that you could never carry me thither, but if I went away with you, my father would suffer grief and vexation. Certes, he loves me so tenderly, and holds me so dear, that never would I willingly anger him. Some other counsel then you must devise, for never will I consent to this. Now listen to me. I have a kinswoman at Salernum, who is extremely rich. For more than thirty years she has lived there, and so closely has she studied medicine, that she knows the virtues of all roots and plants. If you will go to her with a letter from me, and disclose all your wishes, she will give you good advice. She will supply you with potions and beverages that will strengthen and comfort you. Then on your return to this country, you can demand me of my father. He will tell you the covenant, that to no man will he give me, unless he has first borne me in his arms to the top of yon hill."

When the young man had heard the maiden's counsel, much did he joy, and warmly he thanked her. And he took leave of his mistress, and returned into his own country. In haste he prepares rich and sumptuous cloths, and palfreys, and sumpter horses, and takes with him the most attached of his retainers. As soon as he arrived at Salernum, he visited the aunt of his mistress, and presented his letter. When she had read it from beginning to end, she detained him until she had learned the exact state of the case. By her medicaments she gave him more force, and she delivered unto him a potion of such a nature that never would he feel fatigue, but forthwith would be refreshed and vigorous, however much he might be loaded. Then she dismissed him, and he joyfully received the mixture, and put it in a vessel, and no longer tarried, but hied him back to his own country. And he went unto the King, and demanded of him his daughter, for that he was ready to carry her to the top of the hill. The King listened to him with patience, but deemed it great folly on the part of one so young to attempt what so many strong and valiant men had failed to accomplish. So a day was appointed, and all the friends and followers of each were invited to be present. The damsel fasted severely, and refused to eat, in order to lighten the burden of her lover. When the day came round, and all were gathered together, the youth arrived in good time, nor did he forget his potion. The people were assembled in a meadow along the banks of the Seine. And the King brought forward his daughter, who wore no other garment than her chemise. In his arms the young man took her, and he entrusted her with the viol, for he well knew she would not deceive him. Off he started in great haste, and bore her at once half way up the hill. The joy he felt made him forget his potion. And she perceived that he was waxing faint. "Friend," quoth she, "I pray you drink and recover your strength, for I see that you are weary." But he answered: "My fair one, I yet feel myself strong enough. I will by no means stop, for then all those people would shout aloud and stun me with their noise." When he had ascended two-thirds of the height he was well nigh sinking to the ground. Again and again the maiden prayed him to drink of his potion, but he would not listen to her or be persuaded. With a great struggle he reached the summit, and fell down, and rose not up again. The damsel judged that he was in a swoon, and she knelt down beside him, and essayed to make him drink, but no longer could he speak. And when she saw that he was dead, she filled the air with her cries, and flung aside the vessel in which was the medicament, and many herbs and plants of rare virtue sprung up from that potion. But the maiden was sad and doleful. Beside him she threw herself, and strained him in her arms, and oftentimes kissed his eyes and mouth. Then her

heart broke, and she also died, who was so wise and fair and witty. When the King and the others found that they did not return, they went after them, and beheld them lying on the ground. And the King swooned away, and when he recovered his speech he lamented aloud, together with all the people. For three days they kept them above the earth, and then they made a marble coffin, and in it placed the two lovers side by side, and buried them on the top of the hill.

The Lay of Ywenec.*

My intention and my wish is to recite to you the Lay of Ywenec, and to tell you about his parents, and how his father came to visit his mother. The name of this father was Eudemarec. In Britain there formerly lived a very old and very rich man, who was lord of Caerwent, and of all the country round about. In order that he might have children to succeed to his goodly heritage, he took unto himself a wife. Of proud lineage was the maiden, wise and courteous, and surpassing fair. Her beauty indeed was much admired, nor would you find her peer between that and Lincoln. Much did they err who gave her to him. Because she was so fair and amiable, he shut her up in a tower in a large paved chamber. His sister, who was old, and long since a widow, he placed by her side to keep her correct. There were also female attendants, who had another room to themselves. Never could the dame even speak without the consent of the old woman. Thus he kept her for more than seven years, and never did she go forth of the tower to see kinsman or friend. When she wished to retire to rest, there was neither Chamberlain nor other servant who would venture to enter her apartment and light her taper. And she had no child. In great sadness lived the dame, and many a sigh she heaved, and many a tear she shed. Her beauty faded away, for no thought did she take of it.

It was in the beginning of May, when the birds rejoice in song, that her lord rose early one morning and equipped himself for the chace. And he made the old woman get up and fasten the door behind him. When she had executed his behest, she passed into another chamber, taking with her the Psalter, for she wished to read. The dame awoke in tears, and lamented her hard lot, that she should have to pass all her days immured in the tower. For never could she go to the Church and hear the Mass. Then she cursed her parents, and all those who had given her in marriage to this jealous churl, who must doubtless have been plunged at his Baptism into the river of Hell, so strong and hard, and likely to live did he appear. When she had thus bewailed herself, she observed the shadow of a huge bird close to her narrow window, but she could not tell what it might be. And it flew into the room and alighted at her feet, in form like unto a goshawk. While she was closely regarding it, the bird stood before her a fair and comely Knight. The dame looked at him with amazement, and her blood curdled in her veins. And by reason of her great alarm, she covered her face. Very courteous was the Knight, and he was the first to speak. "Dame," said he, "be not afraid, a bird of gentle blood is the goshawk. If my appearance here seem mysterious, it is to ensure security. I pray you let me be your lover. For this purpose am I come hither. I have long loved you, and desired to have you. No other have I ever loved, nor will I do so. But sooner I could not

* Le Lai d'Yweneo, in 562 lines, by Marie de France.

come, nor could I leave my country." On this the dame resumed courage, and uncovered her face, and consented to accept the Knight for her lover, provided that he believed in God. Never had she set eyes on so fair a Knight. And he answered that he believed in the Creator, who saved men from the woes brought on them by their father Adam, all through his biting that bitter apple. "If," he continued, "this does not satisfy you, pretend that you are ill, send for your chaplain, and say that you wish to receive the Sacrament. Then I will take your likeness, and will receive the body of our Lord. So you will no longer be in doubt." Then he laid him down beside her. And the old woman now entered the chamber, and said to the dame that it was time to rise, and was about to bring her clothes. The other declared she was ill, and besought her to send the chaplain, for she was nigh unto death. The old woman refused to let any man come in until her lord had returned from the forest. In great trouble was the dame, and she made as if she had fainted. When the other saw this, she was afraid, and unlocked the door, and sent for the priest. And he came in all haste, and brought with him the Corpus Domini. So the Knight received it, and drank the wine from the cup. Then the chaplain went away, and the old woman secured the doors. After a while the Knight took his leave, and went back to his own country. And she gently besought him to visit her frequently. To this he readily agreed, though he prayed her to be on her guard, that no one might discover, or suspect their love, for that he should assuredly lose his life if ever he were detected or betrayed. At length he went away and left her much rejoicing. On the morrow she rose up wholly restored, and soon recovered all her beauty. More contented was she to remain in that tower than to go forth any where, for oftentimes did she behold her lover, as soon as her husband had departed. Her appearance changed altogether, and she became cheerful and happy. The husband soon perceived that she was better than heretofore, and accordingly began to distrust his sister. So he spoke to her and said, that he greatly marvelled that his dame bore herself so bravely, and demanded the reason. She replied that she could not say, for no one ever approached her except herself, though she also had noticed that she was less sorrowful than formerly. Then he desired her to watch and be on her guard more closely than ever. And that when he rose up and went out on the morrow, she also should make a semblance of leaving the tower, but that in reality she should hide herself so, that she might see and hear everything, and thus, perchance, discover the cause why the dame was so blithe and joyous. Three days after this, the husband pretended unto his wife that he had received a summons from the King, but that he would speedily return. Then the old woman concealed herself behind the curtains, whence she could see every thing that passed. The dame remained in bed, but she did not sleep, for she thought of her lover. Soon he came to her side, and abided with her until it was time to rise, and then he went away. The old woman beheld all this, and much was she amazed to see the bird turn to Knight, and then the Knight into bird, and greatly she trembled with affright. When the master came home, and he had not been far distant, she related to him all that had taken place. Much did he grieve, and sorely was he troubled. A machine he made with much craft to slay the Knight. He forged four steel spikes so sharp, that no razor was ever more so. When he had prepared them he placed them at the window by which the Knight was wont to enter. On the morning of the morrow the husband arose early, and said that he was going forth to hunt. The old woman also got up and conducted him to the door, af-

ter which she again laid down, as it was yet impossible to see. The dame was awake and awaited her lover. As soon as she had formed the wish, he came flying in by the window where the spikes had been fixed. One of them pierced his body, and the purple blood gushed forth. When he felt that he was wounded unto death, he forced his way in, and alighted on the bed, so that the sheets were stained with blood. Anguish tore her breast when she beheld the bleeding wound. "My sweet friend," said he, "it is on your account that I lose my life. I knew that it would certainly happen." At these words she swooned away, and was long time like one dead. Gently he comforted her, and reminded her that grief was of no avail, and that she was with child by him. He further told her that she should have a son, hardy and valiant, who should console her. His name was to be called Ywenec, and he was destined to avenge both his parents Having spoken thus much, he felt that he could no longer tarry there, for his blood flowed without a pause. So with great sorrow he departed. And with loud outcries she followed him out of the window. A marvel was it that she did not kill herself, for it was full twenty feet high. And she was naked excepting a chemise. Then she tracked the course of the blood which trickled down from the Knight, as he went along. And she pursued the same path until she came to a cabin, which had only one entrance, and it was entirely wet with blood. But she saw nothing else within, though she fully deemed that her lover had been there. Then she hastened onwards until she entered a fine meadow, the grass of which was also bedabbled with blood. Close at hand was a city, shut in with walls, in which there was neither house, nor tower, nor hall, that was not made of silver. Before the town were marshes and a forest, and on the other side towards the donjon a water flowed round, by which sailed up the ships, more than three hundred in number. The gate was open, so that the dame passed within the city, and followed the fresh blood-spots up to the castle, without any one speaking to her, whether man or woman. Thus she reached the palace, and went into a lower chamber, where she found a Knight asleep, but as she knew him not, she passed on to a larger apartment, and in this also she found the same. But in the third chamber she saw her lover lying on a bed. The legs of his couch were of enamelled gold; the bed-gear was beyond all price; and the candlesticks, that were lighted night and day, were worth all the gold of a city. Immediately the Knight recognised her, and she fainted away. As soon as she had returned to life, he tenderly comforted her, but besought her to retire, for that he should die about the middle of the day, and if any of his people discovered her, they might, out of sorrow for his loss, evil entreat her. She replied that she would fain die with him: besides, if she returned now to her husband, he would surely put her to death. The Knight however, re-assured her, and gave her a gold ring, and taught her, that as long as she preserved it, her husband would not heed her, nor work her any harm. Then he delivered his sword into her hands, and conjured her never to let any man hold it, save only her son, when he should be grown up, and become a brave and valiant Knight. "You will then go," he added, together with him and your husband to a festival, and there, in an abbey, you will behold a tomb. And you shall be told how he died who lies beneath. Then shall you give my sword to our son, and shall acquaint him with the story of his birth, and it will be seen what he will do." When he had said all this, he presented her with a costly mantle, and besought her to leave him to himself. Then she withdrew, taking with her the ring and the sword. Not half a league had she gone, when she heard the bells toll, and sounds of wailing and sorrow issue from the castle. Well

she divined that he was dead, and four times from anguish did she swoon. Thus she returned to her own tower, and remained there many a day, but no more did her husband molest or disturb her. In due time her son was born, and they called him Ywenec. And he was carefully nourished and brought up, and in all the kingdom there was not his peer for prowess, and beauty and valour, and largeness of soul. When he was of ripe age, he was dubbed a Knight, and in the same year this adventure happened to him. At the feast of St. Aaron, which was celebrated at Caerlleon and in several other cities, the husband of his mother was summoned to appear, together with his people, according to the custom of the country. So he took with him his wife, and her son, and put on rich apparel. Thus they went along and a young man directed their steps, for they knew not the way. And they came to a fortified town, than which a more stately one could not be found in all the world. In it there was an abbey of very religious folks. Hither their guide conducted them, and they were lodged in the Abbot's apartments. On the morrow they attended the service of the Mass, and then proposed to depart. But the Abbot spoke to them and entreated them to remain, and offered to show them the dormitories, the cloisters, and the refectory. As they had been so well treated, they consented to this. After they had dined, they visited the Hall of the Chapter, and beheld a large tomb covered with magnificently embroidered tapestry, above, below, and round the sides. Twenty wax tapers were burning in candlesticks of pure gold. The thurifers were of amethyst, and daily they offered great honors at this tomb. Then they inquired whose tomb was this, and what man reposed beneath. And they began to weep, and with tears to relate "how that he was once the prowest Knight, the most hardy, valiant, amiable, and fair, that ever was or ever will be. He was our King," they added, "and never was there one more affable. He was slain in consequence of his love for a lady at Caerwent, and since that time we have had no seignor. But we daily look for a son he begot on that lady, and so we obey his last commands." When the dame heard this story, she called her son to her, and said, "You shall now know, fair son, why God hath brought us hither. It is your father, who lies beneath this stone, whom that old man foully put to death." Then she handed him the sword she had so long preserved. And when she had recounted to him all the history of their loves, and how the jealous old man had slain her lover, she fell down upon the tomb and died. When her son saw that she was dead, he struck off the head of the old man, and with one blow avenged the death of both father and mother. As soon as this adventure was known throughout the city, they paid great honor to the dame, and laid her in the same tomb with her lover. And they chose Ywenec for their lord. They, who had heard this story, long time after made a Lay of it, to record the sorrows and sufferings this couple endured through love.

The Lay of Graelent.*

I WILL relate to you the adventure of Graelent, as I heard it myself. The Lay is pleasant to the ear, and the notes are easy to be retained. Graelent was born among the Britons; of gentle blood and high parentage was he: fair was his form, and frank his heart, and therefore

* Le Lai de Graelent, in 732 lines, by Marie de France. The epithet of *Muer* or *Mor*, applied to the hero of this romance, is synonymous with the Welsh *Mawr*, and signifies *Great*. There is another piece by the same accomplished poetess entitled the *Lai de Lanval*, in 646 lines, the subject of which is very similar to that of the *Lai de Graelent*.

they called him Graelent-Muer. The King who ruled Britain had a grievous war with his neighbours. So he summoned his Knights around him, and, certes, Graelent failed not to appear. Gladly the King welcomed him, for he was a goodly Knight, and much honor he paid him. Greatly did Graelent strive to excel in tournaments and jousts, and sorely he harassed the enemy. The Queen heard him praised, and his achievements were told to her. In her heart she began to love him. So she called her Chamberlain to her, and said: "Conceal nothing from me. Have you not frequently heard speak of the Knight Graelent, whom all so much love and extol?" "Dame," he replied, "I know him to be valiant, and highly esteemed of all." Then she answered: "He shall be my lover, for already do I suffer on his account. Go to him, and bid him come to me, for I abandon myself to him." "A right precious boon you bestow on him," quoth the Chamberlain. "It will be passing strange, if he be not overjoyed. No abbot is there between this and Troyes, however devout he may be, if once he beheld your beauty, that would not gladly forswear himself." With these words he hastened away, and came to Graelent's hotel. Politely saluting him, he delivered his message, and pressed him instantly to repair to the Queen. This Graelent readily promised to do. So the Chamberlain returned to his mistress, and the Knight mounted an iron-grey steed, and rode with a companion to the palace. Alighting from their horses, they passed before the King, and then entered the apartments of the Queen. When she saw them appear, she called them to her, and graciously caressed them. Graelent himself she tenderly embraced, and strained him in her arms. And when she had made him sit down on a carpet by her side, she addressed him—after gazing at his manly form and handsome countenance. Simply he replied to her, and said not a word that was unseemly. Then the Queen paused for a while, and knew not how to proceed, and was ashamed to reveal her passion. But at length love emboldened her, and she asked him if he had a mistress, for so courtly a Knight could not fail to be loved. He answered that he would have nought to do with love—a frivolous and vain pursuit. Hundreds talk about love, who are incapable of feeling a sincere attachment. True love requires absolute chastity in thought, word, and deed. If one lover be loyal, and the other jealous or false, the connection speedily passes away. True love is the gift of heaven, and communicates itself from body to body, from heart to heart; otherwise, it is good for nought. Tully, who wrote on friendship, has well said in his essay: "What one friend desires the other should desire also: if it be so, good is that companionship. But if the one seeks what the other shuns,* their love soon ceases to exist. It is easy enough to find a mistress, but far more difficult to keep her." So great indeed are the requirements of love, that never had he ventured to meddle with it.

The Queen listened to Graelent as he thus courteously discoursed. She thought to herself that if he had no inclination to love, he would not have spoken after this manner. So she unbosomed herself to him, and laid open her intentions, and offered her love in return for his. But he thanked her for the honor she proposed to do him, which he could not accept, being in the King's pay, to whom he had plighted his faith and duty, so that never would he shame or dishonor him. Then he took his leave, and went his way. When the Queen saw him depart, she began to sigh and to bewail herself. What to do she knew not, nor would she renounce her design. Many a time and oft she sent him messages and rich presents, but he would

* The poetess probably alludes to the following passage. Dispares enim mores disparia studia sequuntur, quorum dissimilitudo dissociat amicitias, &c. &c.—*Cicero de Amicitia*, p. xx.

none of them. Then she hated him from her heart, when she had failed to gain him over. To her consort she maligned him, and on all occasions spoke ill of him. As long as the King continued at war, Graelent remained in that land. So much had he spent that he could no where find any money, for the King made him wait, and withheld his pay. For the Queen dissuaded him from giving him any thing, and counselled him to keep the Knight in poverty and distress, so that he could not go elsewhere. No wonder is it that Graelent became sorrowful and depressed. He had nothing left to sell or pledge, except a worthless hack, and no longer could he issue forth from the town from the lack of a steed. No succour did he expect. It was in the long days of May that his host, having risen early one morning, went into the town with his wife to dine with a neighbour. The Knight was left all alone. No other person was then in the house, squire, servant, or boy, save only the daughter of the master of the house, and she was a courteous maiden. When the dinner hour arrived, she went to the Knight, and prayed him to eat with her. But he said that he could not eat or take diversion, but that he would ride forth to distract his thoughts. Then he called his squire and desired him to saddle and bridle his hunter. And the squire replied that he had not a saddle left. "Friend," quoth the damsel, "I will lend you a saddle, and a right good bridle." So the horse was saddled, and Graelent mounted and rode through the town. On the animal's back was an old skin spread, worn out by long use. The folk mocked at and derided him as he passed along, for such is ever the custom with town's people, seldom are they otherwise than rude and insolent. But he heeded them not, and held on his course. A little way from the town was a wide and spacious forest, through the middle of which ran a river. In this direction went Graelent, pensive and mournful. Wandering at hazard through the wood, he espied in a dense thicket a fawn whiter than the snow on a topmost branch. The fawn started out before him. He gave the view Holla! and dashed after her. But he could not overtake her, though he followed close upon her, until she led him into an open glade near the source of a stream, which flowed clear and bright. In its waters a maiden was bathing. Two damsels waited upon her, and stood on the bank of the streamlet. The clothes she had taken off were lying beneath a bush. Graelent cast his eyes on her who was bathing. No longer cared he to chase the fawn, but towards her he went with all haste. He gazed at her tall and elegant stature, her fair skin, her lovely colour, her graceful bearing, her smiling eyes, and comely brow. So beauteous a nymph was never known. He would not disturb her while bathing, but contemplated her charms. Then he rushed forward to seize her clothes, deeming thus to detain her. Her damsels perceived his purpose, and trembled at his approach. Their mistress called aloud to him, and in anger addressed him: "Graelent, leave my clothes, for you will make nothing by them, if you carry them off, and leave me thus naked. A foul stain is covetousness. Give me back my chemise, and take my mantle, if you will, for it is costly, and will bring you many a denier." Graelent replied with a laugh: "I am no merchant's son, or shopman, to sell mantles. Were it worth three castles I would not take it. But come out of the water, fair lady, and dress yourself before we converse together." "Nay," she answered, "I will not come out, for you would seize upon me. I pay no attention to your words, for I am not of your school." "I will wait then," said he, "and will keep your garments, until you come out, for you are fair to look upon." When she saw that he was determined to wait, and would not give up her garments, she exacted a promise from him not to harm her.

Then she put on her chemise and stepped ashore. He himself placed her mantle around her, and took her by the left hand, and led her apart from the other two. And he pressed her to become his lady-love, and to regard him with affection, but she answered him disdainfully, and thought it scorn to accept a Knight of his rank. But at last she reflected that he was honorable, fair, and of good renown, and that she might not again meet with his peer. So she yielded her love, and saluted him with a kiss. Then she spoke to him in this manner: "Graelent, you have taken me by surprise, but I will love you very truly, only I forbid you ever to say or do aught that may reveal our love. I will give you abundance of gold and silver, of rich dresses, and all other things of value. Night and day I will be by your side, and you may laugh and converse with me, without any one perceiving me. Graelent, you are loyal, valiant, courteous, and fair. For your sake I came to this fountain, for I knew what would happen. But beware that you make no boast of my love, for in that same hour you shall lose me. A whole year you must remain in this country, which is very dear to me, though you may go away for two months. Now retire. It is the ninth hour of the day. My message I will send you, and will make known my wishes." Then she kissed him, and he took his leave, and returned to his hotel. Alighting from his horse, he entered into a chamber by himself, and leaned out of the window, thinking upon his adventure. Towards the wood he turned his eyes, and beheld a varlet approaching on an ambling palfrey. At the door of his hotel he dismounted, and went up into his room, and saluted him; "Sir," said he, "I am sent by your lady-love, who presents you with this charger, and desires me to remain near your person. Your debts I will discharge, and will take upon me the management of your household." When Graelent heard these pleasant tidings, he warmly embraced the messenger, and accepted the present. A more stately charger you never beheld, or more swift or lively. It was led into the stable for himself, and he gave up his hunter to the varlet, who now brought his trunk into the chamber, and took out of it a richly embroidered covering which he threw over the Knight's bed; then a goodly sum of gold and silver, and also costly garments to clothe his lord. After this he called up the host, and handed him great plenty of deniers, and bade him keep a good table, and if there were any Knights in the town living in retirement, to invite them to come and live with him. The host, who was liberal and courteous, made search through the town, and brought to Graelent's hotel all the distressed Knights he could find, and also the prisoners, and those who had taken up the cross. At night there was music and other merry-making, and in the day Graelent was bravely apparelled, and bore himself joyously. And he gave largesses to the harpers, and the prisoners, and the players on instruments. And rich recompense he made to those who had aided him in his need, so that all honored him, and paid him reverence as to their seignor. Thus Graelent was full of happiness and delight. His mistress was ever by his side, how then could he feel sorrow or regret? Never was there a tournament at which he was not present, and did not carry off the first prize. So he was much esteemed by all Knights, and a pleasant life he led with his mistress. Thus a whole year passed away, until the King found himself obliged to raise a levy. At Pentecost in every year he summoned all his Barons to his Court, and those who in any way held of him. And they feasted together with him, and did him glad service. When they had eaten and drunken, the King made his Queen mount a high bench, and take off her mantle. Then he asked all those who were assembled there, what they thought of her, and if a

small love towards myself. He who strikes even your dog, cannot have much regard for yourself." Those who were to judge the matter then went out and assembled together. For a long space they remained silent, and no one opened his lips, for they grieved for the Knight. Before a word had been uttered, there came a young man unto them, and prayed them to wait a little, for two damsels were approaching of surpassing beauty, and perchance they would deliver the Knight. Gladly they awaited their arrival. Lovely indeed were they, and richly apparelled in laced mantles, which set forth their light and elegant forms. From their palfreys they alighted, and came before the King: "Sire," said one of them, "listen to me. My mistress has sent us hither to pray you to wait a little, and to suspend judgment, until she herself arrives to save the Knight." Before she had ceased speaking, the Queen already felt embarrassed and put to shame. At this moment came two others yet fairer than their companions. These also beseeched the King to have a little patience, and await the coming of their mistress. So beautiful were these damsels, that every eye was fixed on them, for the Queen herself could not have vied with either of them. But when their mistress appeared in person, the whole court rose to meet her. Nothing could compare with the gentleness of her manner, her perfect beauty, her fine eyes, fair complexion and sweet deportment. All gazed upon her with wonder. She was clad in a bright purple mantle, embroidered with gold, worth the value of a castle. Her palfrey was excellent and well seeming. The saddle and bridle and other harness were worth at least a thousand livres. All ran out to behold her, and marvelled at her charms. On horseback she rode up to the King, nor could any one blame her for so doing. Then she sprung to the ground, and left her palfrey at liberty. To the King she courteously addressed herself and said: "Sire, hearken to me, and all ye Barons, listen to my words. You well know what Graelent has done—how that in the presence of the whole court he asserted that he had seen a fairer dame than the Queen. He was in truth much to blame for having thus spoken, since it was displeasing to the King. But yet he spake the truth, for there is none so fair that a fairer one may not be found. Now then, say truly, should the King acquit him or not." There was not one, great or small, that did not acknowledge her very maidens peers unto the Queen. And the King himself pronounced judgment, and acquitted Graelent, and declared him fully absolved. Whilst this pleading was going on, Graelent did not forget himself. He ordered his white steed to be brought, for he counselled to go away with his mistress. And when she had accomplished that for which she came, and had heard the sentence of the court, she took leave of the King, and mounting her palfrey, departed from the palace, together with her maidens. Graelent rode after her, and, as she galloped through the town, he loudly implored her to pardon him. But not a word did she answer him. Thus they hastened on until they came to the forest. Through the thicket they still sped on, until they reached a river that took its rise in an open glade, and flowed through the forest. Clear and transparent were its waters. The damsel plunged into it, and Graelent was about to follow, when she exclaimed: "Fly, Graelent. Do not enter it. If you step a foot into it, you will be drowned. But he took no heed to her words, and rushed into the stream. The waters closed over his head, and hardly could he rise again. Then she seized his bridle, and led him back to the bank, and forbade him to follow her. Again she entered the river, and again he plunged in after her, for he could not bear to lose her. And the current hurried him away, and dragged his feet out of the stirrups. And he was

well nigh drowned, when the maidens cried to their mistress and said: "Damsel, for God's mercy, have pity on him. See, he is about to sink. Alas! on an evil day did you first speak to him, and accord him your love. See, dame, the stream is carrying him away. Save him from this anguish. 'Twere pity he should thus perish. How can your heart endure this? You are too hard towards him. Help your lover in his hour of need, or he will drown. Truly you do him foul wrong." Then the damsel had compassion when she heard them thus complain, and no longer could she suppress her feelings. Hastily she turned back, and seized her lover by his side, and drew him to her. And when they had reached the opposite bank, she took off his wet clothes, and wrapped him round in her mantle, and brought him to her own country. And they say that Graelent is still alive there. His charger escaped from the water, but much he sorrowed for his Lord. Into the forest he returned, and rested not, day or night. Loudly he neighed, and stamped and pawed, and far and wide did they hear him. Some thought to catch and master him, but no one could ever come near him, or lay hand on him. Long time afterwards, every year at the season, when his Lord was taken from him, he made much ado, and seemed to bewail his lost Lord. The adventure of the faithful charger, and of the Knight who went away with his mistress, was well known throughout all Britain. And the Britons made a Lay on it, and called it the Lay of Graelent-Mor.

Letters, Parcels, Packages, &c., for constituents, directed to Mr. Roussac's care, will be taken charge of, and promptly forwarded to all parts of the country.

Orders for every description of GOODS, ARTICLES, SUPPLIES, BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, PERIODICALS, PUBLICATIONS, MUSIC, &c. &c. &c., from England, France, and the Continent of Europe, executed at the usual rates of Commissions, on being favored with remittances to meet the same.

All the Newspapers, Magazines, Reviews, Periodicals, unstamped Publications and Books, ordered per Overland Mail, including Overland Carriage and Expenses to Bombay, at rates as cheap as any Establishment in India.

Besides these low charges, Mr. Roussac begs leave to point out the advantage his Agency offers in the saving of Postages, having completed arrangements which enable his forwarding the European Newspapers and other Publications, to his constituents, per *letter dawk*, at *half* the charge of postage hitherto levied on Papers posted by local News Agents.

The rates for the future will be as follow:—

"ON PAPERS, WEIGHING UNDER SIX TOLAS:

For distances *not* exceeding 400 miles—two Annas.

For ditto *exceeding* 400 miles—three Annas. And single Postage being added for every additional six tolas."

The Newspapers dispatched by his Agency cost from one-third to half less Inland Postage than the same can be forwarded by the London suppliers; and on the Periodicals, besides much quicker transit, nearly the same saving of Postage is obtained at Stations upwards of 800 miles from Bombay.

Messes of Regiments, Libraries, and Book Clubs, ordering large annual supplies of Newspapers, Periodicals, and Magazines, will be entitled to facilities, of paying by half-yearly or quarterly remittances *in advance*.

As the nature of MR. ROUSSAC's General Agency and Newspaper Agency yield only very trifling profits on each transaction, any delay on the part of constituents in remitting monies, soon absorbs the profits, and as the extent of business requires considerable outlays, MR. ROUSSAC is under the necessity of begging that all payments be made in advance. Constituents of the Agency are requested to keep sufficient funds to their credit, in order to meet their Commissions, Postages, &c.

All letters should be POST-PAII

ST. ANDREW'S LIBRARY,

CALCUTTA.

FRESH STATIONERY AND DEED BOXES.

MESSRS. THACKER, SPINK & CO. have just landed from the *Duke of Wellington*, a large assortment of DOUBLE BLOCK TIN BOXES, of different sizes, with Patent Improved LOCKS, and admirably adapted for DEED, or DISPATCH BOXES, price varying from Rs. 8 to 20, MERCHANT'S BILL CASES, Block tin, reduced in price from Rs. 9 to Rs. 5.

Also a large Invoice of WEDDING STATIONERY, comprising CARDS, ENVELOPES and WAFERS, of the newest designs; OVERLAND PAPERS, and the NEW DOUBLE THICK CREAM LAID BARONIAL NOTE PAPER, &c. &c.

Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co have also landed from the "Duke of Wellington," the following articles, to which they beg to draw attention:—

MILITARY RECONNOITRING AND OTHER TELESCOPES.

Reconnoitring Telescopes, 1 foot taper large object Glass, Sling and Caps, by West, ...	Rs. 50
Davis's small 6 draw Reconnoitring Telescopes, in leather cases,	Rs. 25
Deer-Stalking, 2 feet, 1 draw Telescope, by Troughton and Simms, bronzed, with shade and leather case, ...	Rs. 75
West's 2 feet Telescope, 3 draw, covered with leather in case,...	Rs. 70
—— 1½ feet ditto, ...	Rs. 50
—— 15 inch 3 draw Telescope, with Whalebone body, mounted in German Silver, in case,...	Rs. 55

INSTRUMENTS.

Theodolites by Troughton and Simms, 7 Inch, Everest's construction, divided upon Silver to Ten Seconds, with Tripod Stands complete, ...	Rs. 674
Dumpey Levels by Troughton and Simms, 14 Inch, with Compass, floating Silver Ring, &c. &c., and Tripod Stand complete, ...	Rs. 400
Pentagraphs, by Troughton and Simms, 3 feet best brass, in mahogany case, ...	Rs. 150
Boiling Thermometers, with Apparatus complete, ...	Rs. 25
Differential Thermometers, ...	Rs. 25

CAMP CHAIR-BEDS.

Brown's Patent Camp Chair and Bed, with foot rests, ...	Rs. 25
The Same, with Arms,...	Rs. 35

CARPET AND LEATHER BAGS.

Carpet Bags, with patent Lock and Key, of sizes, .. Rs. 8 and	Rs. 14
Black Leather Travelling Bags, with patent Lock and Key, of 3 sizes, ... Rs. 10, Rs. 16, and	Rs. 20

ENVELOPE CASES.

Amboyna Shaped Envelope Cases, of Mottled Ebony, with Lock and Key, ... Rs. 16
Ditto, of handsome Maple Wood,... .. .. Rs. 16

STAUNTON'S CHESSMEN AND BOARDS.

Staunton's Chessmen, in handsome Carton Pierre Boxes, with Book of Games, ... Rs. 50
Chess Boards, to match the above, ... Rs. 32
Staunton's Chessmen, Club size, loaded, in plain Mahogany Boxes, ... Rs. 35
Ditto smaller size ditto, ... Rs. 20

AMATEURS' TOOL CHESTS.

Tool Chests of Oak, containing an assortment of the most useful Carpenter's Tools, No. 1 Rs. 20, No. 2 Rs. 25, No. 3 Rs. 32

GRINDSTONES.

Improved Grindstones worked by Cog-wheels, ... Rs. 16

QUEEN'S CROCHET COMPANIONS.

Leather Cases containing a full assortment of Crochet and Knitting Needles, also Thread of different Nos., ... Rs. 10

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINES.

MESSRS. THACKER, SPINK & CO. have just received a fresh supply of the above Medicines, in Globules.—

Boxes containing	59	Medicines	Rs.	40
,,	36	,,	,,	25
,,	30	,,	,,	23
,,	12	,,	,,	9
,,	6	,,	,,	5

DOUBLE-BARREL GUNS,

BY T. K. BAKER, LATE MORTIMER.

SUPERIOR DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, beautifully finished, and fitted with Apparatus complete, in neat Oak and Mahogany Cases.

MESSRS. THACKER, SPINK & CO. having received instructions to close the consignment of the above, beg to offer the only three remaining Guns, at the greatly reduced price of Co.'s Rs. 300 each, Cash.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions; acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills, by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system, are of admirable use as a *preventive; but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. Lavoisier, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkah, or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system becomes a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky, and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "What a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"You